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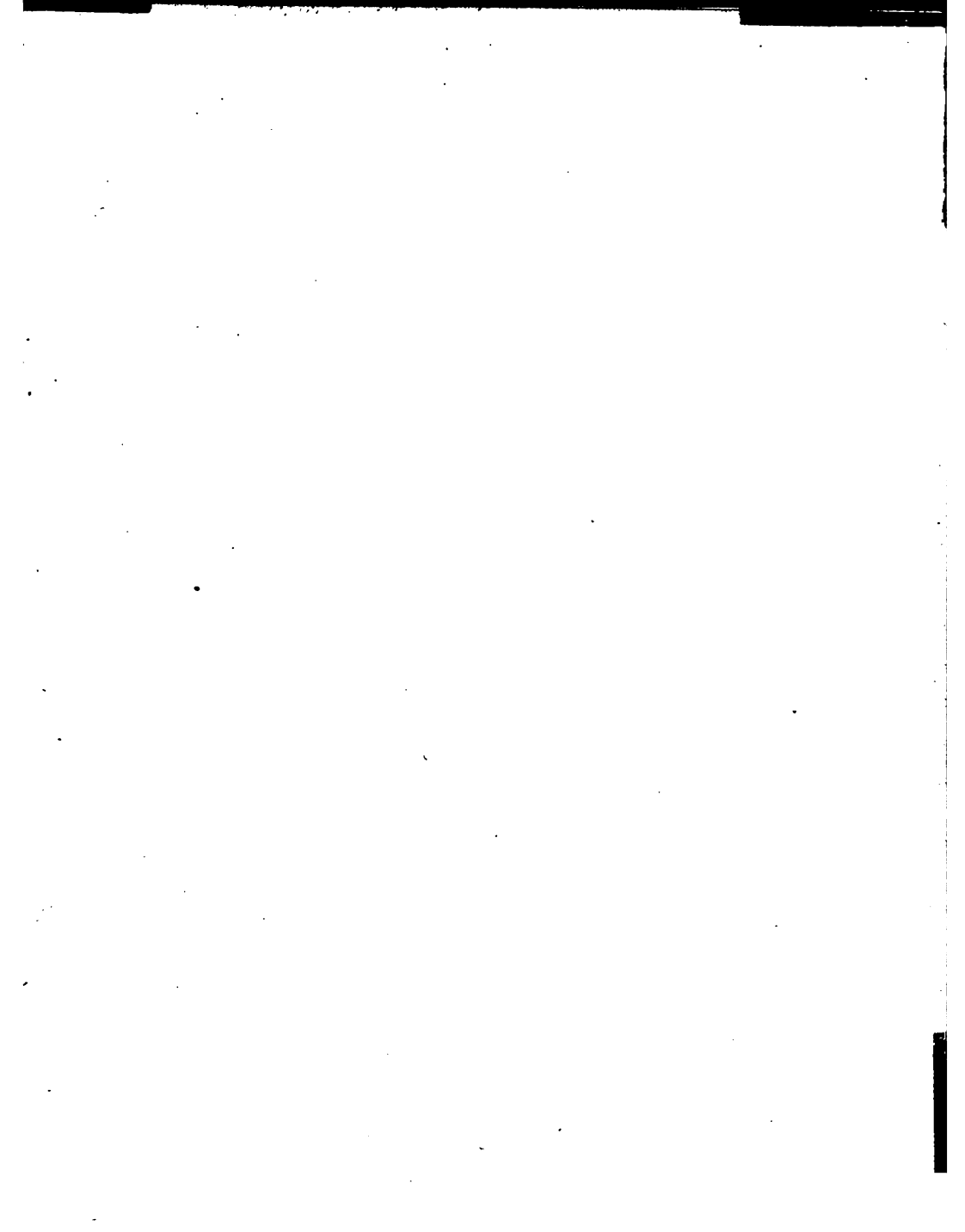
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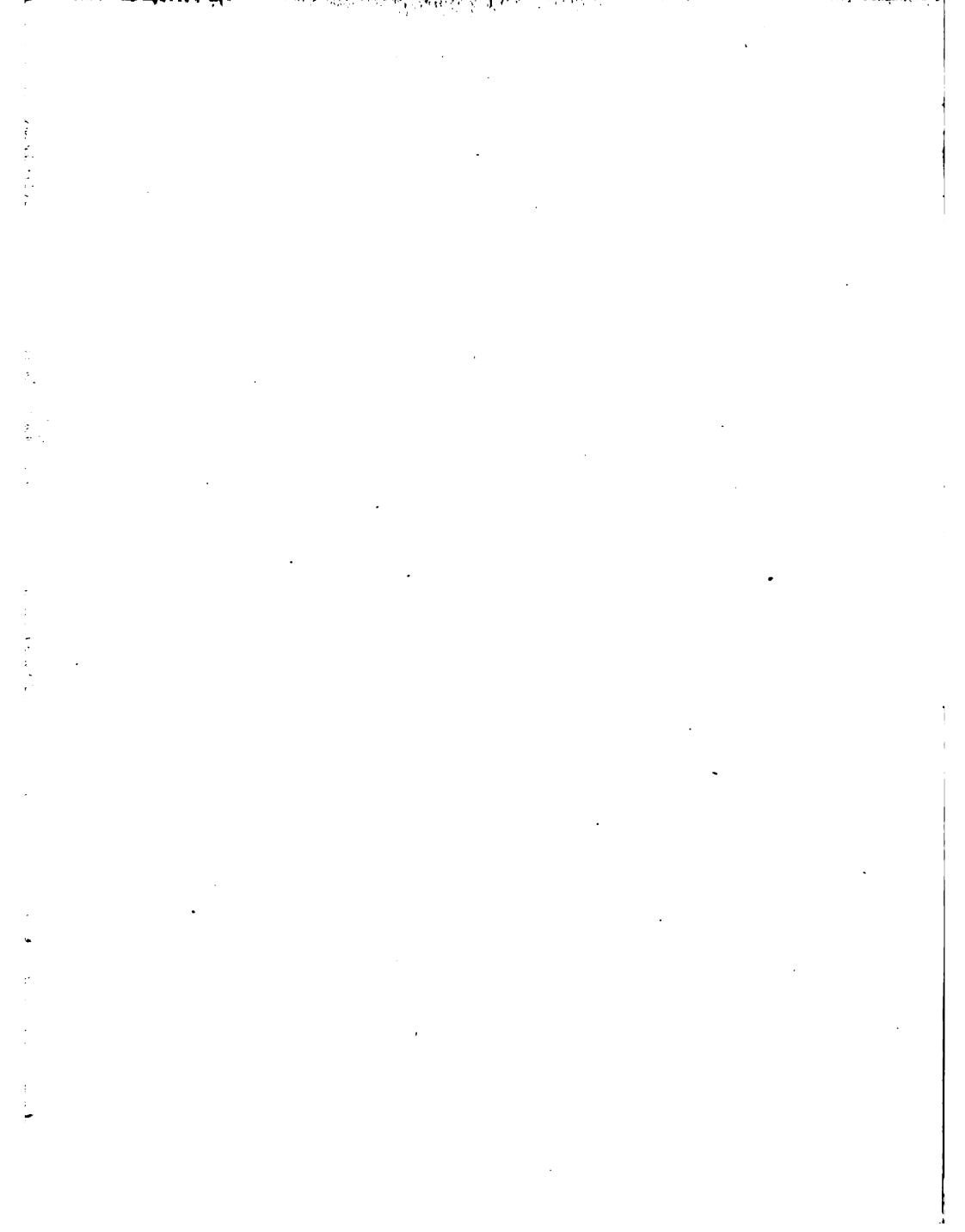
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1876





LITTLE WIDE-AWAKE.



LITTLE WIDE-AWAKE

A Story Book for Little Children

BY

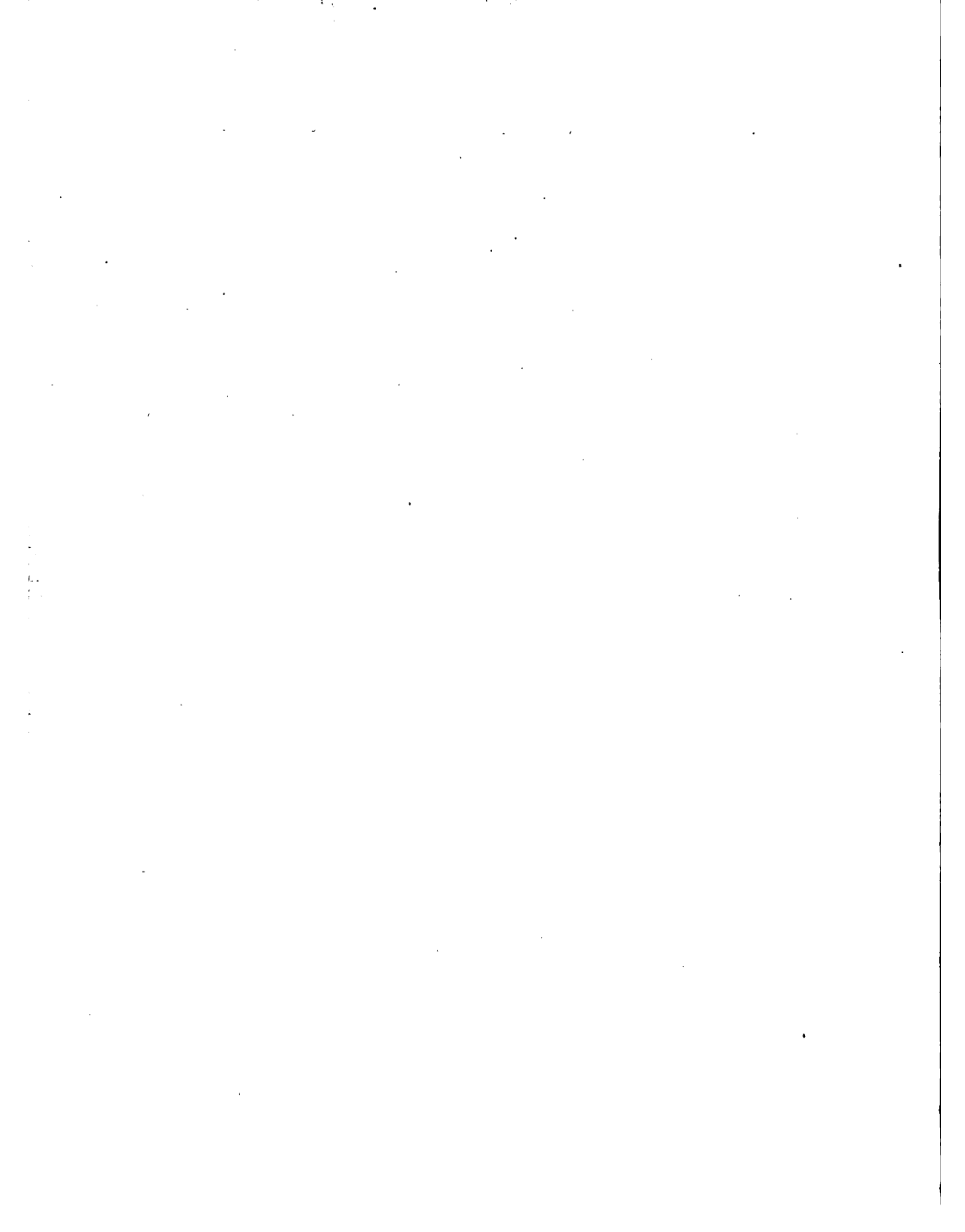
MRS. SALE BARKER



WITH NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON AND NEW YORK
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

1876



LITTLE WIDE-AWAKE.



FAST ASLEEP.



FAST ASLEEP.

UCH a merry Christmas we were to have! Children and grandchildren, papa, mamma, uncle and aunt, all going to spend Christmas with grandpapa and grandmamma at their great country house.

It was Christmas eve. We had just arrived, and I was dressing, when my little Wide-awake came scampering into my room, calling out,—“Mamma, mamma, Totty has come! May I go to the door, and see her get out of the carriage?”

“Yes, dear,” I said, “we will go together; but mind, you are not to be rough to Totty. Little boys should always be gentle when they play with little girls.”

We were standing in the hall, welcoming the new comers—Totty and her papa and mamma. Wide-awake was very affectionate to his pretty little cousin, and the two trotted off together hand in hand.

Many little feet besides Totty’s descended from carriages that afternoon at the hospitable hall-door. There was a children’s party. The house was full of light and warmth, rosy smiling faces, and childish laughter, and other pleasant sounds of merry Christmas-time. The children were all gathered together in the drawing-room; but at six o’clock the doors into the dining-room were thrown open, and their little eager faces brightened as they all trooped in. There stood a monster Christmas-tree, grand and beautiful, looking like an enchanted thing, with its toys and tapers glittering and shining; its flying angels and fairies in the branches; its horses, carts, dolls, balls, tops, and picture-books underneath.

Wide-awake and Totty stood side by side comparing notes as the beautiful things were handed to them in turn. The branches of the tree being stripped, the larger toys

underneath were given away ; and, when a beautiful doll, dressed as a Turk, with scarlet turban, and tambourine in hand, was presented to Wide-awake, he clapped his hands and danced with delight.

I saw a shade of displeasure pass over Totty's face as the gorgeous doll was handed to her cousin, and I heard her say:—"Boys shouldn't have dolls."

Wide-awake answered:—"But this isn't like a common doll ; it's a soldier, you see."

"I like dolls," said Miss Totty, to whose share no doll had fallen. "I wish I had one, I don't care for my things a bit now. Let's change ; I'll give you a horse for it."

Wide-awake hesitated. He looked at Totty, and then at the Turk—with loving eyes at both. At last he handed the doll to her, saying:—"You may have it, Totty, but I don't want the horse. I don't care about exchanging." His face was flushed, and I could see his pretty eyes blinking to keep the tears back.

Miss Totty went off with her doll in triumph, and little Wide-awake was sweet-tempered and devoted as ever ; but I could see that he cast many a longing look at the beautiful Turk. I noticed, too, that Totty did not seem quite satisfied with herself ; she did not seem as cheerful as before, nor as good-tempered either, for when nurse came to take her to bed, Miss Totty called her an old stupid. She did not forget, however, to take her Turk to bed with her.

Wide-awake slept on a little iron bedstead in my room, and Totty in her nursery, which was on the other side of a passage.

The children who were staying in the house were all in bed, and those who had merely come to the party had left, so that we old folk were alone in the drawing-room, when the door opened, and the face of my sister's nurse, looking anxious and alarmed, appeared at the opening.

"What's the matter, nurse?" exclaimed aunt Nora.

"One of the children eaten too much?" inquired uncle John; "night-mare, eh?" He was rather partial to good living himself, was uncle John.

No, it was not that. Far worse! Totty was nowhere to be found! Nurse declared that she had left the nursery for a minute only, and on her return the child had disappeared. Darling Totty! Where could she be?

We hurried up to the nursery to search for her, thinking she might have hidden herself for fun. No, she was certainly not there! Then I hastened into my own bedroom to see if my precious boy was safe. Stealing softly up to the bed, shading the candle with my hand, I bent forward to look at the little sleeping figure. What's this? Instead of one, here are two little curly heads! Yes, here is Totty's pretty little face resting on the pillow by the side of my own boy's. The children both fast asleep; and, cuddled up closely under Wide-awake's arm, lay the Turk.

Totty's remorse had been so great that she could not sleep, and, taking advantage of the nurse's absence, she had ventured upon a midnight journey all across the cold passage to restore the Turk to her little cousin; then had fallen asleep happily with his arm round her neck.





LITTLE KITTENS.



THREE little kittens with two legs ;
Five little kittens with four ;
Dear little kittens, I must say,
Still I don't think we want any more.

See, Ella is holding up Topsey,
And I fear she is squeezing her tight ;
And Johnnie is stroking young Mopsey,
But I think that his touch is not light.

Pretty Baby's laugh rings shrill and hearty,
As she stretches her arms out to play ;
Old Puss should take care of the party,
But you see the milk stands in her way.

I hear little Effie's feet patter
As she comes trotting along ;
I never did hear such a clatter !
And then too she's singing a song.

The best behaved, nicest of kittens
Are the three just in front of you there :
I am sure they have not lost *their* mittens,
Though they have not got any in wear.





MEMOIRS OF A POODLE.



INTRODUCTION.



H, well ! I know I am not learned. You must not expect me to play a game at dominoes, or to add up a difficult sum.

At the same time I am not more stupid than my neighbours, and I don't see why I should not write my little history, seeing that dolls, little boys, and even donkeys, have done so before me.

All these authors have given the pompous name of memoirs to their writings. Why should I not imitate them? I bear a good character; nobody distrusts me. I am faithful, obedient, devoid of ambition, and my conduct is not guided by self-interest. My disposition leads me to endeavour always to please my master, to prove my devotion to him, to follow him in adversity, and to recognise him always and everywhere.

Perhaps the reader may think that I ought to have allowed a friend to write this little preface. But I leave such false modesty to others. I think well of myself, and have the frankness to say so. It is a sign of originality in my character.

I am old (twelve years old), and sometimes very bad-tempered. My master is travelling, and did not take me

with him, fearing that a change of climate might injure my health.

He confided me to the care of a servant still older than I am. We dine together, we sleep together; we talk about our master, and sigh together.

The other day we were going out to pay some visits, when a heavy fall of rain put a stop to good Jacques's plans: "Oh! dear, dear, what dreadful weather!" cried he; "why, one would not turn out even a——." He stopped; but I knew the proverb.

What cowardice! not to go out because it rained! I was obliged to call to mind all the nice cakes and the bones I had received from Jacques, and from Sylvie, his wife, to keep myself from expressing my contempt by a snarl.

However, but for my faithful guardian's prudence perhaps I should never have thought of becoming an author. For, passing my time in sleeping and grumbling, I look back all the more frequently to the joyous days of my infancy, and the dreams of my youth. I was near shedding tears one day when, on a sudden, shaking my ears, I said to myself: "Let us write the interesting history of our life."

It is for you, children, to read it.





MEMOIRS OF A POODLE.

CHAPTER I.

MY ARRIVAL AT THE CHATEAU OF BAUDRY.

“ HERE is he? Here's the carriage, and the gates are being opened. Paul, Henriette, Louis, come, come then! He's here! he's here!” the children called to each other as they ran. The nurses tried in vain to maintain order, disturbed by the arrival of a travelling carriage with four horses that entered the great courtyard of the chateau.

We were still some little distance from the portico, when putting my head out at the window of the carriage, I saw the two little boys and the little girl whose fresh young voices had attracted my attention.

First impressions never deceive a dog. Those fair heads grouped round a young mother pleased me at once, and I tried to show it by a little soft bark, which enchanted all the company.

The carriage stops. Mr. Nelville takes me in his arms, and is at once surrounded by the children.

“Papa, papa! Ah! how pretty he is!” exclaimed the children all together. “Put him down on the ground. How old is he?”

“Now, children, you must not tease him,” said Mr. Nelville; “he is the best little animal in the world.”

"My own papa," cried Henriette, "please lift him up that I may see him better. Oh, how I love him!"

"Miss Henriette doesn't love her papa any longer, I think," rejoined Mr. Nelville; "she hasn't kissed him."

Miss Henriette was four years and a half old, and my presence completely turned her head. I say it without conceit. Besides, little girls and little dogs are always destined to be friends; and nothing less than this force of sympathy would have made Henriette forget her duty, for she was the best child I ever met with in my life.

As that mild reproach passed the lips of her father, he stretched out his arms to take her up; and after many kisses, she rested her fair curly head upon his shoulder.

Calm being in some sort restored, we went into the drawing-room, where grandmamma was impatiently waiting for us. Mr. Nelville placed me on the floor, and a circle was formed round me. Everyone had something to say about me. But I was not shy. I looked to the right and to the left; and it was at this moment that I saw myself for the first time in a glass.

My mother had told me I was beautiful, but I must confess I found myself far above her praises: a white and curly coat, a tail growing like a tuft of feathers, delicate paws, sensitive and moveable ears, and a little face full of character. I was enchanted with myself, and understood at once how I came to excite such general admiration.

Then a serious question arose: "What shall we call him—Snap, Snowball, Turk, Carlo, Cæsar?" The confusion of voices was enough to deafen me.

"My dear papa," said Paul, "I should so like to call him Cæsar."

"What ambition! He is not big enough for such a name," replied Mr. Nelville.

"Very well then, papa, let us call him Midas," suggested Louis. He had been reading about a Midas of ancient times who had long ears.

"And you, Henriette, what will you call him?" said Mr. Nelville, turning to his daughter.

"I should like to call him—My doggie Toutou."

That childish voice went straight to my heart, but the boys burst out laughing. The father kissed his little girl, and after many other suggestions had been rejected, I received at last the name of Cæsar; and this because Paul had that morning been learning the history of an ancient Roman general who made that name illustrious. Mr. Nelville having yielded to his little boy's fancy, the chateau resounded with the name of Cæsar; and I was reconciled to it because Henriette pronounced it easily.

"Dear grandmamma, I should so like to touch him," said Henriette to her grandmamma, who was caressing me.

"Stroke him then, my dear," replied grandmamma; "it's a good-tempered dog. Don't be frightened. See now, he is looking at you."

Henriette took courage to pass her little fat hand along my back, and upon my head. Afterwards, growing bolder, she touched my moustache. I hastened to lick the hand of my little friend. Then what an explosion of joy there was! "Dear mamma! he has licked me! Paul, Louis, he is licking me! Do look at his little red tongue."

The experiment was repeated three times.

The boys presented their hands, which, to tell the truth, were not inviting: hands stained with ink, and already strong enough to hurt me if they chose. No matter; I liked the expression of their faces and their honest open eyes. Besides, I should have been sorry to cause jealousy in the family.

My behaviour at my dinner enraptured the lookers-on. I know nothing more disagreeable than to see a hungry dog throw himself eagerly upon a plate of food. Remembering the counsels of my tender mother, I ate little, nor did I allow a morsel to fall from my mouth upon the plate. My character was established at once for being clean and well-behaved.

In a corner of the great hall, a basket lined with blue



ONE DAY I SAW A PACK OF HOUNDS ARRIVE.

damask had been prepared for me. Although I felt flattered by the attention, still I showed some hesitation about entering my new abode, my mother having told me that nothing is so nice for a dog as to sleep curled up on a good easy chair. I took possession of it at last from pure politeness, promising myself that I would make a change when I could do so without appearing ungrateful.

I was six months old, and November was just coming to an end, when I arrived at Baudry. The season was rainy, and we seldom went beyond the courtyard of the chateau. But the chateau is large; and what a courtyard it is! shut in by magnificent iron gates, and covered with fine gravel, on which I used to take pleasure in observing the impression of my own paws.

A dog soon understands the people with whom he lives;

knows whether they are well-bred and polite; and follows the example that they give him. At Baudry, everybody was well-mannered. The children behaved well at table, never speaking unless they were spoken to, not drinking with their mouths full, nor kicking their feet about under the table. I daresay you wonder what I am coming to with these reflections. I will tell you: I want you to understand why I was not encouraged in the dining-room; and why, if I sometimes slipped in, I did not beg for anything. If the smell of some savoury dish—a hare for instance—disturbed me overmuch, I retired at the first opening of the door; comforting myself with the reflection that I should soon be munching the bones at my ease, as the excellent Gothon, the cook, would be sure to keep them for me.

In the drawing-room, I never saw Paul and Louis throw themselves down on the sofas, or turn head over heels in the middle of the room; consequently, I too always behaved with the greatest decorum, and sat quietly at a corner of the fire.

Mr. Nelville was not a sportsman, but sometimes he received friends who were. One day I saw a pack of hounds arrive with a huntsman, who was blowing a horn with all his might. I barked as loudly as I could at the sight of them, then fled to Henriette, resolved to hold no communication with dogs who carry obedience and servility so far as to become cruel. They think that they are heroes when they throw themselves upon a poor hare, or frighten a rabbit to death, and make themselves the terror of the woods and the fields.

In spite of my disdain I could not help looking at them through the windows. There were twenty or thirty of them held miserably in leash; they jumped about, called to me, and barked as if they were mad. I remained upright at the window, barking with my loudest voice, that they might not mistake me for a pasteboard dog. At last, this vile pack was led away to the offices of the chateau. I



MRS. NELVILLE TOOK UP THE CAT, AND PUT HER OUT OF THE ROOM.

was awakened the next day by their howling, but in two or three days the pack left us again, to my great satisfaction. One thing which gained me the esteem of the whole

household was the practice of drying my paws on the mat every time I came into the house. Paul had made it his amusement to teach me this, and in doing so improved himself, for he was obliged to set me the example. This practice gave me a great reputation. I was known for it in all the country round. Visitors—particularly children—used to find amusement in making me go in and out to see this wonderful performance repeated.

We were all getting on very well together, when one day I saw a beautiful white cat enter the drawing-room. Instantly I rushed towards her with a threatening air. She puffed herself out, bristled up, and we were on the point of engaging in a terrible fight, when the tears of Henriette, irresistible to me, made me recoil some steps. At that moment Mrs. Neville came in, took up the cat, and put her out of the room. I still barked in order to leave no doubt as to my disgust. The mother consoled her little daughter, who would not understand reason, for she had unluckily on some occasion seen the deplorable phenomenon of a dog and cat living happily together.

My tenderness for Henriette could not overcome my antipathy or my resolution. I despise the dog who lives in peace with a cat. He becomes corrupted. The dog's nature is frank, generous, and sincere; can he be in friendship with a creature whose dissimulation, egotism, and perfidy are known to all the world, without losing the nobleness of his character?

Henriette tried in vain to persuade me, and at last had the good taste and sense herself to break off all friendship with the cat.





Waken! Christian Children.

From CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

By permission of NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.

Wak-en! Christian chil - dren, Up and let us sing,

With glad voice, the prai - ses Of our new-born King.

Up! 'tis meet to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said of children
"Let them come to Me."

In a manger lowly
Sleeps the Heavenly Child;
O'er Him fondly bendeth
Mary, Mother mild.

Far above that stable,
Up in heaven so high,
One bright star out-shineth,
Watching silently.

Fear not then to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense
Fitting for a King.

Gifts He asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts He loveth
Infant purity.

Haste we then to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.





HERE is a puzzle page for you. Two of these objects begin with A, two with B, and two with C. Now try if you can find them out.

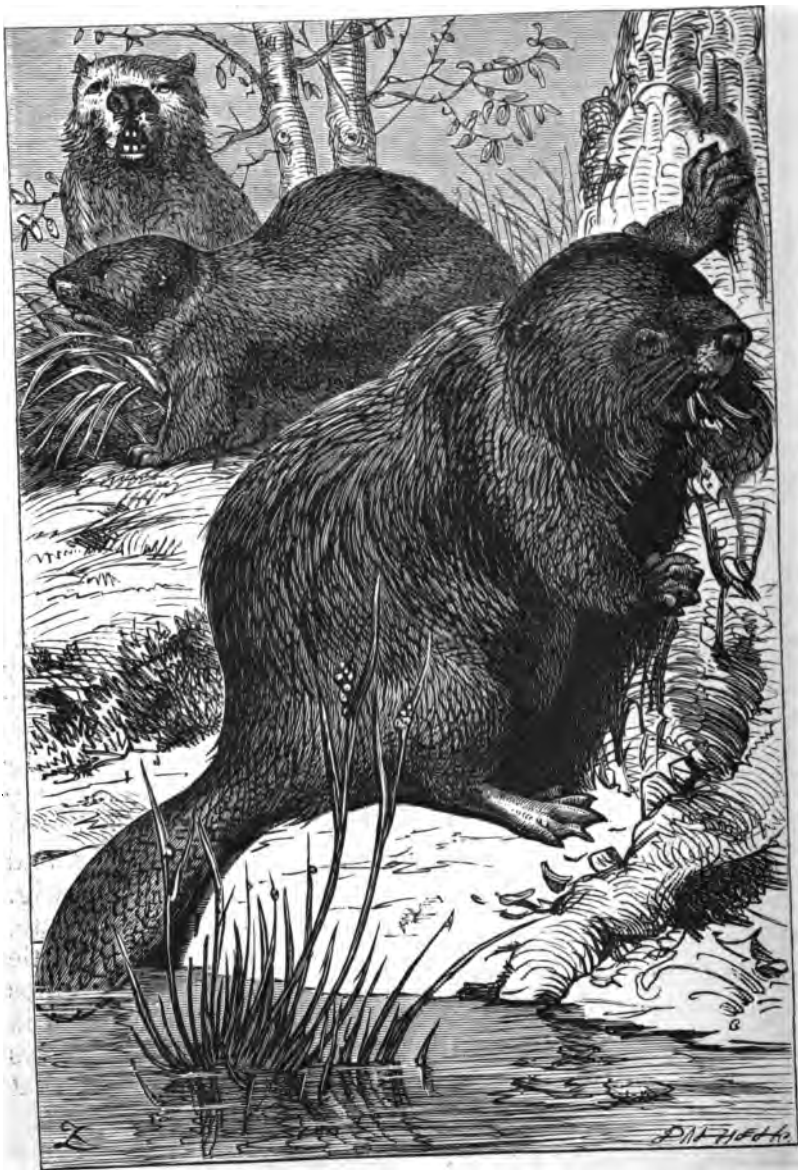


YOUNG LAMBS TO SELL.

JESSIE lives in a little cottage far away in the country, all alone with her mamma. She has a grey pussy, and a canary bird, but she has scarcely any toys. She lives too far off from any town to go often to a toy-shop, and besides, her mamma is poor and cannot afford to buy them. Almost the only toy

Jessie has is a very old doll, that *had* a wig once; but alas! those raven locks are now things of the past, and a left leg and a right arm have somehow followed the wig.

One day Jessie sees an old pedlar stop at the garden gate, with a tray full of cheap toys; such as I'm afraid you little people would turn up your little noses at; but Jessie jumps for joy and runs out to the gate. There you see the pedlar in the picture holding up a little toy lamb, which mamma buys for her little girl. I can tell you Jessie is as happy with that small imitation of a lamb, as you little toy-laden town children would be if the largest rocking-horse, or doll, or steam railway in the Bazaar in London or New York were given to you.



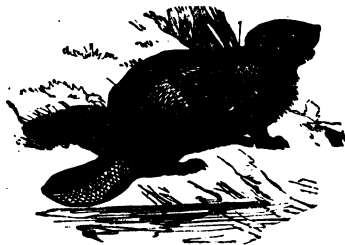
BEAVERS AT WORK.

You see this picture of three beavers, I daresay they are papa, mamma, and little son. They are wonderfully clever animals; and if I had more room, I could write pages and pages about them telling you of their curious ways.

Beavers are found chiefly in North America. They are about three and a half feet long, including the funny flat paddle-shaped tail, which is a foot in length. The long shining hair that covers the back is chestnut-coloured, while the fine soft wool which lies next the skin is greyish brown. They build themselves most wonderful huts to live in, and make a great number close together just like a town. These are built on the banks of rivers or lakes, for beavers swim much more easily than they walk, and always prefer moving about in the water. When they build on the bank of a running stream or river, they are in the habit of making a sort of wall (a dam it is called) across the stream for the purpose of keeping up the water to the height they wish. These dams are made of the branches of trees, stones, and mud. They are sometimes two or three hundred yards in length, and are so cleverly constructed that they seem more like the work of a good engineer than of poor little dumb beasts.

Their huts are made of the same materials as the dams, and they obtain the wood by cutting through the branches of trees, and even through the trunks of small ones, with their sharp front teeth. They peel off the bark from the wood they use in building and lay it up in store for winter food.

Are they not clever and pretty creatures? I fancy that when they are quite young, they must be very quick, and good, and anxious to learn what their papas and mammas teach them.





A RAINY DAY.



H where do you come from,
 You horrid little drops?
 Pitterpatter, pitterpatter,
 I declare it never stops.

They won't let me walk,
 And they won't let me play;
 And they won't let me go
 Out of doors at all to-day.

I know the rain won't hurt me,
Although they say it will ;
I hate to keep in-doors like this,
And be so very still.

And I've got an umbrella,
Though not a handsome one ;
I think that I shall go outside
And have a little run.

Tell me, little raindrops,
Is that the way you play—
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
All the rainy day ?

Perhaps you think I'm naughty,
But I cannot spend the day
Sitting at the window
With no one here to play.

Oh ! pretty little raindrops,
As I've nothing else to do,
I will be good, indeed I will,
If I may play with you.

Old Pussy seems so sulky,
She even will not play ;
But droops her tail, and hangs her
And turns another way. [head,

I'm sure it's very selfish,
You raindrops, don't you see ?
To pitter patter round about,
And never think of me.

Please listen, little raindrops,
Indeed I'm very sad ;
If you would only play with me
I should be—oh, so glad !

The little raindrops answer—
Pitter patter pin,
We only out of doors can play,
But *you* must play within.





STAR DOLLARS.



It is true Christmas weather—frost and snow! The children are all playing in the nice warm nursery, when in comes Aunt Nancy with her hands behind her.

“What is it?” cry the children with delight.

"It must be a toy," exclaims one, trying to peep.

"No, children, something better," says Aunt Nancy. Then she holds up in her hand a beautiful book—Grimm's Household Stories. After they have looked at the pictures, nothing will do but that she must read to them one of the pretty stories.

Then she sits down and reads:—

STAR DOLLARS.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl whose father and mother were dead; and she became so poor that she had no roof to shelter herself under, and no bed to sleep in; and at last she had nothing left but the clothes on her back, and a loaf of bread in her hand, which a compassionate body had given to her. But she was a good and pious little girl, and when she found herself forsaken by all the world, she went out into the fields, trusting on God.

Soon she met a poor man, who said to her, "Give me something to eat, for I am so hungry."

She handed him the whole loaf; and, with a "God bless you!" walked on further.

Next she met a little girl crying very much, who said to her, "Pray give me something to cover my head with, for it is so cold!"

So she took off her own bonnet, and gave it away. And in a little while she met another child who had no cloak, and to her she gave her own cloak. Then she met another who had no dress on, and to this one she gave her own frock. By that time it was growing dark, and our little girl entered a forest. Presently she met a fourth maiden, who begged something, and to her she gave her petticoat; for, thought our heroine, "It is growing dark, and nobody will see me; I can give away this."

And now she had scarcely anything left to cover herself: just then some of the stars fell down in the shape of silver dollars, and among them she found a petticoat of the finest linen; and in that she collected the star-money, which made her rich all the rest of her lifetime.



HAPPY HOURS.

STANDING under the greenwood tree,
Laden with blossoms fair,

The children heard the little wild birds
Singing so sweetly there.

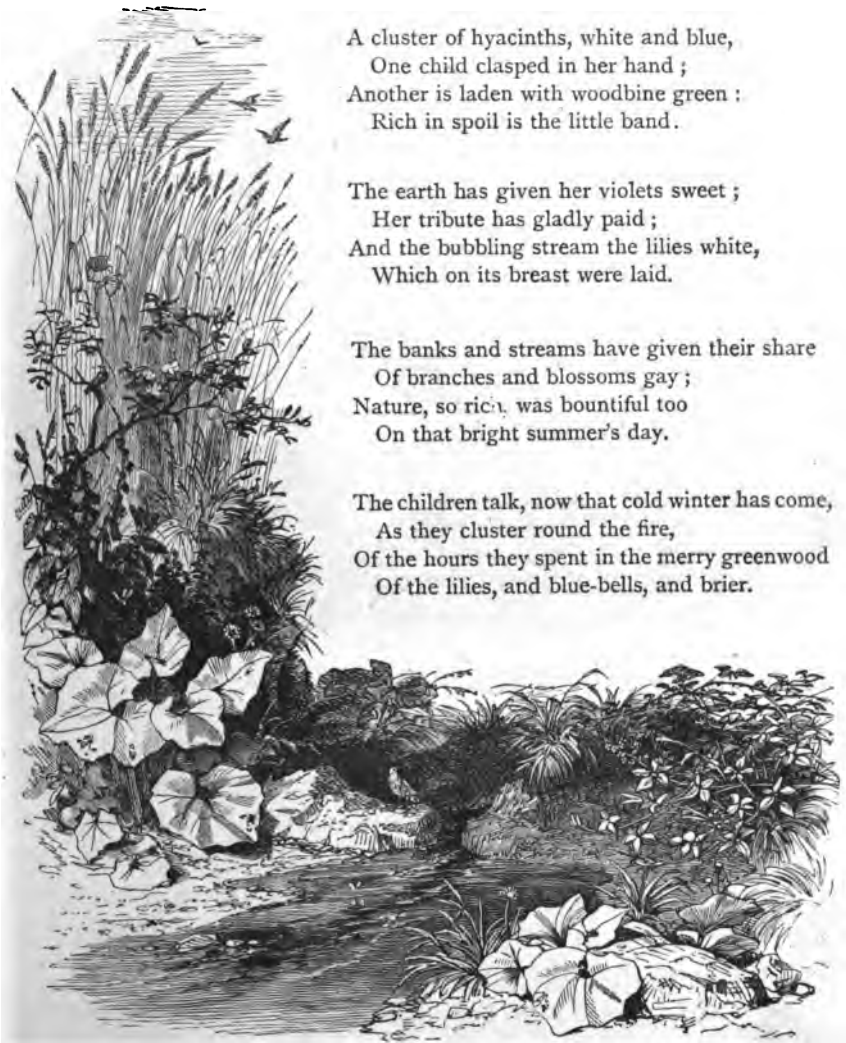
The waterfall joined in the happy strain,
The insects hummed around ;
A young child's laugh, though low, was heard,
A murmur of pleasant sound.

A cluster of hyacinths, white and blue,
One child clasped in her hand ;
Another is laden with woodbine green :
Rich in spoil is the little band.

The earth has given her violets sweet ;
Her tribute has gladly paid ;
And the bubbling stream the lilies white,
Which on its breast were laid.

The banks and streams have given their share
Of branches and blossoms gay ;
Nature, so rich, was bountiful too
On that bright summer's day.

The children talk, now that cold winter has come,
As they cluster round the fire,
Of the hours they spent in the merry greenwood
Of the lilies, and blue-bells, and brier.





MAMMA'S TALK.—CHRISTMAS DAY.

COME, my children, this is Christmas afternoon; you must not spend the whole of to-day in playing. Come round me while we sit over the fire, and let us have a quiet talk for half an hour. Let the little ones come closest, for it is principally to them I want to talk. With Johnny on my knee; Lily on her little chair, almost in my pocket; and Cissy on the rug, we shall be quite cosy.

Darlings, you know that Christmas Day is the day in all the year when we should not only rejoice most, but feel

most thankful to God ; for it was on that day, eighteen hundred and seventy-four years ago, that our Saviour Jesus Christ was born into the world. He came as a little tiny baby like us all. Mary the mother of Christ, and Joseph her husband, were travelling, and had come to a town called Bethlehem. They were obliged to sleep in a stable, for there was no room in the inn ; and in the night, when they were resting in the stable, God sent His Son to Mary to be her little baby. She knew that He was the Son of God, because an angel had been sent to her before by God to tell her of His coming.

Now on the night when our Saviour was born, some shepherds, who were tending their sheep in a field near, saw a great light in the sky ; and an angel came down from heaven, saying,—“ Fear not ; for, behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.” The angel went on to tell them how they would find the infant Christ lying in a manger in Bethlehem. Then hundreds and thousands of angels filled the sky, praising God.

The shepherds ran to Bethlehem, where they found the infant Saviour, and Mary, and Joseph, to whom they related what the angel had said.

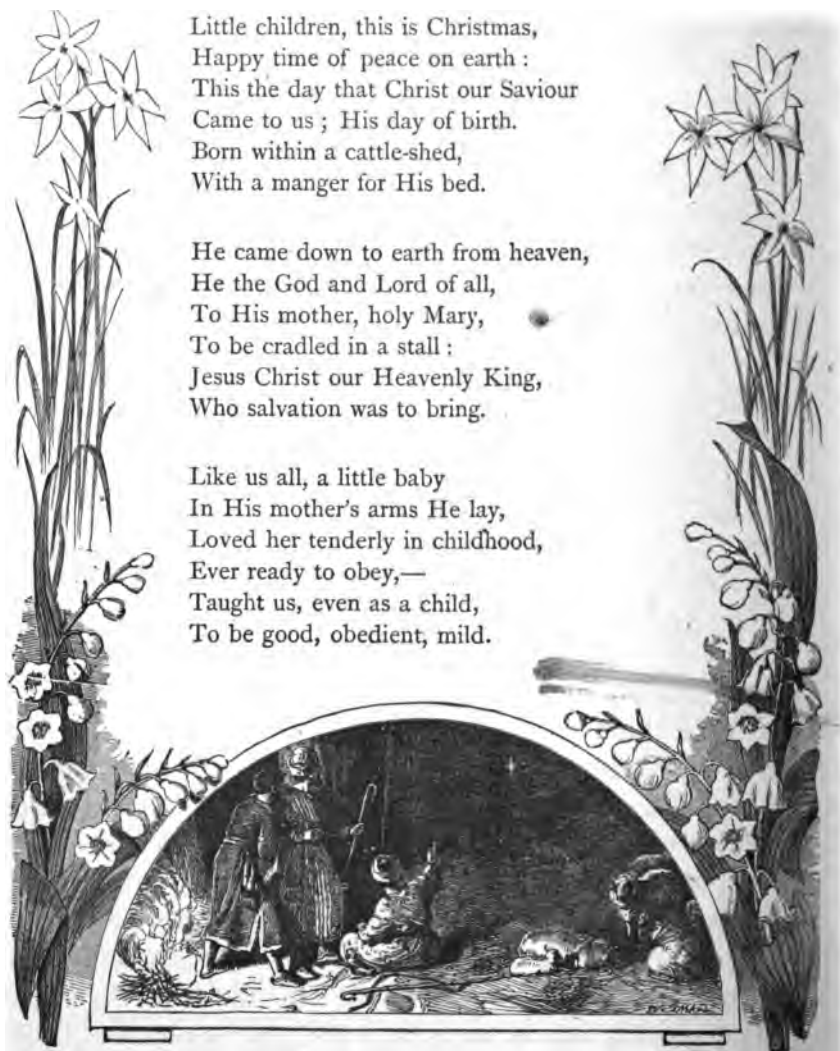
And there were some wise and rich men who also knew that our Saviour had come into the world, but they did not know where to find Him. So God, in order to guide them, put a beautiful star in the sky, which moved towards the place where Jesus Christ was. They followed the star, taking presents with them. Here you see a picture of the wise men worshipping the child, and making their offerings. My children, this is all I shall tell you to-day, but little

by little, and in as simple words as I can, I will relate to you the beautiful history of the New Testament. And now, darlings, try to learn this Christmas hymn.

Little children, this is Christmas,
Happy time of peace on earth :
This the day that Christ our Saviour
Came to us ; His day of birth.
Born within a cattle-shed,
With a manger for His bed.

He came down to earth from heaven,
He the God and Lord of all,
To His mother, holy Mary,
To be cradled in a stall :
Jesus Christ our Heavenly King,
Who salvation was to bring.

Like us all, a little baby
In His mother's arms He lay,
Loved her tenderly in childhood,
Ever ready to obey,—
Taught us, even as a child,
To be good, obedient, mild.





LONELY FRED.



YOU see little Fred has got a famous swing there, but he is looking very sad in spite of it. He is an only child, and is feeling lonely just now, as he sits in the swing; for he keeps thinking of the time, a few months back, when the swing was

put up, and his two little cousins were staying with him. What fun they used to have together! Mabel and Johnnie are little town children, and when they came down to stay at Fred's country house everything was strange and new to them. The common wild flowers, which Fred never thought about as he trampled on them, were beautiful and precious to them. Little Mabel called the buttercups and daisies "gold and silver flowers;" and Johnnie almost cried when he saw the mowers cutting down the white and red clover, the meadowsweet and cuckoo flowers, with the long grass. Fred sighs as he thinks what a jolly time they had in the hayfield. Each had a little rake, and how they tossed the hay about! He remembers how papa came to watch them, and when he sat down on the hay, how they covered him up with it until not a bit of him was to be seen.

Then, too, Fred thinks how different his nursery looked when his little cousins were there to play with him. There is no fun in playing with horses or ball or drum all alone. It seems now, looking back upon it all, as if they never quarrelled or slapped one another.

But Fred sees papa coming out of the house, and his face brightens: for he knows that he will now have a good swing.





NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

WE are happy little sprites,
Making a New Year's cake,
Throwing good wishes in
For the little ones' sweet sake.

Wishing to the household
A time of peace and joy ;
Wishing to the children
Their longed-for favourite toy.

Wishing a Happy New Year
To father and mother and all,
Wishing—oh, wishing—dear children,
To you good luck may fall.



THE STORK.



WONDER if any of you little people are as fond of hearing about curious birds and animals as I used to be when I was a little girl. I remember that I was particularly fond of hearing stories about storks, and when I was about five years old I tried to compose a piece of poetry to a stork. It began—

Stork, stork, funny old stork,
What nice long legs to take a walk !

I thought that sounded like poetry, but you see I was only five years old. The reason I liked storks so much was because I had heard they were kind to their little baby-storks. Once, I know, I had a good cry when my mamma told me a story of two storks, who had built their nest on the top of a farmhouse. Unfortunately the farmhouse caught fire, and the poor little children storks, being too young to fly, could not escape. The papa and mamma flew screaming round and round the burning house; at last they dashed wildly into the midst of the flames and were burnt with their little ones. Although I cried at this story, it will be wiser of you not to do so. One may be too tender-hearted. Besides, the sad event happened long ago—many years even before I was a little girl.

In most European countries storks are occasionally seen, but they are found principally in Holland. At the approach of winter they fly off to Africa and return to cool climates in the spring. In Holland they are very kindly treated, for so many frogs live in the marshes there, that if the storks did not eat them, the people would hardly know what to do. The storks are very clever at catching the poor froggies; they snatch them up in their long bills, and go flying off, with their great wings spread and their long legs stretched out behind them, carrying away two or three frogs at once. They are so gentle that they sometimes play with children in Holland.



MEMOIRS OF A POODLE.

CHAPTER II.

THE SPRING—MOUFLAR—A TERRIBLE EVENT.

ONE lovely day towards the end of April, Mr. Nelville announced that we were to have a picnic at the Waterfalls, where the boys could fish in the lake, and Henriette could ride about upon her donkey. While the preparations were being made, I barked and frisked about, impatient to dash out into the wood, which I had already noticed from the windows was becoming quite green with young leaves.

As soon as we started, I scampered off in front, across a meadow as smooth and soft as a green carpet, into the wood. Directly I disappeared among the trees, I heard my name called by every one of the family; but for the moment I turned a deaf ear, regardless of the general alarm. When at last I came frisking and bounding back again, Mr. Nelville told me seriously that I must not run off in that way. "The wood is immense," said he, "and, in spite of your cleverness, my little friend, you might easily lose yourself."

After this I walked quietly by the side of Henriette and her donkey. The good little girl, thinking in her simplicity that I was a creature as feeble as herself, wanted me to ride also. I resisted, but Mr. Nelville took me by the skin of the neck and placed me on the donkey to please his little daughter. Then said I to myself:—"In

this case, as in so many others, it is best to make a virtue of necessity." I sat up there as if I liked it; for which I



MR. NELVILLE PLACED ME ON THE DONKEY.

received a thousand praises; and indeed I think in that position I really had the air of a person of importance. To

tell the truth, the flattery and compliments I received so far reconciled me to my uncomfortable position, that when I was placed on my feet again, I felt disconcerted and humbled.

That day I had the honour to dine with the family, though it was only a dinner upon the grass. But no matter; I took my place between Paul and Henriette, and every one admired the grace with which I ate my little portion.

From this time I thought of nothing but the woods and meadows. My inclination to roam about was so evident that Mr. Nelville began to fear lest he might lose me, and one day, calling me into his library, he opened a drawer and took out a collar. It was red like Henriette's coral necklace, and had a plate of silver on which were engraved my name and that of my master. At this sight I trembled, and actually shed tears.

Mr. Nelville, seeing how little I liked the collar, exclaimed: "Really, Cæsar, I don't understand you. This collar is charming, and will become you wonderfully: besides, it is a talisman, it bears a charm. No misfortune or accident can happen to you when once it is fastened round your neck. Come, Cæsar."

I crouched down under the table and groaned. How silly of me! Mr. Nelville took up a whip, and touched me at first lightly; but as my obstinacy increased so did the force of the blows. Then a dreadful scene took place. The children ran into the room on hearing my cries, but the collar was fastened round my neck in spite of my resistance.

Henriette, who at first had been frightened by my cries, forgot her alarm when she saw how becoming my new collar was to me. Then to make things worse I sulked: Paul, happening to touch the tip of my tail with his foot in passing, I howled as if I was being killed, till at last Mr. Nelville, losing patience, turned me out of the room in a manner by no means respectful.

Henriette and I were always together, and what games we used to have! There was only one half-hour each day when she did not want me: that time was devoted to her lesson: she was learning her alphabet from letters stamped on pieces of chocolate.

One day, during this half-hour, finding myself alone, I jumped from a window, and scampered off I knew not where.

When I had gone a long way, I perceived a flock of sheep, and a splendid shepherd's dog guarding them. He saw me at a distance and began to bark. This I thought at first meant a declaration of war, but it was, in fact, only a politeness. Being reassured on this point (for to tell the truth, I have no taste for fighting), I approached Mouflar, and we engaged in conversation.

Seeing my collar, he questioned me as to my position, and the family I lived with. "This little excursion," he remarked, "will cost you many a cut of the whip when you are caught again. You must lead a miserable life!"

I did not like to find myself pitied by him; but at this moment the conversation was interrupted. Mouflar ran off to bring back a sheep which was straying from the flock. On his return, I said, "These sheep must surely be a great worry to you."

"A worry!" he exclaimed; "poor spaniel! you know not the nature of sheep-dogs. I would give my life for any of my sheep. Even while conversing with you, I am watching them. Last year a little lamb fell into a ditch, and the mother, unable to help it out, took her place beside the lamb. I missed them both, and in the evening when the flock went home, remained behind to search. It was dark before I found them, and then we all three passed the night together under the bright stars. In the morning my master re-appeared with the flock. As soon as he approached I barked with all my might, and he found me there guarding the sheep and lamb. One glance at us told him the whole story. 'Mouflar,' he exclaimed, 'I am proud of you!' He

took up the lamb in his arms, while the mother and I followed. The sheep looked on, and were grateful; they understood that I would do as much for any of them.

"There," continued Moufflar, "is a little story, which perhaps may make you sad; for if you were to live a dozen years you would never have a chance of doing as much. But that is the misfortune of your position, not your fault."

"I admit your superiority," I replied, "and admire your vigilance and tenderness for your sheep; but I have a future before me, and I do not despair of deserving some day the gratitude of my master. Now, good-bye, for I shall cause uneasiness by my absence."

"Well, sir, and where have you been?—Look how hot he is!—How he has been running!—Cæsar, if you get these bad habits you must be tied up." Such were the exclamations with which I was received on my return; my absence had already caused anxiety and alarm in the bosom of a peaceable family. I took my place beside the work table of grandmamma; stretching my length upon the floor, nearly asleep, but just opening an eye now and then to watch the approach of some troublesome fly.

One beautiful morning Henriette and I were at play in the courtyard of the chateau before breakfast. We were playing at hide-and-seek, when suddenly the little girl disappeared. I searched for her in every place where she had hidden before, but in vain. Then becoming uneasy, I went out to look beyond the great iron gates. What did I see? Looking towards the pond, I beheld Henriette just in the act of stepping into the little boat which belonged to her brothers. She balanced herself for an instant, then fell against the side of the boat: it upset, and she was cast into the water.

I sprang to the spot, jumped in, and seized her by the dress; at last I managed with great difficulty to drag her on to the bank. Her eyes were shut. I ran round her; I licked her; I cried to her; there was no sign of life.

Then running to the chateau, I found her mother in the



I MANAGED TO DRAG HER ON TO THE BANK.

drawing-room, who at once noticed the expression of my face. I took her dress in my mouth, and pulled her away; at the same time I barked unceasingly, till Mr. Nelville himself came to know the cause of the noise.

"The dog has gone mad, I think," exclaimed Mrs. Nelville. "But where is Henriette? Can anything have happened to her?"

At the name of Henriette I sent forth heart-rending cries, and made off towards the pond; while the father and mother ran after me. Reaching her, they both fell on their knees at her side; and their distress was pitiful to see. In a moment she opened her eyes, to our inexpressible joy; then Mr. Nelville took her up in his arms, and we all went back to the house. As I kept running from one to the other expressing my delight, Mr. Nelville said:—

"Yes, my brave dog, my friend, it is to you we owe the life of our child."

Henriette was soon settled in her little bed and embracing her father and mother, who were still trembling and agitated. Then came my turn: I was allowed to jump on the bed: Henriette gave me her hands to lick and went off into a peaceful sleep.

What a day! I thought of Mouflar. I should have liked to run off to tell him what I had done. His exploit appeared insignificant compared to mine. A sheep! a flock of sheep! a thousand flocks could not be compared to my little Henriette. I was overwhelmed with caresses from one and another, and my tongue grew tired with licking. Mr. Nelville neglected nothing that could add to my glory. He sent to the provincial newspapers a full account of my noble and touching conduct, and I had the satisfaction one morning of hearing my own history read out.





CHAPTER III.

MY FAME INCREASES.—THE DOGS OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

THIS adventure had the effect naturally of attaching me still more to Henriette. During a week that she was ill, I remained near her bed, jumping up on it whenever she invited me. I would twirl round and round in reply to her caresses, and do a thousand childish pranks to divert her.

From this moment I understood my own importance. Yes, children, but I did not take advantage of the position which my courage had given me in the family to indulge in whims and caprices. When a really good dog sees himself cherished and petted, he tries to deserve the tenderness of his master instead of abusing it. I said to myself, "Henriette is confided to my care:" and when we walked out together I carried her basket, her shawl, or sometimes her parasol (shut, of course you understand). I must tell you, too, that everywhere as we passed the people in the cottages came out to see me. "Look!" a mother would say to her child, "there's Cæsar, the famous dog of the chateau, who saved the life of the little lady." They used to make a circle round me. My history was related, and embellished; so difficult is it to be a true historian! They would call to me, stroke me, and offer me refreshment.

But above all it was a proud moment for me when we drove out. As I sat by the side of the coachman, with my head up, and my coat as white as snow, I heard the passers-by exclaim, "Look, look, there's Cæsar!"

I was happy—very happy: not merely, children, because



THEY HARNESS THESE DOGS IN SLEDGES AND HUNT THE REINDEER.

I was praised and admired, but because I could already reckon one great and noble action in my life. My mother had often said to me, "If I thought you destined to be a mere drawing-room dog, sleeping on soft cushions and eating sugar, I would rather strangle you. You come of a most intelligent and affectionate race, who have always rendered services to their masters, and among your ancestors many are known in the history of celebrated dogs."

I made out a sort of plan of my future exploits; I used to dream about robbers and shipwrecks; but in the meantime I did not neglect small daily occasions for distinguishing myself. In short I became a very remarkable dog.

One day I heard Paul say: "Mamma, Henriette is crying because I said there were more extraordinary dogs in the world than Cæsar."

"Why say anything to distress your little sister?" replied Mrs. Nelville; "I am surprised that you do not think as she does about Cæsar, considering that he saved her life."

"Still, mamma, there was nothing that she need have cried about. But I am very sorry, and this evening I will ask papa to talk to us about dogs, and then I shall say that I think Cæsar the most wonderful dog in the world."

And my little friend kept his word. In the evening he praised me to a degree that seemed rather exaggerated even to me. Nevertheless Mr. Nelville added more praises to those of his son, and finished by saying: "It is to Cæsar in fact that I owe the happiness of still embracing my little daughter."

Henriette climbed on to her papa's knees; I followed the example; and the good father pressed us both to his heart.

Mr. Nelville was in the humour to talk about dogs; he went on: "You have never reflected, I daresay, children, on the importance of these animals to men. The dog guards our houses, and at the least noise his voice warns us that a stranger is entering; he takes the command of a flock of sheep, and you know how well he makes himself obeyed. His sense of smell enables him to tell wherever either his enemy or his master may have passed by. If we were to lead Cæsar as far as Tours" (this was the nearest city to the chateau of Baudry) "I feel sure he would find his way home again."

"For all that, papa, we won't try," said Paul.

"In some countries," continued Mr. Nelville, "dogs, among other services, take the place of horses. If you will look, for example, on the great ball—as Henriette calls the globe—you will see, quite to the north, Behring's Straits and Davis's Straits. In those parts live a people called the Esquimaux. They are surrounded by eternal ice and snow, and would die of hunger without the help of their dogs. They harness these dogs in sledges, and in that



HE TIED THE BELL-ROPE TO THE DOG'S TAIL.

way hunt the reindeer. The eagerness of these dogs for the chase is so great that it is impossible to check them when they scent a reindeer, a bear, or a seal; and of their own accord they take the direction of the place where their

prey is to be found. Yet these dogs are gentle towards the women who feed them and who harness them in the sledges."

"Papa, are these dogs very large?" enquired Paul.

"They are about the size of our sheep-dogs, but stronger, and covered with thick hair."

"Poor beasts, at all events they don't feel the cold then."

"Tell the children, my dear," said Mrs. Nelville, "the story of a dog we were reading the other day."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Nelville, "it will be a good story to amuse Paul. You mean the dog who rang the bell at the lighthouse. Well; there was once a lighthouse on a rocky coast which was subject to fogs, so it not only had a light but also a bell, which in case of a fog served to warn ships away when the light could not be seen. The man who had the care of this lighthouse was there one night alone—at least with only his dog as a companion. Now his family lived in a cottage not far off, and one of his children was very ill, so when he had set the lights all properly for the night, he wished very much to go home for a little while to see how his child was. Unluckily the night was foggy, and though the lights would burn for a time without his looking after them, the bell would not ring without somebody to ring it.

"The poor man was very anxious, and while he pulled the bell, happening to look at his dog, an idea came to him. He tied the bell-rope to the dog's tail: then he fetched some nice bones, which he placed on the ground just beyond the dog's reach; so that the struggles which the creature made to get at them caused the bell to ring. While the man was away he could hear the bell ringing, ringing always; and when he returned he rewarded the dog with a good supper."

The children all thought this poor dog was treated very cruelly; and so did I. After this story they went to bed, and I retired to my own little nest, thinking to myself that I should not like much to be an Esquimaux dog, and thanking heaven that I was not a dog at a lighthouse.



HOOK NOSE AND BIG EYES.

Hook Nose said to Big Eyes,
"Come and skate with me."
Big Eyes said to Hook Nose,
"But I'm afraid, you see."

Hook Nose said to Big Eyes,
"Pray don't talk such folly,
We'll take some rats and wrap up warm,
And then we'll be quite jolly."



A KIND LITTLE GIRL.



ONCE upon a time there lived a good kind-hearted little girl called Ada. Her father and mother were not rich, but they were kind-hearted too. Now when the cold hard winter set in, with snow and frost, and the earth was all covered up from the pretty birds, little Ada used to collect the crumbs and fragments that were left at her meals, and take them out twice a day to scatter them in the fields for the little dickies. The poor little things would be so glad, and would come hop, hop, hopping along all over the hard ground, and peck at the food she had placed for them.

One day when she was scattering the crumbs upon the

ground, a rich lady who lived close by, came up and watched her.

Then the lady said, "Little girl, why are you scattering these bread-crumbs?"

Ada answered: "Because everything is covered with ice and snow, and the poor little birds cannot find food to eat. Therefore I feed them, just as rich people feed and support the poor."

"But you cannot provide," said the lady, "for all the little birds in the world."

And little Ada answered: "Don't all the children in the world feed the birds as I do, just as all the rich people help the poor?"

The lady thought to herself:—"How good and simple is this little child! How much happier the world would be if people were as kind and good as she thinks they are!" Then turning to little Ada, she said, "I have no doubt there are many things that you wish for, although you are fed and clothed. Tell me of something you would like very much to have."

Ada put her little head on one side, and thought for a moment before she answered: "I have never seen a Christmas tree, though I have often and often heard how beautiful they are. If I could have a Christmas tree for my little sister and myself how happy I should be! but it is no use wishing for it, as I know my father and mother cannot afford to give me one."

Then the lady kissed little Ada, and said: "Many wonderful things happen, my dear, in the world: things people wish for very much often come to pass."

The little child replied: "Mother has told me never to long for what I cannot have." And the lady smiled at her, as she went away, and said again: "Many things are possible in this world."

Ada returned home, and when she was snug in bed, lying beside her little sister, she dreamed a wonderful dream. She thought that angels were all round her,



hovering over her bed; and one carried in her hand a beautiful Christmas tree, laden with toys and lighted up, and looking—Oh! so beautiful!

But the strangest thing was that when the little girl awoke, she found standing on the table by her bedside what seemed to be the very Christmas tree she had been dreaming about.

Now it strikes me that the kind lady who spoke to her in the field had something to do with it. What do you little folks think?



A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

OW, children, I pray, come, hear what I say;

A story I'm going to tell,
Which, besides being true, may serve to
warn you,
As you'll see when you hear what befell.

In a room warm and bright, one cold
Christmas night,

Happy children were dancing away;
Little figures twirled round, little feet skimmed the ground,
While music did merrily play.

What with music and light, and glad faces that night,
Fairyland could seem scarcely more fair;
When a sad scene took place:—two boys, face to face,
Fought with swords as the picture shows there.

How it all came about, I was rather in doubt,
Though told the whole tale very soon;
But from all I could hear, a child shed a tear,
Declaring she wanted the moon.

Then a stout little lad said, "It's really too bad
To hear children talking such stuff:
Do give her a toy." Then said the small boy,
"Don't cry for the moon like a muff."

"Take *that* in your eye," said a boy standing by;
"She shall cry for the moon if she please:
It is you who talk stuff, and you are a muff,
And besides a most horrible tease."

The boy who first spoke, thought this was no joke,
And a terrible fight then began.

"Fight it out, boys, downstairs, for there nobody cares,"
Another boy said, and they ran—



All eager to see what fun it would be,
Naughty boys that they were, I must say;
To the staircase they flocked, but indeed they were shocked,
To see *swords* were to come into play.

No great harm was done, no battle was won,
For a gentleman passed through the hall:
He gave but one look, and both the swords took,
And broke them in pieces quite small.

Greedy young Ben, with mouth so full then
That the words he scarcely could utter,
Said: "It is my delight to see a good fight;
Use your fists." This was all he could mutter.

The little girls cried, and Fred, who astride
Of the banisters sat, had a fall.
The party broke up, and they all went to sup,
But the two who fought got none at all.

They were sent home to bed, and some tears they both shed
As they thought of the lecture next day,
And *some punishment more*, that they knew was in store,
For indulging in dangerous play.





A STORY OF A TOAD.



WOULD you like to hear a story of a toad whose acquaintance I made last summer? You boys say,—“Yes;” and *you*, little girls, say,—“*No*, a toad is nasty!” Nothing of the sort. This toad is very nice, as you will say when I tell you about her. Let us ask Baby there drawing on his slate if he would like to hear the story. Baby says “um—er,” which is “yes” in his peculiar baby language.

Well then, one day last summer, when I was down at Aunt Jane’s house in the country, I was standing in the conservatory smelling the pretty flowers, with little Cissy by my side—who occasionally squeezed the fuchsia buds to make them pop, which is a bad habit of hers—when I saw a large toad walking across the tiles with which the conservatory is floored.



As a rule I object to toads, and I was going either to drive this one out, or beat a retreat myself, when I saw that poor Toady was walking very slowly as if in pain, and—as Cissy described it—was holding one of its hands up to one of its eyes just like a grown-up person.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Cissy, "it has hurt its eye: look how swelled it is!" I then saw that the eye was cut and swollen; and that was the reason why it kept raising what Cissy called its hand up to its eye.

"Let us watch it," said I; "we will not hurt it for the world." The poor thing did not seem at all disturbed by our presence, but remained in the conservatory, blowing out its body, and winking its good eye, for several minutes. Cissy suddenly got so fond of it that she wanted to take it up and bathe its eye; but this I would not allow. So she contented herself with putting a leaf with a grub or two on it close to the toad, and we soon saw it darting its pink tongue out, and catching and eating them. When the creature had finished its repast, it crawled slowly out of the conservatory, and sat basking in the sun outside. We were glad to see that the eye looked better, and so we left it.

The next day, however, and often afterwards, it came back again to the conservatory, when Cissy generally managed to provide some food for it. It knew us quite well, and not only made friends with *us*, but also with a large cat who was a great pet of Cissy's. Our new friend made itself at home in every part of the house; for, one day, to the surprise of everyone, it was discovered sitting before the kitchen fire close to the cat with its "hands" resting on Pussy's tail, and looking quite affectionately into her face.

Another day Mrs. Toad introduced her young family to us. She waddled into the conservatory with two of her children sitting on her back, and one clinging round her neck. She was almost choked, and quite weighed down with her burden; but she staggered bravely along till she got to her favourite place in the conservatory.

When Cissy saw this, she cried out,—*"Darling Toad! she's just like you, mamma."*



SUNRISE.



"MAMMA," said Ethel, and she raised
Her great blue eyes to mine,
"Tell me the grandest sight you've seen,
Not pretty, you know, but *fine*."

"Darling," I answered, "what can I say?
Grand sights so many there are
In this glorious world in which we live,
That we need not journey far.

"A mountain is grand with its snow-capped
top,
Rearing its head to the sky;
Or a deep ravine, with its rugged sides,
And the waters rushing by.

"But the grandest and most glorious sight,
Darling, I've ever seen,
Is the bright glad sun rising over the sea
In his golden glitter and sheen.

"When the purple clouds are rent apart,
And the diamond rays burst through,
And the fleecy clouds like silver shine,
As they ride in the Heaven's blue.

"Then the crested waves catch the new-born
light,
And in pride bear it on to the shore,
In eager haste dashing madly on
With a crash of triumph, and roar.

"Then the birds sing welcome to the sun,
The flowers their heads upraise,
And the earth seems to join with sea and
sky
In a hymn of joy and praise."



MAMMA'S TALK.

Now, little ones, let us settle ourselves for our Sunday talk. On Christmas-Day, I told you about the birth of our Saviour: to-day I will begin by telling you about John the Baptist.

It had been foretold by the prophet Isaiah that at the coming of our Saviour there would first appear a prophet whom he described as "a messenger," and as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." The prophet whom

Isaiah speaks of was John. He lived and preached in a wild and barren part of Judea called the Wilderness, clothing himself in the skins of animals. Great multitudes went out from the different cities to hear him preach. He urged them to repentance, saying that the kingdom of Heaven was at hand: and those who repented he baptized in the river Jordan. That is why he is called in the Bible John the Baptist.

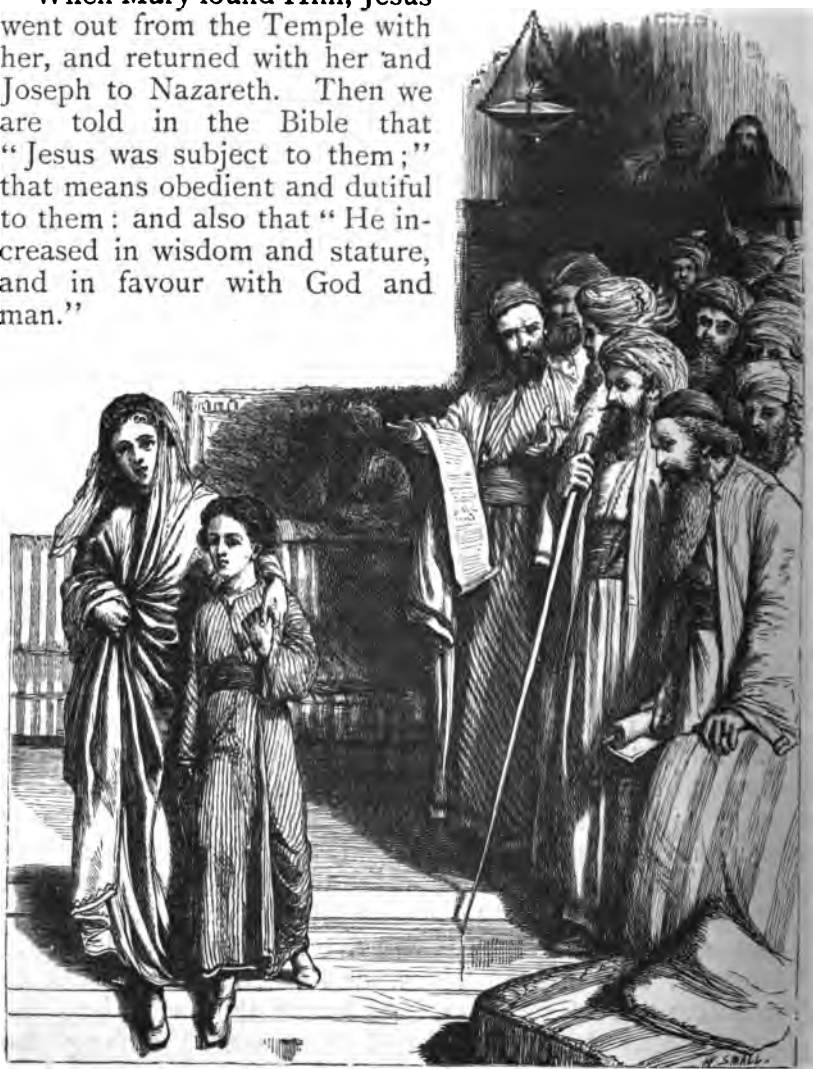
Many people began to think that this man who preached so earnestly must be the Saviour who had been promised to them, and they asked John if he were the Christ. He answered them plainly that he was not. He said, "I indeed baptize you with water: but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose: He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost."

And when Jesus was about thirty years old, He came to the banks of the river Jordan to be baptized by John. The Bible says, "John forbade Him, saying, I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me? And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered Him." And when Jesus was baptized, the scripture tells us that the heavens were opened, and the Spirit of God descended like a dove, and lighted upon Him; while a voice from heaven said: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

After this our Saviour began His great work of teaching, and in my next talk with you I will describe it to you. But long before, when he was a mere child, He had shewn His marvellous intelligence and wisdom. When Jesus was about twelve years old, Joseph and Mary came from Nazareth, a city in Galilee, where they lived, to Jerusalem, to be present at one of the great Jewish festivals, bringing Jesus with them. When it was over, and they had set out to return, they missed Jesus, and at once went back to Jerusalem to seek for Him. At length they went into the Temple, and there they found Him seated among the

priests and the teachers of the law, hearing them and asking them questions. All the wise and learned men were astonished at His understanding and His answers.

When Mary found Him, Jesus went out from the Temple with her, and returned with her and Joseph to Nazareth. Then we are told in the Bible that "Jesus was subject to them;" that means obedient and dutiful to them: and also that "He increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."





SOME OF MY LITTLE FRIENDS.

BUSY BEE.



AM going to tell you about different little girls and boys that I know, and I shall describe one of them to you every month. Perhaps now and then some of you, my little readers, may find a likeness to yourselves, and see how what is good or bad in you looks in others. To-day I shall begin with a nice little girl called Busy Bee.

Sybil is my little friend's real name; and shall I tell you the reason why we called her Busy Bee? Because she is always busy. She is never idle like some little girls I know; she never lolls on the sofa, yawning, and miserable for want of employment. She never whines out in a peevish tone, like some little friends of mine,—“I haven't got anything to do-o!” putting one in mind of poor frozen-out gardeners. Though such foolish children never make me pity them as I do the poor gardeners: indeed, to tell the truth, I should like to punish them, and give them something very disagreeable to do.

But the little Bee I am going to tell you about is a very different child to those. She is quick and clever in all that she does. She gives no trouble to nurse when she gets up in the morning, but helps to dress herself; and as soon as she is dressed, without waiting a moment, she says her prayers. She gives herself plenty of time for them, because she knows it would be wrong, and ungrateful to God, to hurry over them. Then Bee comes into mamma's room before her breakfast, looking fresh and sweet as a little pink rosebud. She seems to brighten up the whole room, and mamma thinks so as she looks at that sunny little face. When mamma has had a bad night (as she has sometimes), and her head is aching, she always begins to feel better directly she sees little Bee's figure at the door, and hears the sound of her cheery little voice. The whole day long Busy Bee is the life and light of the house.

One day last summer I went to see Sybil's mamma, and when we had talked a little while, I said: "Where is darling Bee?"

"Oh," said mamma, "come into the nursery, and there we shall find Bee, busy as ever."

And so we did; for on opening the nursery door, the first thing we saw was our little girl, seated on rather a high chair, with her stout little legs dangling, and her pretty face bent down, looking so earnestly at a doll's frock upon which she was hard at work. Sweet Busy Bee! what a pretty picture she made! The window was open just behind her chair, her golden hair seemed to shine against the background of the blue summer sky; a rosebush stood in a pot on the window-sill, and real bees were working and humming round it. On the table close by, lying straight out with her toes sticking up, and half-dressed already (thanks to the quick fingers of her little mother), lay Miss Thomasina, Sybil's new doll. Nurse was close by, for there were scissors on the table; and, as the little girl is only six years old, scissors are still forbidden unless some one is watching her.

My darling little Busy Bee, I can see you now with my mind's eye in the years to come a grown-up woman. I can see you making hearts glad, and your own home happy, with your cheerful spirit, busy brain, and clever fingers.







EARLY IN THE MORNING.

EARLY in the morning, before the sun is high,
 Mother does her hair up, Baby sitting by.
 Baby takes his breakfast, nice new milk and
 bread ;
 Doggie looks so eager, bending down his head.
 With his eyes so wistful Doggie begs a bit,
 Says : " Look, oh little master, how patiently
 I sit ;

It's very hard to wait and watch ; oh, give me some, please, soon !"
 But Baby gives a little laugh, and taps him with the spoon.

As soon as Baby's finished, then Doggie gets the rest :
 We feed dogs after children—you know that that is best.
 Then mother takes her darling, and sits him on her knee,
 And washes him, and dresses him, as nice as he can be.

And all the while this work goes on the little Birdie sings,
 He carols out his morning song, and flaps his little wings.
 The flower on the table, that blooms so fresh and fair,
 Says : " Take me out to see the sun, and breathe the fragrant air."

Then out into the garden the little party go,
 And Baby toddles up and down, and wanders to and fro ;
 And Doggie barks, and scampers off, and soon is out of sight,
 And Birdie perches on a tree, and sings with all his might.





MEMOIRS OF A POODLE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAIR AT TOURS.—THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

MR. Nelville and his family were going to spend a few days at Tours, during the annual fair held in that city. They were too fond of me to think of leaving me at home; perhaps also they were too proud of me; for they agreed with me that I was the most wonderful dog in the world.

Henriette and her brothers were delighted with the prospect of going to this fair, to see dancing on the rope, wax figures, punch and judy, wild beasts, and jugglers. What happiness it would be!

A handsome open carriage with two horses came to the door: Mr. and Mrs. Nelville and the children took their places. Such a chattering and noise the children made! such exclamations of delight! And I can tell you that I helped to make a noise too. Placed in front beside the driver, I kept barking, and jumping, and twirling round and round, till Polycarpe the coachman could hardly keep his seat for laughing. During the journey, every now and then, I turned to say "How d'ye do" to Henriette, giving her a light tap with my paw upon her great straw hat, to attract her attention; and sometimes I jumped from the driving seat right into the carriage, and joined in the conversation.

Living in the country, I had no idea what a city was like. How was I surprised when, reaching the top of a hill which overlooks Tours, I perceived the river Loire, the bridge, and the great open square in which the fair was being held! I think travelling has its advantages even for a dog. It is good to gain knowledge, and to vary one's impressions.

When we entered the city the noise and the movement

pleased me. I saw several dogs walking about : we looked at each other and barked ; signifying by the tone of our voices whether we felt a liking for each other or not. My excitement was so great, that Polycarpe declared he was afraid I should spring off the driving seat, so I was taken into the carriage, and seated between Paul and Louis.

We stopped at the hotel, where a set of rooms on the first floor had been engaged for us. I soon discovered that there was a comfortable easy chair, suitable for me to sleep on, and a large balcony in front of the windows. This put me into great good humour : I could take the air without going into the streets, and could make my little observations on the people that passed. Builders ought always to make houses with balconies : nothing is more convenient or more healthy for dogs. I was soon curled up in the easy chair, and fell asleep ; but my sleep was agitated. I dreamed that I was walking alone in the town, and was pursued by some one who tried to catch hold of me. When I awoke I was biting the arm of the chair.

The journey had filled my coat with dust, and I required a good washing. Sylvie being very busy unpacking the boxes, the children begged that I might be entrusted to them. Mr. Nelville hesitated at first, but afterwards consented, and this permission was received with an explosion of joy. Immediately preparations began : we all went up to Sylvie's bedroom, where a foot-bath was chosen for the purpose. I was soon in the water, and gave myself up to the care of my little friends.

Henriette stood by and gave advice, while her brothers washed me ; and what was her delight when Paul, after disappearing for a moment, returned, bringing in triumph a sponge, which he had taken from the bedroom of his papa.

"Now Henriette must wash his nose," said Paul.

She did not wait to be asked twice, but taking some fresh water, dabbed my nose lightly with the sponge.

My nose still continued to be the object of her tender care, when a new proposal was made by Paul. He proposed to plunge my head altogether into the water, to give me,



SHE GAVE ME A LITTLE KNOCK WITH HER PARASOL.

as he said, an idea of a dip into the sea. This manner of washing me led to a deal of amusement; for each time I drew my head out of the water, I shook it in such a way that my little friends received a good sprinkling in their faces. The room resounded with laughter.

"I've got the water in my eyes," said Paul.

"It's all in my ears," exclaimed Louis.

"Look ! look !" cried Henriette, "there's a drop on the tip of my nose." And in her delight she shook her little fair head, threw up her arms, and laughed heartily.

Attracted by the noise, Sylvie made her appearance, and found her room all in a swamp. She was going to scold, but I turned aside her anger by lifting up my paws one after the other to show her how nicely I had been washed.

"Certainly," said Sylvie, "your equal does not exist ; you are the very best dog in the world." She sat down : I jumped upon her lap, and to show my affection for her, shook my ears violently, and sent a shower into her face. You would think, children, that she was angry. On the contrary, she dried her face, saying : "Ah ! he wouldn't do as much as that to everybody."

When I returned to the drawing-room, Mr. Nelville declared that I was now fit to go out with him, and to be presented anywhere. The admiration I excited in the streets was unbounded. I heard on all sides, "Oh, the beautiful dog ! What a pretty creature !" Now and then I stopped a little behind my master, till he called out—"Cæsar !" Then I bounded up to him in a manner that was full of grace.

Our first visit was to the house of the Prefect of the city, but it was not so satisfactory as we expected. This arose from the presence there of a lady who had a dislike to dogs of any kind. Even when my exploits were related, they did not seem to interest her. I happened to tread upon the edge of her dress, and she took advantage of this circumstance to give me a little knock with her parasol. I sent forth a piercing cry : not that I was really hurt, but simply—to tell the truth—in order to revenge myself. The lady turned very red, which was not becoming to her, and the conversation stopped.

On leaving the house of the Prefect, we went home to take the children out to the fair. The square was crowded

with people, and I might easily have been lost but for a string which Mr. Nelville held me by. I observed two English ladies, a mother and daughter, who had with them a superb white poodle, so like me it might have been taken for my brother. These ladies watched me with covetous eyes, and even caused me to be followed afterwards to the hotel by a servant, who had the impertinence to ask Jacques if he thought Mr. Nelville would consent to sell me.

There were stalls at the fair, where all kinds of things were sold; but besides these there were a number of large booths or tents; one was a circus for horsemanship, another contained a collection of wild beasts; then there were jugglers, punchinello, and an exhibition of wax figures. After buying plenty of toys—balls, tops, hoops, soldiers, and a doll whose face might be washed without being spoilt, we turned our steps towards the exhibition of wax figures.

"Dogs are not admitted, sir," said the man at the entrance.

"But if they pay?" rejoined Mr. Nelville.

"Oh, sir, that will be different."

My good master paid for my entrance like one of the children, and I walked in. "I am sure he is the only dog," said Paul, "who ever paid for his place at a show."

But oh, what a surprise! this show represented a play of which the hero himself was a dog. The man who exhibited the wax-work began: "Ladies and gentlemen, a few moments of patience, and the play will begin. Walk in, walk in, and see the Dog of Montargis. This incomparable dog" . . . (I must confess to the reader that I thought for a moment he was talking about me; but in this instance my vanity misled me). "Ladies and gentlemen," he went on, "with the help of these historical figures, I am going to relate to you certain terrible and astonishing events. Here," and he pointed to the different figures with a long cane as he spoke, "you see the King, Charles the

MEMOIRS OF A POODLE.



I JUMPED UP AND BARKED.

Fifth; this is the Chevalier Aubry de Montdidier, a favourite of the King; and here—gentlemen and ladies, attention, if you please—is the Chevalier Macaire, a wicked man, who was jealous of the affection which the King bore to the other; and this jealousy led him to commit a terrible crime. One day, being alone with the Chevalier Aubry in the forest of Bondy, he killed the poor Aubry, and buried him in the ground.

“Gentlemen and ladies, as you well know, all crimes are found out sooner or later, and this time it was a dog, a noble and faithful dog, that caused the discovery of the murderer. Yes, the dog which you behold there, gentlemen and ladies,” (here he pointed to a dog which was among the other figures) “remained crouched upon the spot where his master had been buried.”

In spite of the efforts of Mr. Nelville to hold me, I jumped up and barked with all my might, for the figure

which the showman pointed to appeared to me to be a real dog. He was interrupted for several minutes, but he was pleased too, for he had never received a truer compliment upon his work.

When Mr. Nelville had at last succeeded in quieting me, the showman continued: "Ladies and gentlemen, fidelity does not prevent hunger; and this poor dog was obliged at last to return to Paris, to some friends of his master, to get something to eat; but as soon as his hunger was satisfied he went back again to his master's grave. At last his coming and going continually in this way was remarked. He was followed into the forest, and it was seen that he always stopped on a certain spot, where the earth had been lately disturbed. Upon digging in the ground, the body of Montdidier was discovered. A great crime had been committed, but by whom?"

"Meeting the murderer one day in Paris, the dog seized upon him with such fury that a suspicion of the truth began to be awakened. A second time it happened: the dog was walking peaceably in the midst of a crowd when, perceiving Macaire, he attacked him again. This was talked of throughout Paris, till it reached the ears of the King: the Chevalier Macaire was brought to justice, and hanged.

"This dog, ladies and gentlemen, has passed down to posterity under the name of the dog of Montargis, because it was near the village of Montargis that the tragedy took place. The actors in that tragedy, ladies and gentlemen, are represented by these wax personages before your eyes."

This story interested me perhaps more than any other spectator. The heroism of a dog remembered after hundreds of years!

On coming out I was wild with excitement, and Mr. Nelville had difficulty in holding me by the string. I fancied every passer-by was a murderer going to attack my master or one of his family. I felt as fierce and as strong as a lion, and longed for a chance of proving my devotion.



Now here is a puzzle for you. Two of these objects begin with an A, two with a C, one with an O, and one with S.

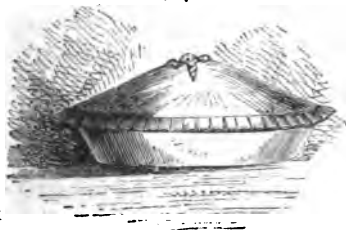


JACK HORNER.

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie :
He put in his thumb, and he pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I !"

Oh, greedy Jack Horner, to sit in a corner,
Eating alone that great pie.
To me it is plain you'll have a bad pain,
And the doctor will come by-and-by.

Then, foolish Jack Horner, the thoughts of that
corner,
Where you greedily ate up the pie,
Will make you feel sad, and the taste will be bad
Of the medicine you'll take by-and-by.





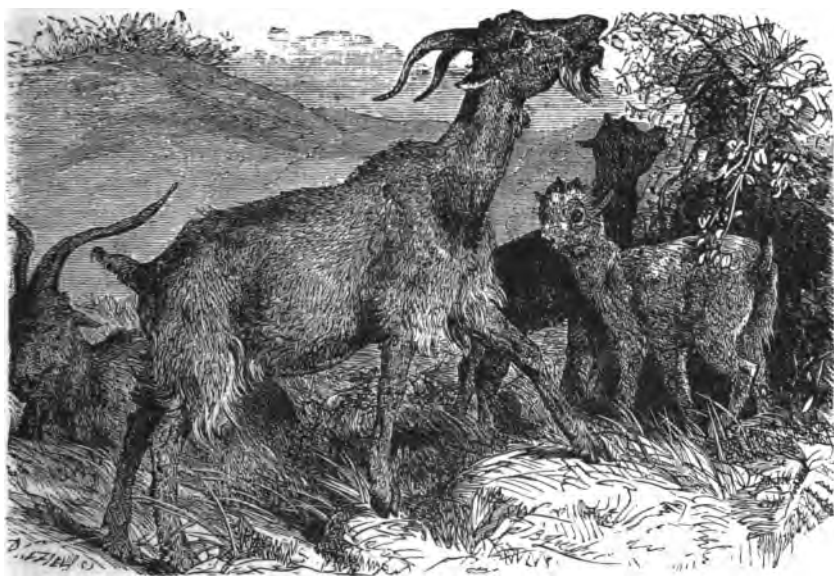
A STORY OF A HYÆNA.

OF course you little people who live in London have been to the Zoological Gardens, and have seen, and perhaps heard, the Hyænas there.

Now it is much pleasanter to pay a visit to these animals when they are safely boxed up in their cages at the Zoological Gardens, than to meet one, as I did once, on the high road in India. I was travelling, as people do in India in those parts where there are no railways, —the grown-up people on horseback, the children, luggage, and servants in bullock-bandies, which are carriages rather like small omnibuses drawn by bullocks. We only tra-

velled during the early morning, pitching our tents to remain in during the heat of the day as well as at night. At the time of the little adventure I am going to tell you of, those of our party who were on horseback, with the exception of myself, had ridden on rather in advance, and I was riding alone by the side of the bandy which contained my two children and their nurses.

I must tell you, though, that a nice old nanny-goat was driven along behind the bandy. We had her to supply milk for the children. There was also an old billy-goat, and two pretty little kids. Every now and then they would stray a little way from the road to crop the grass or a few leaves from the trees.



Once, when they were straying in this way, I happened to look back, and I saw, coming trotting along towards the happy family party, who were busy nibbling some nice leaves, an ugly Hyæna. It was shambling along at a slouching kind of pace between a canter and a trot. The

poor goats, becoming aware of their danger, ran back as fast as they could to the bandy, but the hyæna, who must have been very hungry, (for they are not generally so bold,) followed them closely, and ventured to come within a few feet of my horse. I was rather frightened, but I turned my horse round and rode at him. I knew this was the safest thing to do, for the hyæna is a very cowardly animal, and is much more likely to attack when its prey beats a retreat than when it shows a bold face.

As I rode at the hyæna he turned and ran off, but directly I stopped in the pursuit and turned back again, I found that he stopped too, and began to advance as I retreated. Then I turned again and rode at him. Off he went a second time, but again he stopped directly I did, and followed me again as I rode back to the bandy. This was repeated several times, we took it by turns to be pursuer and pursued. I was excessively annoyed, but in spite of my annoyance, and although I was a little frightened, I found myself laughing heartily, the scene seemed so ridiculous. There the creature remained watching my every movement, and always keeping just a few yards from me, which I suppose was what he considered to be out of reach.

At last one of the native servants brought me a long pole, shod with iron at the end, which belonged to one of the tents, and armed with this I made a desperate charge at the enemy. Seeing me coming after him with such a weapon, he evidently thought things were taking a serious turn, and made off as fast as he could, without looking behind him. Then I threw the pole after him with all my might, and it hit him sharply on the back. Whereupon the wretch began to laugh, that is, he made the sound which is called laughing, but it was the most horrible, mirthless, hysterical noise that I ever heard; at the same time jumping about in the absurdest way, rising on his hind legs, nodding his head, and twisting round and round, as if he were trying to dance. After this ridiculous performance he made off again, and I saw him no more.



THE LITTLE ELVES.

THERE was once a shoemaker, who was dreadfully poor; so poor that at last he had nothing left but just enough leather to make one more pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the leather for his shoes, intending to make them next morning. In the morning, when he awoke, what did he see but the pair of shoes already made, standing on the table before him! The poor man was amazed, and did not know what to think; but he took the shoes into his hand to look closely at them, and he found they were so neatly worked that not a stitch was wrong. Presently a customer came in; and as the shoes were so beautifully made, he paid more than was usual for them, and so much that the poor shoemaker was able to buy leather for two more pairs. By the evening he had cut these out, and when he got up next morning he prepared to work with fresh spirit, but there again were the shoes perfectly made, standing on the table before him. Now he did not want customers; two more came, who paid him so liberally for the shoes that he bought with the money enough leather for four more pairs of shoes. These also, when he awoke, he found already made, and so it continued; what he cut out over night was finished in the morning in the most beautiful manner possible. This went on until he grew quite rich.

One evening—not long before Christmas—as he cut out the usual quantity of leather, he said to his wife as he was going to bed, “Do let us stop up to-night, to see who it is that so kindly helps us!” His wife was equally anxious to find out their unknown friends, and she fastened up a light; then they hid themselves in a corner of the room, where hung some clothes which concealed them. As soon as it was twelve o’clock, in came two little tiny men, who sat themselves down on the table; and then, taking up the prepared work, set to with their little fingers, stitching and sewing and hammering so swiftly and lightly that the shoemaker could not take his eyes off them for astonishment. They did not cease until all was brought to an end, and the shoes stood ready on the table; and then they sprang quickly away.

The following morning his wife said, “The little men have made us rich, and we must show our gratitude to them, for although they run about so quickly, they must be cold, for they have nothing on their bodies. I will make a little shirt, coat, waistcoat, trousers, and stockings for each, and do you make a pair of shoes for each.”

The husband agreed; and one evening, when all was ready, they laid their presents, instead of the usual work, on the table, and hid themselves to see what would happen.

At midnight in came the Elves, jumping about, and soon prepared to work; but when they saw no leather, but the natty little clothes, they at first were astonished, but soon showed their delight. They put on their clothes, and smoothing them down, sang—

“Smart and natty boys are we;
Cobblers we’ll no longer be;”

and so they went on hopping and jumping over the stools and chairs, and at last out at the door. After that evening they did not come again; but the shoemaker prospered in all he undertook, and lived happily ever after.



BABY'S PLAY.

"LASS me, Nana," lisps Baby. "Tell me pooty story."

Then nurse, not having a "pooty story" ready, pulls the tiny piece of fluffy hair that grows just above Baby's little forehead, and says, "Ring at the bell!" She taps at the little forehead itself, saying, "Knock at the door!" Looks close at the pretty eyes, and says, "look in at the windows!" Then pinches the tiny nose, "Pull up the latch; and, and, and —walk in!" says Nana, as Baby opens her little mouth wide, and a sugar-plum pops in between the tiny white teeth.





A TERRIBLE DREAM.



LITTLE man lived in a country town,
 Who used to wander up and down :
 Yes, up and down from his own little home
 To the public-house he ever would roam.
 His wife would scold him,—he did not care ;
 The children hooted ; the neighbours did stare.
 The little man kept to his horrible habit
 Of drinking port wine, and eating Welsh-rabbit.
 One day, as he sat in his favourite place,
 He happened to raise his hand to his face,
 When he found—oh, strange and terrible trou-
 ble!—

That his nose had changed in size to double ;
 And lumps and bumps stood out on the tip.
 So large had it grown that he could not sip
 One drop of port wine any longer with ease.
 And oh, the shock when he tried to sneeze !
 He rose to his feet, and he staggered out ;
 He called for help, and began to shout.
 But alas, the fresh air seemed to strengthen his
 nose,

For it grew, and it grew, and higher it rose ;
 The end of it wandered away down the street,
 He thought he had lost it ;—but no such treat.
 It twined round the sign-post at such a pace
 That it soon stared its master right in the face.
 The children ran ; the neighbours fled ;
 His little dog howled, and drooped his head.
 He tripped over his nose, and fell with a scream—
 Then found to his joy it was only a dream.
 But the story tells us that, after that day,
 The little man kept from port wine quite away.
 He sat at home, and was kind to his wife,
 Was happy and good for the rest of his life.



PLAYING AT GROWN-UP PEOPLE.

THE little ones were out in the wood, just below the flower garden. The tent was put up, and there they were—Etta, Frank, and Lucy—playing at gypsies. Mamma allowed them to have the tent, and let them play on half-holidays at being grown-up people. Sometimes they played at being ladies and gentlemen, and sometimes they were beggars, or tramps, or gypsies. But on this particular day they were doing something that was quite forbidden, that is, they were lighting a real large fire, and hanging the pot on it to boil.

“You know we must be *real* gypsies,” said Etta, who had put on such a funny old bonnet (I wonder where she found it), and a large cloak, and was now stirring what was inside the pot with a great wooden spoon.

In order to be more like *real* gypsies, Frank has just run into the house, and without saying a word to the cook, has taken a duck from the larder which has not yet been plucked for cooking. But Frank makes light of this difficulty, and is going to put it into the pot feathers and all.

Little Lucy has a large basket, and has been to market, that is, to the kitchen, to buy some milk. But I am sorry to say the jug of milk which she put into the basket upset as she ran along, the milk trickled through the basket,

and her shoes and stockings have had a milk bath. Peter the dog, and Jack the donkey, who are standing by and looking on, are the most sensible of the party, I really think.

The nursery windows looked over the garden and the wood beyond, and nurse happened to see the smoke from the fire rising up among the trees. She ran out directly to see what the children were doing, and lucky it was she did so. When she got near she heard a scream, and running to the spot found the cauldron upset upon the ground and Miss Etta lying by it badly scalded. I think it was lucky that they were not any of them burnt as well.



BABY, baby, clap your hands.
Where London's built there London stands ;
And there's a bed in London town
On which my baby shall lie down.



BEARS.



HERE we have a picture, you see, of a large black bear and a little black bear, mother and daughter, I daresay. What are they about? They have actually climbed up a tree to find a beehive; for in North America where there are great numbers of black bears the wild bees have no straw hives made for them, but just have to make them for themselves up in the branches of the trees in the forest. When the poor bees have laid up a fine store of honey for themselves, it often happens that the black bears find it out, climb up the tree, and as we see in the picture, fall to, and very soon eat up all the honey. What thieves they are! Look at Mrs. Bear, how greedily she is devouring the delicious sweet honey, and see how the poor bees are swarming out of the hive, glad enough to escape with their lives. It is of no use that they try to sting the bear and so revenge themselves upon her, for her coat is too shaggy, and her hide too thick, to be at all hurt by the stings of the angry bees. And there is naughty Miss Bear just following her mother's bad example, crouching with her mouth wide open under the hive, licking up the honey which drops from it and from the greedy old mother's mouth.

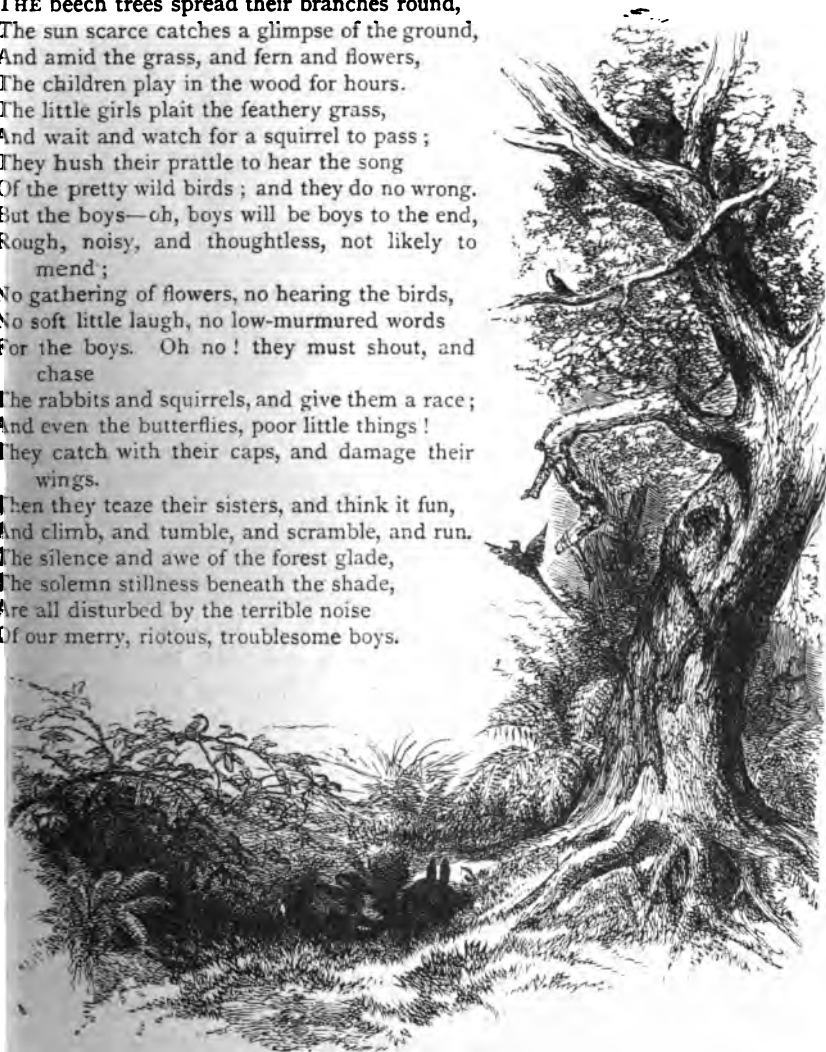
Black bears are found chiefly in North America, where there are also what are called grizzly bears. These are of a grey colour, much larger than the black bears, and more fierce, but they cannot climb trees. In Switzerland and some parts of northern Europe the brown bear is found, which is very easily tamed, and sometimes is taught to dance and do funny tricks for people's amusement, though it is always thought prudent to hold him by a chain the time. Besides these there are very large white bears, but they are only found in very cold countries.

All these different kinds may be seen at the Zoological Gardens, where you will generally find them with their mouths wide open, which means, "Please throw in a piece of bun."



BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

THE beech trees spread their branches round,
 The sun scarce catches a glimpse of the ground,
 And amid the grass, and fern and flowers,
 The children play in the wood for hours.
 The little girls plait the feathery grass,
 And wait and watch for a squirrel to pass ;
 They hush their prattle to hear the song
 Of the pretty wild birds ; and they do no wrong.
 But the boys—oh, boys will be boys to the end,
 Rough, noisy, and thoughtless, not likely to
 mend ;
 No gathering of flowers, no hearing the birds,
 No soft little laugh, no low-murmured words
 For the boys. Oh no ! they must shout, and
 chase
 The rabbits and squirrels, and give them a race ;
 And even the butterflies, poor little things !
 They catch with their caps, and damage their
 wings.
 Then they tease their sisters, and think it fun,
 And climb, and tumble, and scramble, and run.
 The silence and awe of the forest glade,
 The solemn stillness beneath the shade,
 Are all disturbed by the terrible noise
 Of our merry, riotous, troublesome boys.





MAMMA'S TALK.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.



NOT long after our Saviour's baptism by John in the river Jordan (which I told you about, my darlings, in the last Sunday-talk we had together), He began to preach to the people. At the same time He began also to choose disciples; that is, men who, following Him always and hearing all He said, would be able to go on teaching the same things when He should be no longer upon earth.

Throughout all the country of the Jews did Jesus go about preaching the glad tidings of salvation and peace, helping and consoling the people, lightening their sorrows, and healing all manner of sickness. In some instances he

gave sight to the blind, and restored the dead to life; but such acts as these are what are called miracles, showing a power more than human, and I shall describe these miracles to you another day. Now I will do my best to explain to you what He taught in such a way that you may understand it.

Great multitudes used to throng around Him to hear the words of love, consolation, and wisdom, that fell from His lips. Once, seeing a great number of people waiting to hear Him, He went up on to a hill, and preached to them what is called in Scripture the Sermon on the Mount.

The great lesson that He taught in this sermon, as indeed by His words generally, and still more by His example, was a lesson of unselfishness. He, the Son of God, came on earth to suffer for the sake of mankind, and in order to teach men to be better than they were before. He put on a human form, and passed through the suffering of death upon the cross, to atone for the sins of men, and to bring mercy and forgiveness to those who would repent and believe in Him. And as He showed love to us in doing all this, so He taught us kindness, forgiveness, and brotherly love towards each other.

The rule our Saviour gives us for our conduct one to another is that we should do to others as we would wish them to do to us: He tells us also to return good for evil, and to love one another. In the Sermon on the Mount He does not merely tell us to love our friends and neighbours, but adds, "I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be children of your Father that is in heaven, for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good."

It was in the Sermon on the Mount that Jesus also taught us how we should pray. He told us there was no need of "vain repetitions," for He said, "your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him." And then He gave us the beautiful form of prayer beginning—"Our Father which art in heaven," a prayer which all of you

have been already taught to repeat. It is called the Lord's Prayer because it was given us by the Lord Jesus Christ.

After He had told us what form of prayer to use, He went on to say, "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." To trespass against you means to do you any injury or wrong; so you see how wicked it is to give way to anger and not to forgive injuries. In another part of the sermon Jesus says, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," and, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Jesus also warned His hearers against being too much concerned for the things of this life, and too much afraid that they would not have enough; bidding them trust in God, who knows what we want, and will give us what is good for us. He bade them lay up for themselves "treasures in heaven" rather than on earth.

Our Saviour taught us much more than this in the Sermon on the Mount, but this is enough for to-day's talk. Some of you, my darlings, are able to read our Lord's words in the Bible for yourselves; and even you younger ones—every little child indeed who can understand anything—can understand our great Teacher's lesson of unselfishness. And every day you can, in some little thing and in a feeble childish way, try to follow the teaching of the Son of God.





SOME OF MY LITTLE FRIENDS:

ERNEST.



ERE is another of my little friends, and I think I am nearly as fond of Ernest as I am of little Busy Bee, whose quick clever ways I have already told you about. Ernest is full of fun; he is fond of boys' games, and sometimes makes a terrible noise in the house. In short, he is a regular boy; but I love him chiefly because he is so good and kind to his little sister Rosa, who is much younger than he is: he is seven, and she is only two years old. Last summer poor little Rosey was very ill, and Ernest used to sit by her bed and watch her; he never made a noise in the house at that time, **but** thought always of his poor little sister ill upstairs.

His grandmamma came one day and took him out for a long drive. They went to a toy-shop, and just as she was going to buy him a beautiful horse and cart, he said:—

“I think, grandma dear, I would rather have something that might amuse Rosey too; she always laughs when I spin a top, and I have lost my old one.”

Then grandmamma bought him a nice peg-top, but he had the horse and cart into the bargain.

Little Rosey was getting better then, and on that very day she came downstairs for the first time after her illness. It was very hot weather; and she and her mamma and I were sitting under the trees in the garden together. Presently we heard a shout at the little garden gate just behind us. There stood Ernest holding up his hand, and on his hand was the new peg-top spinning away with all its might. Rosey was so pleased, she clapped her little hands, and cried out with delight.



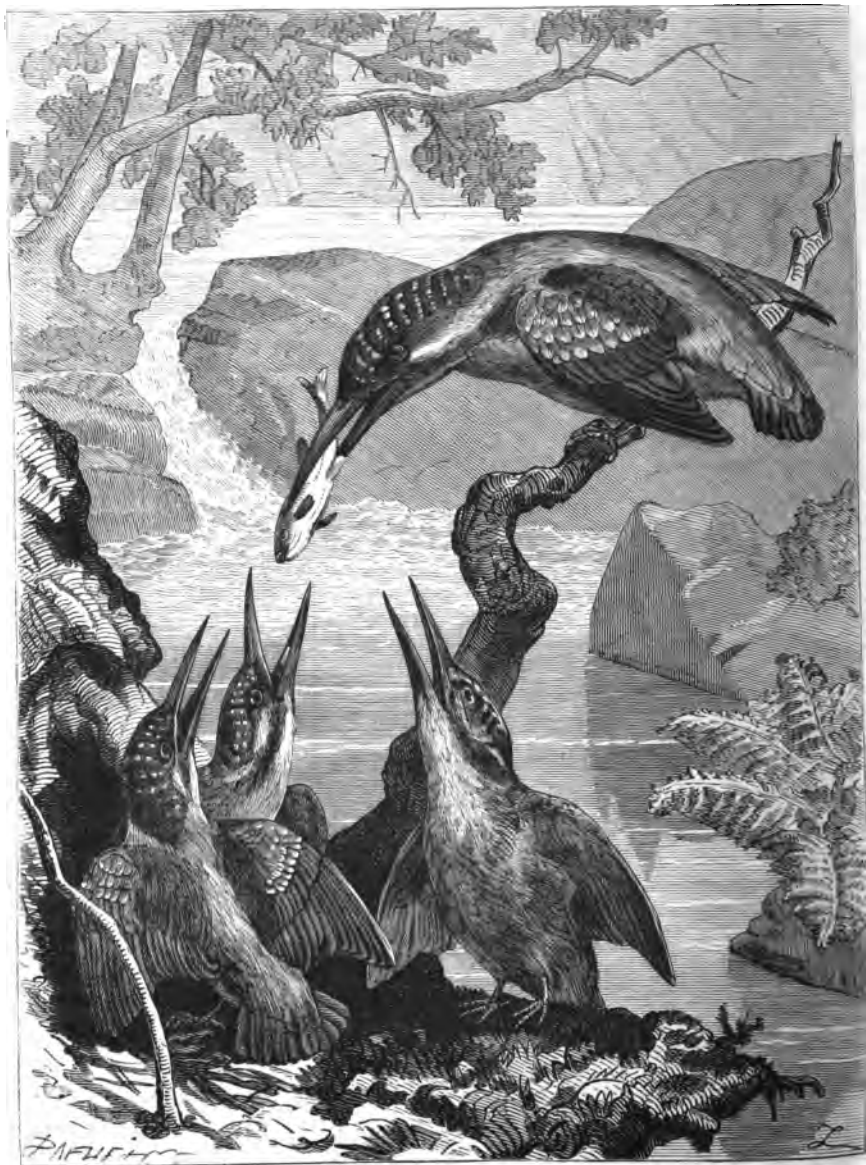
LIVE IN PEACE.



LOOK at the doves on the roof-tree there,
 Brother and sister, always a pair;
 In sunshine bright and in rainy weather,
 They love each other and keep together.

Little children, in child-like love,
 You should be like the gentle dove,
 Ever ready in peace to live,
 Slow to offend and quick to forgive.

Always love your sisters and brothers,
 What you like yourselves that do to others,
 Be ready to lend or give your toys,
 And share together your troubles or joys.



THE KINGFISHER.



ON my last page upon Natural History I told my little friends about a great black bear; now I am going to describe a pretty little bird.

The Kingfisher is an English bird; and I daresay those among you who live in the country, have often seen these birds sailing about through the air on a sunny day, or flitting over the surface of ponds, or of some river, on the look-out for small fish or water beetles. Sometimes you may see them glancing along with their bright green and gold wings, like a ray of light, under the shade of overhanging trees on the banks of some quiet stream. There are times, however, when they will remain quite still for hours, perched on a low branch or stone by the water side, watching for their prey. When the kingfisher catches a fish it beats it once or twice upon the ground to kill it; or sometimes it tosses the fish up into the air, catching it again in its beak, and then swallows it whole.

I was reading the other day an account of a kingfisher who was well punished for his greediness. He had caught a fish, which is called a bull-head or miller's-thumb, a large-headed fish, and when he tried to swallow it the head stuck in his throat; he could neither get it down nor up again, and so was choked. The kingfisher was found dead with the fish, which was about as big as himself, sticking in that way in his throat. He must have been a very greedy bird; don't you think so?

The kingfisher is very pretty; its plumage is tinted with bright blue, green, and orange; but it has a harsh and ugly voice. It makes a nest in some hole near the water; and, as you see in the picture, when the mamma kingfisher has caught a fish, she calls her little ones to her from their nest in the hole, perches on a branch just above them, and feeds them with it.



MEMOIRS OF A POODLE.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.—I RENDER A GREAT SERVICE TO
MY MASTER.



NE morning early the waiter at the *hotel*,
coming into the sitting-room where I al-
ways slept, left the door open after him.
I jumped up, and first peeping out to see
if the coast was clear, darted into the
passage, down the staircase, and in a
moment I was running through the street
as if I was mad.

Stopping at length in an open square,
what do you think I saw? The poodle
belonging to the English ladies standing there alone, just
like myself. Our astonishment was mutual, and we began
at once to converse. I confessed to my new friend that,
being accustomed to breathe the fresh air of the early
morning in the country, I had taken an opportunity of
getting out to exercise my legs a little thus early.

"As for me," he replied, "I am brought here for exer-
cise every morning by a stupid young maid-servant; and
see how well she looks after me! She is away somewhere
now gossiping with her acquaintances in the neighbour-
hood."

"Do you like the way you live?" I enquired.

"Not much. It is a dull sort of life: one day is just
like another. Brushing and combing at eight, breakfast
at nine; then an hour's sleep whether I'm sleepy or not.

I make my toilette a second time, like the ladies, at two o'clock, and we walk till five. Dinner and reading the newspapers afterwards. Never do I see a child to enliven me or play with me."

"It must be dreadful," said I, "to live always with grown-up people. I am with a charming family; two nice boys, and little Henriette, whom I had the good fortune to drag out of a pond, where she would certainly have been drowned."

"Oh, my friend," he replied, "yours is a happy lot."

Pitying him for the dull life he led, I proposed that we should play. No sooner said than done: then began such games! chasing each other, playing at hide-and-seek, sham fighting, rolling over one another on the ground, ears bitten gently, joyous barks, caresses, till we felt our hearts beat against each other. At last we stopped to breathe, and began to talk again.

"Since that stupid maid is still gossiping somewhere," he said, "shall we take a little turn through the town? When you wish I can always show you the way back to your hotel. She will be in a fine state of alarm when she returns at not finding me, and it will serve her right. Fancy trusting a dog like me to the care of such a stupid girl!"

"I can understand her alarm," said I, "and that reminds me what alarm my absence must be causing to my family. Show me the way back, my friend, at once; my enjoyment is over."

"Come along, then! we must run as fast as possible for fear of being caught up by somebody. One, two, three, and away!"

Off we started like arrows from a bow. The passers-by stopped to look at us, wondering no doubt that two dogs of our value should be running alone through the streets. In five minutes we were at the door of the hotel. I thanked Snap, who put up his paw, offering to shake hands, but I did not then understand that English custom.



HE RETURNED WITH A RIDING-WHIP IN HIS HAND.

My entrance was not a triumph. When I scratched at the door of the drawing-room, Henriette, Paul, and Louis, cried out with one voice :—"There he is; there he is!"

I showed more than usual affection to every one by way of asking pardon for my fault. Presently Mr. Nelville, who

had been out to look for me, came into the room. His countenance brightened at the sight of me, and I crouched at his feet to ask forgiveness.

"No, Mr. Cæsar," he said, "you will not get off so easily. You are just going to feel a few cuts of the whip to cure you of this roving spirit." And going to his bedroom, he returned with a riding-whip in his hand.

"Oh, papa! pray do not beat Cæsar; see how sorry he is!" exclaimed the children all at once.

I ran to Henriette to defend me. The dear child spread her little hands before me, and began to cry.

I was saved.

With what impatience did I long for the moment when I might redeem my fault by some good action; nor had I long to wait for the opportunity. The day after this prank of mine a friend of Mr. Nelville took us to spend a couple of days at his country house near Tours. The chateau of Cheneau is not to be compared to Baudry; but it is a pretty house on the banks of the river Cher. There were green meadows with cows grazing in them, and not far off a wood where we all went with our kind host to take our luncheon on the grass.

The same evening I was with Mr. Nelville while he was dressing for dinner, when suddenly he said, feeling in his pocket:

"Dear me! I've lost my snuff-box." (I must confess to you that my master has the weakness to take snuff.) "Yes, Cæsar," he went on, as I looked up at him as if for an explanation, "I have lost my snuff-box," (he was still feeling in his pockets); "I must have left it in the wood, near the little bridge, where we were seated."

I wagged my tail and went to the door of the room. Mr. Nelville opened it, and I ran off towards the place where we had pic-nicked. It was a distance of a couple of miles from the house to the wood; but I reached it without adventure, and had the good luck to find, not only the snuff-box of Mr. Nelville, but also Paul's pocket-handkerchief. I wrapped



HE LAUGHED AT MY DISTRUST OF HIM.

up the snuff-box in the handkerchief as well as I could, and returned in triumph to my master, who caressed me, and declared I was the most intelligent and faithful dog that ever lived.

Mrs. Neville had the practice of writing down in a book all the good actions as well as all the clever sayings of her

children. From the day on which I brought back my master's snuff-box, it was determined that the exploits of Cæsar should figure also in the family book. This idea appeared to me extremely sensible. The dog of the house is the friend of the children; a friend who sets them an example of obedience and respect. He is also their faithful guardian, and would die, if necessary, to defend them.

On our return to the city, Henriette had a slight fever; sufficient to make her father and mother anxious about her. They sent for an old doctor, a friend of the family. He arrived immediately, and though his face had an expression at once serious and gentle, I did not like to see him approach the bed of Henriette, where I was lying beside her; and when he took up her arm to feel her pulse, I put forward my muzzle to push away his hand. He only laughed at my distrust of him.

A feeling of jealousy, I suppose, led me to this action, but on reflection I find that I certainly did a ridiculous thing, and I cannot imagine why Mrs. Nelville should have consigned it to her family book. Afterwards it was made fun of. Paul and Louis would come and feel the pulse of their little sister, and nothing could equal their delight when I pushed forward my muzzle to prevent them.

I can understand the pleasure which human beings must have in talking to each other; I, poor dog, find a secret pleasure in writing this book, and conversing with myself. I am no longer angry with Jacques for keeping me so much at home, perhaps otherwise the thought of writing my memoirs might never have occurred to me. Now, good night, dear reader; if I have leisure, I shall go on with my story to-morrow.



CHAPTER VI.

AN ACCIDENT.—I GO TO PARIS.—MY BARBER.—THE EXHIBITION
—I OBTAIN A PRIZE.

HENRIETTE soon recovered from her illness, and we began to talk of returning home. I had but one regret at the thought of going away from Tours; I was sorry to leave Snap. I had many things to say to him, and longed to pay him a visit.

Henriette saw that I wanted something, and asked me what it was. Alas! I could not answer her. You little know, children, how inconvenient it is not to be able to talk. You have no idea what I have suffered sometimes because I could not say "Thank you," when a kind hand patted my head, or gave me something nice to eat. I have even invented an action to express my thanks: I place my right paw upon a person's arm. Sometimes I am understood: Gothon, our cook, says to me, "Yes, yes, Cæsar; you are thanking me; I understand. You are a good creature, and there are not many people in the world who have your wits."

But every one does not understand me like that dear Gothon. Generally I only hear people say, "What a droll dog it is! When you give him something to eat, he always puts his paw upon your arm."

You have often heard it said, no doubt, that accidents happen just at the moment that you least expect them; and I learnt the truth of this remark. We were all on our way to see an exhibition of dancing dolls—marionnettes; and in a crowded part of the street I found myself a little behind the rest. In my eagerness to catch them up, I

ran against a little cart drawn by hand, which was close to me. One of the wheels passed over my left paw, and my cries instantly brought back my master and his family to me.

The interest I excited was general. My pain was so great that I was glad when Paul took me up in his arms, and carried me to a skilful dog-doctor, who lived close by. Mr. Bonard, the doctor, touched my paw as delicately as if it had been the hand of a child. He washed it, he bound up the wound, and afterwards came to see me every day till I was cured.

Everywhere people talked of my accident. "The beautiful poodle of Mr. Nelville has had his paw crushed," they said one to another, and they were in despair. At the fair, in the street, in drawing-rooms, everyone spoke of me. Fortunately in a short time no trace of the accident remained, and my walk recovered its former grace.

One morning I was standing at the door waiting for Mr. Nelville to come out, when a stray dog passed by, crying so piteously that it awakened the remembrance of my own suffering. Like me the poor creature had his paw crushed: he held it up in the air, and walked upon three legs, but no one seemed to care for him. Moved by compassion, I forgot that I was waiting for my master, and I led the poor wounded dog to the house of the doctor who had treated me so well.

Reaching the door I scratched as hard as I could. He came to open it himself, and wished me good morning very affectionately. He thought at first I had come to consult him about myself, but I drew his attention to my companion, who had remained bashfully behind me.

"Poor beast!" said the doctor, making the dog come up to him; "it is a bad wound. You don't look like a lord; but no matter; the friend of Cæsar shall receive hospitality from me. Yes, poor dog! I'll take care of you as if you were the dog of a general; and if you have no master, you shall remain with me altogether."



HE CAME TO OPEN THE DOOR HIMSELF.

I was satisfied, even happy; and still more so when, on turning round, I saw my master, who had followed me.

“Cæsar,” exclaimed Mr. Nelville, “there is no dog like you in the world.”

“It is the most extraordinary thing I have ever seen,”

said Mr. Bonard. "There is not only intelligence, but also heart; you must send an account of this act to the newspapers."

"Certainly I will; nor will it be the first time that Cæsar's name has appeared in them."

Thus I acquired fame from day to day: but I was far from expecting that I should soon make a journey to Paris.

Everything was ready for our return to Baudry, when Mr. Nelville happened to read in the papers that there was to be an Exhibition of dogs at Paris, and he determined at once to take me there. It was arranged that the family should return to the chateau of Baudry, while my master and I started for Paris.

My heart was ready to burst at leaving my little friends; and the prospect of becoming still more famous did not console me for losing, during eight or ten days, the sight of our woods, and streams, and meadows. I asked myself, too, what would happen if thieves should make an attempt to break into the chateau during the absence of Mr. Nelville and of me. My imagination was full of stories I had heard of robberies and murders. I said to myself also:—"How will Henriette amuse herself when I am no longer here?" I could hardly imagine how she could take a walk without me. Who would carry her basket or her parasol? And the stick which Paul used to throw into the lake,—what would he do without my being there to fetch it out for him?

Mr. Nelville obtained permission with some difficulty to take me with him in the railway carriage; indeed, I think he would have given up the journey altogether rather than have placed me with strange dogs. Never shall I forget my astonishment at arriving at the terminus in Paris. I trembled in the midst of such noise and confusion.

"Ah," said a porter, looking at me as I got out of the carriage, "here's a traveller who has come for the Exhibition."

Those who live in the country, men or dogs, are apt to



I WAS A CUSTOMER WORTHY OF HIS UTMOST SKILL.

neglect their appearance; and I had fallen into this bad habit. Once only in my life had I been shaven as is usual with poodles, but it was done so unskilfully that my master preferred afterwards to leave me with my rich furry coat all over me. Now, however, the time for negligence was

past, and the day after we arrived in Paris, Mr. Nelville took me to a celebrated barber.

The barber enquired my name, and addressed me in a respectful manner:—"Cæsar, the head a little more this way, if you please." "Raise the head a little now, Cæsar." "Cæsar, you are an admirable dog; the best-powdered head in Paris will not bear comparison with yours." And he declared to Mr. Nelville, who was present all the time, that I was a customer worthy of his utmost skill.

He shaved my back, but left me an ample cape of thick white hair upon the shoulders, which contrasted admirably with my rose-coloured skin marked here and there with black. My feet were shaven in a way that made me look as if I had on short trowsers. The abundant hair of my head, artistically arranged and combed, gave my physiognomy so much character, that the hair-dresser said he had never seen anything like it on a dog before. The operation occupied all the morning.

Mr. Nelville took me to a looking-glass: I was enchanted with my appearance: my glossy moustache and my little black muzzle, showing against the white curly hair, appeared to me so marvellous that it struck me all at once I should gain the first prize.

In this, however, I proved to be wrong: although the judges gave me a most flattering reception, they awarded me only the second prize, because, it was said, white poodles are less rare than black.

When I entered the Exhibition I was amazed at the sight of such a collection of dogs. Large and small; black, white, brown, grey; rough and smooth-haired; gentle and churlish; in fact, a world of dogs. We had all to mount on to a sort of platform, where we were fastened up. Mr. Nelville remained with me a little while to caress me; then went away, saying: "In the evening, Cæsar, I return."

My grief was extreme on seeing my master depart, and I cried like a child. The crowds of lookers-on collected in front of me; I was the object of general admiration.

Parisians, country-people, men, women, all praised me. Children cried out with delight : many a little hand caressed me, and sometimes, as a little pink finger approached, I licked it, thinking of Henriette. But oh ! what a mistake it is to think that admiration or glory suffice for the happiness of a dog. I was miserable away from my master ; but I checked my tears, saying to myself, “ Come, Cæsar, show yourself worthy of the prize you have had the glory to carry off ; think of the joy that it causes your master.”

This little soliloquy strengthened my heart. But in the evening when Mr. Nelville came to fetch me, I gave myself up to such an excess of joy that a circle formed around us.

“ Poor creature ! ” said a Parisian lady, “ it is truly touching ! ” And every one repeated : “ It is truly touching ; and how beautiful he is ! ”

When I came forth victorious from the Exhibition, never did the future appear more bright, or my prospects more hopeful. Alas ! one instant of folly destroyed it all.





Now children, see if you can guess this puzzle page.
Two of these objects begin with P, two with L, one with
M, and one with K.



OLD DOBBIN.



HERE'S a song for old Dobbin, whose temper and worth

Are too rare to be spurn'd on the score of his birth.
He's a creature of trust, and what more should we
heed? [steed.

'Tis deeds, and not blood, make the man and the



PLAYING AT GROWN-UP PEOPLE.

MILK-MAIDS.



NOW the little children I told you about before were really never happy unless they could be doing things like grown-up people; sometimes even doing the servants' work; and as you may suppose, doing it very badly too. Papa and mamma did not allow this, and their governess gave them extra lessons when she found them out; for she would say:—"It is quite clear to me that you cannot have work enough of your own to do."

However, at the time they did the mischief I am going to tell you of, the governess was away for a holiday; and it was only Etta and Lucy who were in it. Franky happened to be amusing himself, I suppose, in some other way.

I am afraid Mary, the dairymaid, rather encouraged the children on this occasion; she was a good-natured girl,

and very fond of them. Etta and Lucy caught sight of her, one lovely summer morning, just as she was getting over the stile into the field where she was going to milk the cows: "Oh, Mary, Mary!" they both cried out at once, "let us come and help you."

"Well, young ladies," said Mary, "I think you might just help me to carry the pails home, if you like."

This was wrong of Mary, but, you see, she wished to please the children. First of all Etta went too near the horns of one of the cows, and was near being tossed; but as soon as the pails were filled, they both tucked up their little skirts and their sleeves, to look like regular milk-maids; and to keep up the character they would not carry the pails in their hands but on their heads.

Lucy went first, and when she came to the stile, she put down her pail, and crossed over safely; Etta, however, thought she would be very fine, and get over the stile with the pail on her head. She had scarcely got her foot on the first bar, when over topped the pail; and she gave such a scream that Lucy turned round quickly, and over went her pail too. Then Mary, hearing the children scream, jumped up, as she was filling the last pail, and startled the cow, who kicked that one over too.

Nobody had any milk for breakfast that morning.

WAVES ON THE SEA-SHORE.



ROLL on, roll on, you restless waves, that toss about
and roar;

Why do you all run back again when you have reached
the shore?

Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves, roll higher up
the strand;

How is it that you cannot pass that line of yellow
sand?

Make haste, or else the tide will turn; make haste, you noisy sea;
Roll quite across the bank, and then far on across the sea."



**“We do not dare,” the waves reply : “that line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound the waters and the land ;
And all should keep to time and place, and all should keep to rule,
Both waves upon the sandy shore, and little boys at school.”**

PAPA'S LETTER TO JOHNNIE.

My dear Johnnie, you want to know how I like Ireland? I like it very much so far; but I have only been here a day. Now I will tell you a little of what has happened to me.

When I got out of the train I heard a great noise, and a number of boys began directly to fight. It seemed that each boy wanted to carry my luggage himself, and so they all fought about it.



But presently a man came up, and settled the question, for he shouldered my portmanteau, and marched off with it. I followed him, and then



I found, standing just outside the station, an Irish jaunting car; which is the sort of carriage people go about in here. Very soon I and my portmanteau were on it, and we were whirled

away out of the town to Auntie's pretty house.

Up the avenue we drove, and pulled up in front of the door; and there was Auntie on the steps; so glad to see me!—but no cousin Nora.

However, I had only just got into my room, and sat down on a nice rocking-chair, which I found there, when a tap came at the door, and in rushed Nora, delighted to see her old Uncle John.



We had a little talk about you all, and then we went for a walk together round the garden, and she showed me her own little garden, where she had rose-trees and sweet-peas. Then she took me to the stables, and going in herself, soon brought out with her a dear little pony. Its name, she told me, is Nugget, which means a piece of gold. It was so pretty and so good, and ate a piece of sugar out of her hand quite gently and nicely. After this we went in, as it was time to dress for dinner.



Good-bye, my darling boy,
I shall soon write again.



BARBARA'S BIRTHDAY.



BARBARA was not like most children of her age. When she was only nine years old she was quite like a little woman in some of her ways; she was so good and careful. She had a great number of things that such little girls do not generally have: amongst others, an aviary full of birds, which she took care of entirely her-

self. There were canaries, love-birds, Java-sparrows, gold-finches, bullfinches, and others which I cannot remember now. She had a workbox, a dressing-case, and a desk, but there was one thing more which Barbara had set her heart upon having, and that thing was *a watch!*

Little Barbara's tenth birthday came round, and she was wondering what presents she would get. Of course, like other little girls, she was very glad when her birthday arrived, though she would have preferred its falling upon any other day in the year; for Barbara's birthday happened to be on the 1st of April. Now Barbara had a cousin, called Jack, and he was always teasing her because her birthday was upon April-fool's day. And I must tell you he generally managed to make a little April-fool of her: Jack was so full of tricks and fun!

On her last birthday, when she woke up the sun was streaming into the room, and her first thought was—"What a beautiful day!" She felt quite glad even before she remembered it was her birthday, for the little birds were singing, and the cows were lowing in the meadow. So up jumped Barbara to look out at window, when she happened to observe a paper packet sticking out from under her pillow. Then it flashed across her mind: "Why, this is my birthday!" She drew out the packet, on which was written her name and "with care." She unwrapped so many pieces of paper before coming to anything that she began to fear it was some trick of Jack's. At last she came to silver paper, and in that lay—*a beautiful little gold watch.*

Just then mamma came in, and found her little girl standing at the side of the bed with her present in her hand. Barbara was so delighted!

However the first of April did not pass entirely without a joke from Jack. A letter arrived in the course of the day to say that he would send Barbara a birthday present, which he was sure she would like. "A nice pet, a pretty dicky-bird to put into her aviary," wrote cousin Jack.

Barbara was very happy that birthday morning. The



watch was mamma's present, and papa gave her a beautiful gold chain with a number of little trinkets, or charms, hanging to it. Then she had some beautiful books given her, and as it was a holiday for her, she had plenty of time to look over them before she went out for a ride with papa.

Soon after she came home, and after she had taken off her little riding-habit, she was passing through the hall to go into the garden, when she saw a hamper standing there. "Oh," thought Barbara, "perhaps this is Jack's present."

And going up to look at it, she found it was addressed to her. She soon managed to unfasten the cord which was tied round it, when, to her astonishment, the lid of the hamper opened of itself, and out hopped the "nice pet and pretty dicky-bird" Master Jack had written about. And what do you think it was? A great awkward, fishy-smelling sea-gull. The first thing it did was to make an attack upon her unfortunate little ankles—an attack so sudden and so vicious that poor Barbara ran away screaming with all her might.

Master Jack had his little practical joke, and had it returned to him too. For Barbara's papa just gave the bird some food, and then it was packed up again the same as before, and sent back whence it came.

In the afternoon a number of Barbara's little friends came to play with her; and after tea they had games and dancing until bedtime. Then Barbara looked at her beautiful new watch to tell them when that hour had arrived.





1846

AN ANGEL WITHOUT WINGS.



AT first, an angel fresh from heaven,
 Its light within his infant eyes ;
 Radiant wings alone were wanting
 To fit him for his native skies !
 Then, an elf, a fairy changling,
 A wild and wilful human child,
 Deaf to his mother's sweet remonstrance
 And to his father's accents mild.
 Child of love, can nothing save thee
 From the universal blight ?
 Nor the prayers which, night and morning,
 Rise for thee to the throne of light ?—
 Patience ! in God's own good time
 Shall wings and more be given,
 To bear him back, angel again,
 Unto his native heaven.



MAMMA'S TALK.

OUR SAVIOUR'S TEACHING.

IN our last Sunday-talk, my children, I gave you some account of Our Saviour's teaching, as it is contained in the Sermon on the Mount. When you are old enough to study the Bible for yourselves, you will learn His teaching better than from my imperfect description ; but what I have tried chiefly to impress upon you is, that Christ, whose mission it was to bring mercy and forgiveness to mankind, always taught us to treat each other with kindness, gentleness, and brotherly love.

Among the Jews, those who most actively opposed Our Saviour were the Scribes and Pharisees. They denied that He was sent by God, rejected His teaching, and were at last instrumental in causing Him to be crucified. They were generally learned men—lawyers or priests; but Christ condemned them as hypocrites, who, without religion in their hearts, were strict only in the outward observance of religious forms. He compared them to “whited sepulchres,” fair-seeming without, but corruption within. You see Our Saviour in the picture standing on the Mount of Olives, which overlooked Jerusalem. He had been speaking of the Scribes and Pharisees to His followers, and condemning them as I have told you. He knew that His own crucifixion would take place in Jerusalem, brought about by these people; and He foresaw the miserable future in store for the city.

Looking at it He wept, and exclaimed: “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem; thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.”

Then speaking of the Temple, which rose up grandly among the other buildings, He prophesied: “Verily I say unto you, there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down.”

This prophecy was fulfilled through the siege and destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, which took place a few years after the crucifixion of Our Saviour.





SOME OF MY LITTLE FRIENDS :

BERTHA.



T was early summer,—bright, beautiful summer! The trees and flowers were all in full bloom, and the hedges were covered with blossom; the young birds were hopping about, and the cuckoo sat singing, perched on the top of a great tree, when I first saw Bertha. She and her mother were sitting close to the tall bulrushes and water-flags, that nodded to their shadows in the clear stream. The whole world seemed bathed in sunshine, except just this spot where the two I speak of sat.

Till within a few weeks of this time, my little friend Bertha had been a spoilt and wilful child. Her papa and mamma had no other child, and she was not very strong; so she had been treated and cared for in a way which rather led her to think that the world was made for her, and not she for the world.

But a great change had taken place. Papa—who was a soldier—came in one afternoon with a pale but firm look upon his face, and said to her mamma:—

“Darling, the order has come, and I must start to-morrow. Don’t fret, my love; God will protect us: and let us trust that I may come back again to take care of my two precious ones. Ah! my little Bertha,” he went on, turning to his daughter, “mamma must be all in all to you now, when papa isn’t here; and you must take care of her, and try to make her as happy as you can.”

Bertha looked up at her father with wistful eyes, and like a flash of light it seemed to break upon her that, although she was a little girl only eight years old, she might do some good, and be of use in trying to make her dear mamma less unhappy.

Bertha kissed her father, and with tears streaming down her little face, she said: “Papa, I *will* take care of dear

mamma, and I will do all I can to make her happy : trust me, papa dear."

Then her papa went off with his regiment to join in a war against Russia, which was called the war in the Crimea ; and mamma, wishing to live as retired as possible during her husband's absence, came down to the pretty little cottage, where they were living when I first made their acquaintance.

Bertha had kept her word : she changed from that day, and was the best little girl I ever knew ; never disobedient, and always thinking of what her mother would like her to do before anything else. She used to follow her mamma about like a little dog, and really tried to take care of her as if she had been the mother instead of the child ; and what care can be greater than a mother's ? Although still merry and playful as a child should be, she became thoughtful as a grown-up person. And this was because my little friend, Bertha, understood what it was to make a promise, and to keep it.

Papa came home when the war was over, and they left the cottage : but I never pass that way without thinking of the sad sweet-faced lady and her pretty little girl who inhabited that simple cottage, and used to sit in the long summer days, talking or reading together, by the banks of the stream, under the shadow of the great ash trees.



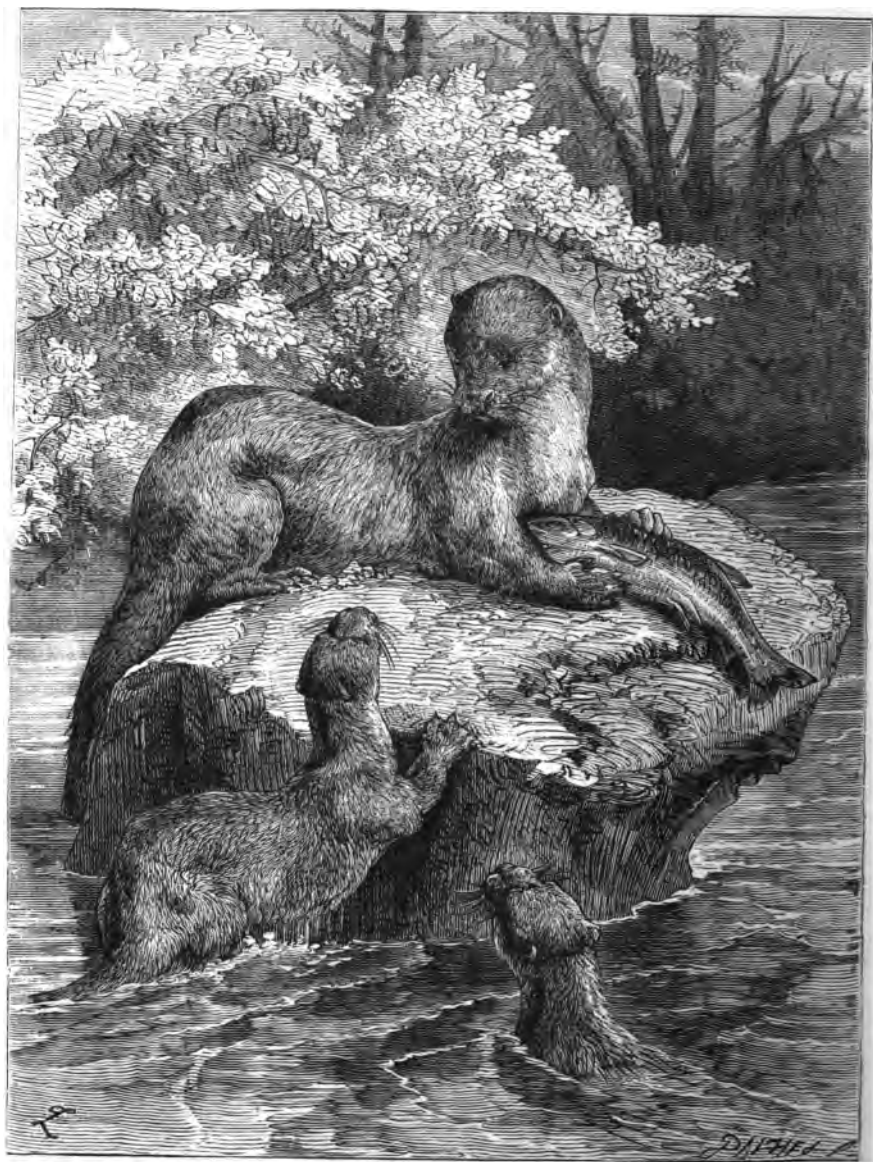


BLINDMAN'S BUFF.



HOW much fun these children are having
 to-day :
 Blindman's Buff is the game they
 play.
 They shout, and scream, and scramble,
 and fall, [all.
 And don't seem to care for a tumble at
 Poor Tom, who is blindman, I do
 declare,
 Has caught little Arthur. No ! he just
 touched his hair ;
 For that little rogue stoops down so low
 That Tom tumbles over and gets a
 hard blow.
 Etty and Flossy are jumping with glee,
 And laughing, and calling, "Oh, come
 and catch me !"
 And Jenny, who tries to get out of the
 way,
 Tumbles down, and there thinks it's
 better to stay ;
 While Jessie looks on with her fat little
 face, [place.
 And prefers to remain in her own quiet
 But Lucy is frightened, the droll little
 mite !
 And keeps up the steps, where she's
 quite out of sight.
 The puppy is barking, and joins in the
 fun ;
 The hen, though, is frightened, and sets
 off to run ;
 While the little soft chickens—one, two,
 three— [wee !
 In a flutter, are calling out—Wee, wee,
 The pigeons coo gently, and fly round
 and round,
 Taking very good care not to come to
 the ground.

'Tis a bright happy scene, which might gladden the heart
 Of many a one grown too old to take part
 In such frolic and fun ; for we all love to see
 Little people as merry and gay as can be.



OTTERS.



HERE, you see, we have a picture of some otters. I wonder if you little people have ever seen an otter. Perhaps you who live in London may have seen these creatures at the Zoological Gardens; or if your homes are in the country, you may have seen them on the banks of some stream. But in either case, I daresay you have not looked well at them, or learnt much about their habits.

They are curious animals: in the face an otter very much resembles a seal, but there the likeness stops, for it has four legs instead of fins. It has a long body, with a broad long tail; it has very short legs, and is web-footed. The otter is beautiful and graceful in the water, and it is curious to watch how wonderfully it can dive, remaining a long time, and going a long distance under water.

Although not large animals, they are so terribly destructive to fish as to be the objects of fierce hatred to owners of streams and to fishermen, who hunt them with dogs kept on purpose. In some places otter-hunting is considered excellent sport; but they are very difficult to catch, as you may suppose, from the way in which they dive. Just as the dogs are near him, the otter disappears suddenly from the surface, and when he comes up again to breathe, it may be a long way off and in quite an unexpected place.

They live upon fish, which have a great terror of them. An otter has been observed to circle round and round a shoal of small fish until they have been so frightened as to spring out of the water, and some of them on to the shore, from sheer fright. It is so dainty an animal that it will generally kill several fish to eat only the best parts. When it is engaged in eating the fish it has caught, it holds the slippery prey between its fore paws, as you see

in the picture, and beginning at the shoulders, eats away the fleshy part till it gets near the tail; then it throws the rest away, leaving it on the banks for the rats or birds to eat.

There are instances of this animal being tamed and taught to catch fish and bring them home. Don't you think it would be nice to have a tame otter, and to teach him to fetch and carry as you walked by the river-side?—just to say, “Hie in, sir!”—and for him to plunge in and bring out a fine fat fish for dinner?



THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.



HERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she did not
know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any
bread,
And whipped them all soundly, and sent
them to bed.



PLAYING AT GROWN-UP PEOPLE.

FRANKY, hearing of Etty's and Lucy's adventure with the milk-pails, was determined not to be outdone, and thought he would have some fun all to himself in the way of playing at grown-up people. But what should he do? After thinking for a long time, he made up his mind that he would dress up as a pedlar, and borrow nurse's workbox to carry about as the pedlar's box. Nurse, having gone out for a day's holiday, gave him a fine opportunity.

So Master Frank, strapping a toy-knapsack upon his shoulders and nurse's box in front, started off. Etty and Lucy bought some old bits of ribbon and lace from him, paying him with buttons; but he was not content with this: he trotted out into the garden, and down to the gardener's cottage, where he displayed his wares in triumph to the gardener's large family of small children. It seemed quite like reality.

But nurse was not over pleased, when she came home, to find her workbox all in disorder, and Master Franky had a good scolding.



MAMMA PLAYING.

SOFTLY her hand steals over the
keys

At the close of the summer day ;
The children listen and love the
sound,

While they dream, as children
may,

Of the strange bright future coming
fast,

With no thought of regrets for the
happy time past.

Oh, children ! the future, so *longed*
for now,

Is stored with less joy than *pain* :
In the years to come the *past* will
look bright

When you hear that *soft air*
played again.

Regrets for our childhood, *and*
mother's care,

Come back to the hearts that *have*
much to bear.



MEMOIRS OF A POODLE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DANGER OF LIBERTY.—DELPHINE.—A MISERABLE HOME.

—THERÈSE AND ALPHONSE.



THE few hours of captivity which I endured when I was tied up at the Exhibition, made me more eager to enjoy my liberty afterwards. The next day, when Mr. Neville took me out walking, he was obliged continually to call me to him. I was wild with enjoyment. I walked into shops, ran up courts, and sometimes, even, stopped behind on purpose that I might hear him call to me. At last, when for an instant I happened to be out of sight of my master, a poor shabbily-dressed woman, coming behind me suddenly, threw a shawl over my head, caught me up in her arms, and walked quickly away. It was all done in a moment.

Now you may think it strange that a dog who had just gained a prize at the Exhibition should be allowed to walk in the street without a string. Ah well! I cannot defend my excellent master; but I suppose we all have our moments of imprudence.

In spite of the ease and clearness with which, as you see, I express my ideas in these Memoirs, I cannot describe what I felt at the moment I lost my liberty. I knew at once that I was stolen! What would become of me? Would they make a learned dog of me, taxing my intellect beyond its natural power? or should I have to walk as a



A CHILD CAME TO OPEN THE DOOR.

guide to some poor blind man, holding a cup in my mouth to receive the pennies of the charitable? Forgive my selfishness! I thought of myself first; afterwards of my master. I thought of his despair; of the reproaches which

awaited him at home ; of the tears which the children would shed,—most of all, that dear Henriette.

Then the thought of living among thieves made me shudder. I had hitherto always had the good example of the Nelville family before my eyes ; but now, instead of those soft voices and gentle manners, I should see only what was wicked or vulgar. Alarmed and despairing, I formed the resolution to kill myself by refusing to eat.

The woman walked on for some time ; at last, after mounting up a great number of stairs, she knocked at a door. A child came to open it.

“Oh, mother,” said the child, “father wants his soup, and he’s been scolding because I am too little to heat it for him. I am so afraid of him !”

“I’ve got something,” replied the woman, “that’ll put your father in a good humour.”

The child lifted up the shawl and saw me :—“A dog ! Oh, how pretty he is !”

We entered a miserable room. “There !” exclaimed the mother, “there’s my day’s work ; what do you say to it ?” As she spoke she placed me on the ground.

“I say that you are a wretch,” replied the father ; “you had better have asked charity of the master instead of stealing the dog.”

“There is a collar ; perhaps the name is written on it !” said Hortense. She was about eight years old, pale and thin, with large black eyes.

“Will you hold your tongue, chatterbox ?” said the mother.

“If I knew how to read,” rejoined the father, “I’d soon take back the poor dog to his master. But it will be advertised, and then there’ll be a good reward.”

The old woman merely shrugged her shoulders ; and then, as they began to take their soup, some was offered to me, but I resolutely refused to touch it. “Oh, you’re dainty, are you ?” said she ; “think yourself lucky if I

don't take the stick to you that I make Hortense feel sometimes when she gives herself airs."

By an instinctive movement I approached the child, who said quite softly, "Poor creature!"

Then the man and his wife began to talk seriously. He wished to carry me to the Commissioner of Police and ask for a recompense. The woman wanted to sell me, in order, as she said, to pay the lodging, buy a mattress, a dress for herself, shoes for the child, and have a little money besides to get things for the husband, who had been ill for three months. The discussion continued a long time, but at last the wife carried the day.

"Make haste, then, to sell it, Delphine!" said the man; "I tell you it will die of grief if it stops here."

"You're right, my man," said she; "to-morrow morning I'll take it to the Champs-Élysées, and I shan't have to wait long for a buyer, I'm sure."

Tell a prisoner that the door will soon be open for him, and it needs no more to cheer him up. He may not know where to go, or what will become of him afterwards. No matter! he will breathe the air outside his prison, he will see his fellow-men, he will hear their voices: it is enough to console him. And I, poor Cæsar, almost forgot my sorrow on hearing this promise of liberty. The man told the truth when he said I should die of grief if I remained there.

It was not the loss of all the wealth and magnificence of Baudry, of a carriage, or of my barber, that I grieved for. No! I can understand happiness in a middle station: but this little room, where I could scarcely breathe, where I heard only complaints and quarrels, and saw only suffering and misery, was odious to me.

The next morning a new discussion arose concerning me between the husband and wife.

"Why did you steal the dog?" insisted he.

"I wouldn't steal money, but a dog's different," she replied.

"It's the same thing, Delphine; we ought rather to ask

charity than to do such acts. Ah! when you were a tidy well-behaved little workwoman, you would have blushed to steal a needleful of thread."

"And do you fancy I am not ashamed now?" she replied; "but when I see you ill, Hortense without a dress and without shoes, I don't know what I am doing. The price of the dog will save us, and I will never steal again."

The woman wept: her husband let her go. The same shawl as before wrapped me up while we were passing through the streets; and after several halts—for I was heavy to carry—we arrived at the Champs-Élysées.

The morning was fine; children and nurses were walking about, and gentlemen on horseback were in the road. The air was perfumed with the flowers of autumn, which reminded me sadly of Baudry. I sat there on a bench by the side of Delphine, wondering what would become of me. Men, women, children, all looked at me, and said some words of admiration, but there seemed to be no buyers. I was just beginning to despair when a lady, walking with her husband, stopped in front of me.

"Alphonse dear," she exclaimed, "let us buy that dog, I beg of you. It has been my dream to possess a white poodle."

"Do you really mean it, my dear," replied Alphonse, "just at the eve of our departure? Think what a trouble he would be in travelling."

"Indeed I do mean it. This dog pleases me immensely; I would give all my rings to buy it."

"Really, Thérèse, I thought you more reasonable."

"Ah, well then, dear, you made a mistake."

The lady came up to me and patted me. In return I licked her hand just where the glove left a spot near the wrist uncovered. It was such a long time since I had had a nice hand to lick!

Alphonse then turned to the woman: "How much do you want for your dog?"

"A hundred francs, sir."



THE LADY CAME UP TO ME, AND PATTED ME.

Alphonse took out his purse, gave the woman a hundred francs, and took the string that held me in his hand.

“Poor woman, how pleased she was!” said Therèse, as they led me away.

"My dear Therèse," said Alphonse, "your poor woman is simply a thief."

"You don't say that?"

"It is merely the truth. A dog of this kind is not to be bought for such a price. But stolen or not he is yours since we have paid for him, unless indeed we should happen to come across the real owner."

"I forgot to ask her the dog's name," said Therèse.

"Probably she did not know it," rejoined her husband. "But we'll try to find it out." They called to me by all the names they could think of; and finding that I answered to none, they decided on giving me the name of Fido.

My new mistress took pains to explain to me that it was an Italian word, signifying Faithful, and that she hoped I should deserve the name. She said all this in a soft and affectionate voice. I love youth, and I love elegance; Therèse united these two qualities, and I followed her willingly, though without forgetting the chateau of Baudry and its dear inhabitants.

On my arrival at the house, which was close by, my first care was to run all over it, from top to bottom; then to make a round of the garden; and I felt satisfied with my new habitation.

The servants were kind to me, and a young page was especially charged with the care of me. He and I became great friends before I had been in the house an hour. I was not sorry to have a nice dinner, and to stretch myself out upon a soft carpet. It is singular how soon even the most reasonable dogs acquire a taste for comfort and luxury. I was pleased at being in a pretty house, seeing elegantly dressed people about me, and going out driving in a carriage. Perhaps you think this very contemptible, and you are quite right; a dog of a well-regulated mind should not have such fancies. But at all events, if one has faults, it is something to acknowledge them. Be indulgent then, my little friends; remember a poor doggie cannot reason quite like human beings

My new master and mistress were on the point of making a journey into Italy to spend some months there; and a serious question arose: How was I to travel? My master weakly imagined I had only to be put into the compartment reserved for dogs in the train. At the suggestion Therèse uttered a cry of horror:

"Fido put with strange dogs! Never! He would be tormented; he would be bitten. I will not have it."

This was said with the manner of a spoilt child, whom it was supposed that no one could resist. She pouted a little and spoke of giving up the journey altogether. Her husband asked if she really was talking seriously.

"Very seriously, my dear; I will not consent that Fido travels with other dogs." Her voice trembled, and there were tears in her eyes.

At last the difficulty was arranged. Therèse consented that I should travel in a dog-box on condition that no other dogs were admitted into it. And so we started on our journey.

The reader must not suppose that I approve of such weakness as this. Natural as it is that human beings should make friends of dogs, and become attached to them, I consider it exaggerated and ridiculous to treat a dog just like a human being, or to suppose that a good and handsome dog cannot live among his own fellow-creatures.





Now here are six objects for you to find out. Two begin with a T, one with a P, one with an S, one with a W, and one with a Z.



THE FARMER'S RIDE.



FARMER went trotting upon his grey mare,
 Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
 With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,
 Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried "Croak!" and they all tumbled
 down,
 Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
 The mare broke her knees, and the farmer his
 crown,
 Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
 Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
 And vowed he would serve them the same the
 next day,
 Lumpety, lumpety, lump!





THE MAGIC GIRDLE.



ONCE upon a time there lived, in far distant lands, a king and queen who had but one child,—a daughter. She was very welcome, you may be sure, when she was born; and at her christening all the fairies of the neighbourhood (as was usual in those days and in that country) came to give her handsome presents. These fairy gifts were not of gold, or silver, or precious jewels, but something better far. Her three fairy godmothers bestowed upon the Princess three qualities,—Amiability, Talent, and Beauty. And the Princess Adorina—for that was her name—grew in goodness and beauty until she was sixteen years old.

When she had reached that age, she one day went out walking in the wood near her father's castle, attended only by a lady in waiting and her page. It happened to be a very hot day, and, feeling thirsty, she exclaimed, "What would I not give for a glass of water!"

Her little page, Besterkan, immediately said, "I have heard, fair Princess, that in this wood there is a beautiful spring of clear water in a cave. It is even said that this spring is under the protection of some fairy, and that a golden goblet is sometimes found by the side of the water to drink out of. From the description which has been given me, it must be situated in the ravine between those two hills."

"Run, then, good Besterkan," said the Princess, "and fetch me the golden goblet full of water while I wait here."

The Princess and her attendant sat down upon the grass under a shady tree, while Besterkan ran off, and quickly disappeared from their eyes in the hollow between the two hills. As he went on, he found the ravine grew narrower; the sloping hillsides became precipitous rocks; and, at length, met together overhead, so as, in fact, to form a cave. He heard drip, drip, drip, just in front of him. "Surely," thought he, "the spring must be close by now." The ground descended, and there were a few rude steps cut in it. As he came to the last step he stopped.

He could scarcely distinguish objects at first, for the cave was comparatively dark; but as his eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, he discovered, sitting cross-legged on the ground in front of him, the most terrible-looking creature he had ever beheld. It was a giant of so stupendous a size that, had he been standing up, poor little Besterkan would hardly have been higher than his ankle. His face,—oh! his face was so hideous that Besterkan nearly fainted away at the sight of it, and no words can describe it as well as the picture which you see on the opposite page.

Then his enormous hands and his feet, which were bare,

were furnished with claws like those of a bird. One hand was occupied in stroking his huge body, as if he had just been enjoying a good dinner, while the other held up an empty barrel which had contained wine, and a few drops, which were still falling from it, made the dripping sound that Besterkan had heard.

In a voice of thunder the giant demanded what the poor page wanted. Whereupon the wretched Besterkan, all of a tremble, faltered out, "Please, your Excellency, a glass of water for the Princess."

"Hum, ha, hi, ho!" roared the ogre. "Lucky for you I'm not hungry now. Away! be off to the Princess! go!" And he gave the little page such a kick that he flew straight out of the cave, up into the air, and fell close to where the Princess was sitting. As soon as he recovered his senses, after being whirled through the air, he saw, to his dismay, that the giant was following him. He saw him towering above the trees, and felt the earth shake as he stepped.

The poor Princess almost fainted at the sight of this horrible monster, who roared out, "Wretched mortal, how darest thou send to disturb me in my cave?"

Here little Besterkan called out, "Oh, sir, sir; punish me as you like, but spare the good Princess!"

"Ho, ho, ho!" chuckled the monster. "She is so good, is she?"

"Oh, sir, so kind and good that everybody loves her," pleaded Besterkan.

"She shan't remain so long," cried the giant. Unfastening a golden bracelet that he wore round his arm, he slipped it suddenly round the waist of the Princess, saying, as he did so:—

"While this girdle clings to thee,
Bad and wicked thou shalt be.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, he, he, he!

Fools, perhaps, might call this spiteful,
But mischief is to me delightful,

Ho, ho, ho, ho, he, he, he!"



He strode away as he spoke, and his laughter resounded like distant thunder.

The Princess, with her lady in waiting and little page, made the best of her way back to the castle, half dead with fright ; but from that day a terrible change was observed in poor Adorina. From being the most amiable princess in the world, she grew so unkind and ill-tempered that she made every one about her miserable. The dreadful girdle—the cause of all this change—clung to her in such a way that, though it would stretch a little for her to change her clothes, it never could be got off. With her

alteration in character she also lost her beauty, for her face bore such an expression of ill-temper that it was quite disagreeable to look at.

No one was made more unhappy by this change than the young Prince Trulove, Adorina's cousin, who was fondly attached to her, and had hoped to marry her. One evening, feeling melancholy, he went out to wander by the side of a lake, which lay just beyond the castle garden. As he stood watching the moonlight upon the water, he observed four beautiful tiny fairies dancing lightly and merrily above some water-lilies on the lake.

One of them approached the bank, and spoke in a soft voice, asking him what ailed him ; upon which the Prince related to her at once all that had befallen his beloved Adorina. Then the fairy said :—

“ Oh, mortal ! you have done well to ask our help. That giant is our enemy as well as yours. The spring of water in the cave belonged to us—the fairies of the lake ; but he has dried up the spring, and taken possession of the cave. He is skilled in all kinds of magic, and can take other forms besides his own ; so you must be upon your guard : but we can at least give you a talisman which shall unloose the girdle. Take this little slender shell, and when you are in the presence of Adorina, you have only to crush the shell in your hand, and the girdle will break to pieces also.” In an instant the fairies had all disappeared, but a little voice still sounded in the air, saying : “ Make haste ; make haste ; back to the castle haste ! ”

Prince Trulove hurried back to the castle, where he found every one eager to tell him that an old man had arrived, who professed to be a magician, and who promised to unloose the girdle from the Princess's waist, and restore her to her former self, provided she were given to him in marriage as his reward. He had had an interview, they said, with the King, by whose permission he was now conversing with the Princess in her own apartment. Every one had been so distressed at the change in the



Princess, and all were so anxious that she should get rid of the dreadful magic girdle, that the proposal of the magician did not seem so preposterous as it would under other circumstances.

Prince Trulove, now thoroughly alarmed, ran to the chamber of his cousin, where the magician was speaking to her so earnestly as not to be aware of his approach. The Prince stepped between them, and crushed the shell in his hand. At the same moment the girdle fell broken to the ground, and rolled to the other end of the room.

The magician uttered a cry of dismay, and started back, dropping his wand on the ground. He then rushed from the room, and was seen no more. But instead of him, the huge giant of the cave passed out through the castle gate, to the terror of the guards, and striding off in the direction of the wood, disappeared in the darkness. He was never seen in the neighbourhood afterwards; and it was soon discovered that the crystal spring had reappeared in the cave.

I need hardly add that the Prince and Princess were married, and she became even more amiable and more beautiful than she had been before she ever wore the Magic Girdle.

NIGHT.



NIGHT has come on apace,

A solemn stillness rests upon the land ;

The moon, with calm, white face,

Looks down upon the works of God's own hand.

Oh, wonderful strange light,

That shines upon the mountain and the stream !

Oh ! Heaven's glory of the night

That sheds around the vague, wild beauty of a dream !

The clouds ride swiftly by,

The mountains catch the marvellous bright rays,

The lake reflects the glorious sky,

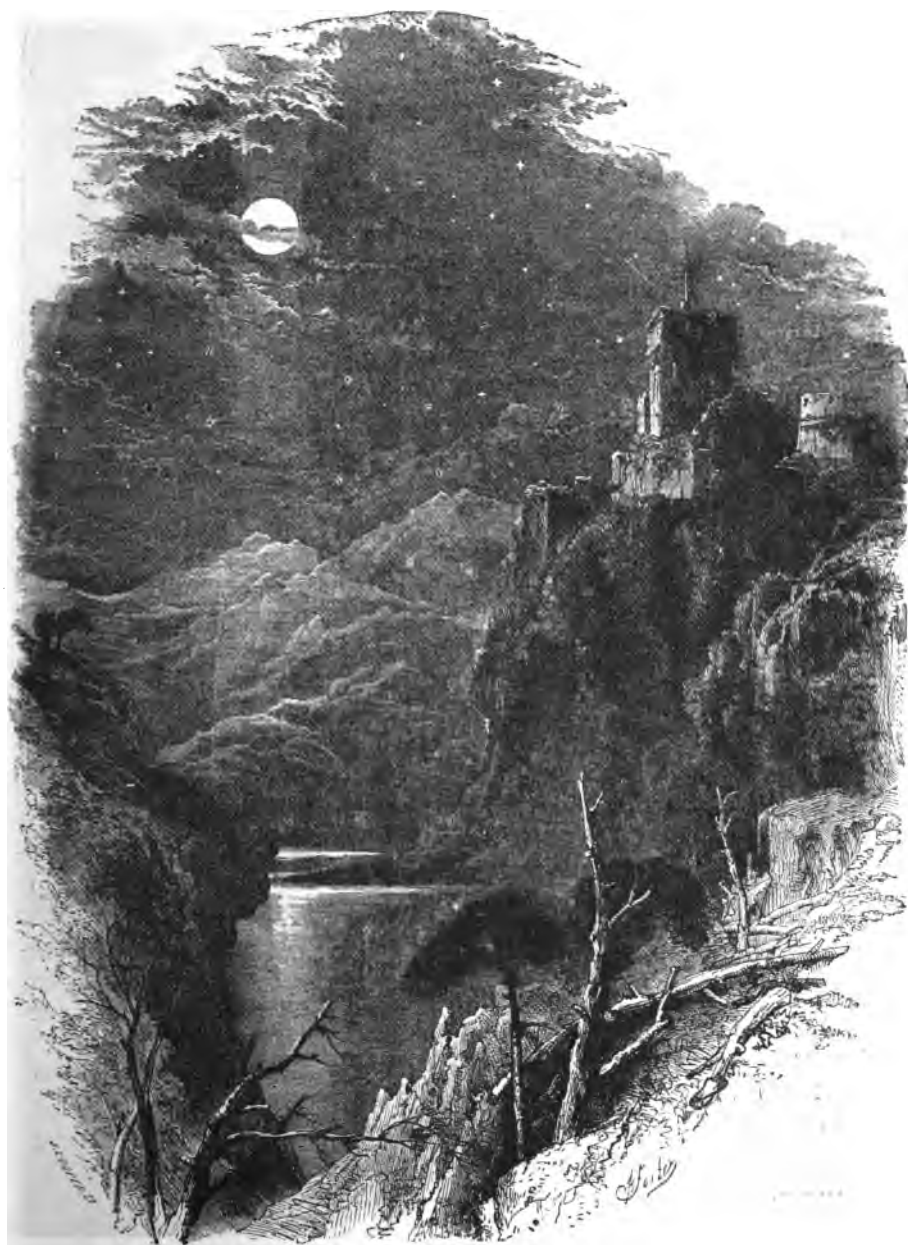
Our nights' grand beauty puts to shame our days.

The moon, and star on star,

Shine down upon the ruined castle-keep :

Strange marvels as they are,

That watch and sparkle while we mortals sleep.





MAMMA'S TALK.—PALM SUNDAY.

COME, now, sit round me as usual, my children, and let us have our Sunday-talk; to-day I will tell you about our Saviour's triumphal entry into Jerusalem,

which is commemorated in Palm Sunday.

It happened in this way: Jesus was going about from place to place with His disciples, doing His work, which was, as you know, to preach the Word of God, heal the sick, and comfort the afflicted. Well, the Bible tells us that coming near the village of Bethphage, which is not far from Jerusalem, He said to two of His disciples:—

“Go into the village over against you; and when ye enter it, ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her: loose them, and bring them to me. And if any man say aught unto you, ye shall say, ‘The Lord hath need of them,’ and straightway he will send them.”

There had been a prophecy made by the prophets Isaiah and Zechariah respecting the coming of Christ, in which it was said: "Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold thy King cometh unto thee, meek, sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass." Thus when our Saviour entered Jerusalem this prophecy was fulfilled.

The disciples went; and when they had gone a little way, they saw an ass tied up, and a young one with it. As they were untying the ass, a man standing near asked them: "Why do you untie the ass?"

They answered: "The Lord hath need of them;" then the man let them go; he seemed to know that Jesus was the Saviour.

When the disciples brought the ass and the colt to our Saviour, He mounted upon the ass, and in that way rode into Jerusalem.

A very great multitude came out to meet Him: they spread their clothes on the path in front of Him for Him to ride over to do Him honour; others cut down branches from the nearest trees and carried them in their hands, or strewed them on the way. These were branches of palm trees; hence the name Palm Sunday. In their joy at the coming of the Redeemer of the world, the people shouted: "Hosanna" (which means, Hail!) "to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!"

Even little children came round with palm-branches in their hands, and cried out: "King!" and praised Him. And men standing near said to Christ, "Why do you let these children call you king?" But our Saviour was glad that the children should come round him, for He loved them dearly.

Once, when His disciples—who, though good men, had faults and weaknesses—were disputing as to who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven, our Saviour took a little child, and placed him in the midst of them, telling them that those who did not receive the kingdom of God

like little children, humbly and thankfully, should in no wise enter therein.

At another time, when young children were brought to Christ that He might lay His hands upon them and bless them, His disciples, unwilling perhaps that He should be troubled by the little creatures, would have forbidden the women who brought them to come near; but Jesus, when he saw this, said:—

“Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

And when our Saviour came into the temple, the voices of the children resounded, crying: “Hosanna to the Son of David!” and singing the praises of the Lord, who had been so kind and gentle to them. When the chief priests and scribes heard the children’s voices uplifted to glorify Him, their hearts swelled with envy and hatred, and they would have made the children hold their peace, but Christ answered them, saying:—

“Have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?”

You see, my dears, how our Saviour loved little children; and think how you ought to love Him in return, and do all He wishes.





SOME OF MY LITTLE FRIENDS:



PHILIP THE DREAMER. .

PERHAPS Philip ought scarcely to be called a *little* friend of mine, because he is such a big boy: indeed he is about twelve years old, which is older than my little friends usually are; but he is a very great favourite with me all the same.

He lives in the country, in a part of England called Cumberland, where there are grand mountains, and merry waterfalls, and lakes. His greatest pleasure in the fine weather is to lie upon the grass on a steep hill-side, and dream. He is fond also of taking long rambles, generally quite alone; but if he has a companion, it is most likely some grown-up person. Philip knows a good deal for a boy of his age: for instance, he is quite learned in botany. When he is out on his rambles, he will sometimes take a basket with him, and fill it, not only with lovely wild flowers, but with different kinds of beautiful grass; and he can tell you the names of all the flowers, and of every kind of grass.

But if Philip loves the hills, the moors, and the streams, it is not merely for the sake of studying botany. When he lies on the grass, or rambles about under the glorious summer sky, amid the wonders and beauties of nature, his dreams are of something else than botany. He longs to do something great and useful in the world; either to be a great inventor, or discoverer, or to set the world right in some way. A little while ago his thoughts were all turned to the invention of—what do you think, now? Why, a flying-machine.

He even made a model of the sort of thing he thought a flying-machine ought to be. It was rather like a kite in appearance, if you can imagine a kite with the sides

made to flap up and down like the wings of a bird. Then he got a spring, like the spring which sets a watch going, only of course much larger, and he fixed it to the machine in such a way that when it was wound up the wings flapped a few times. He sent the machine off from an upper window; but instead of flying away like a bird, it kept turning head over heels till it got to the ground. How lucky that it was only a model, and not big enough for anybody to be in it!

I suspect now he is brooding over some scheme for putting a stop to war in the world; for he has been asking a great many questions lately about a plan, which he has heard talked of, for having judges to decide which is right or wrong when countries quarrel with each other.

I often wonder what sort of man Philip will grow into. Very likely he will remain a dreamer; either his plans may always be of a kind as difficult to carry out as they are now, or he may never have the energy to attempt to carry them out if they are possible. Still, some of the greatest inventors, and some of the greatest teachers of their fellow-men have grown out of such boys as he is. Among all my little friends there is not one in whom I feel a greater interest than in Philip the dreamer.





WATER BABIES.

SPLASHING, dashing little rogues !

In the water cool they play.

Little does their mother know

Of the way they spend the day.

Bright the sun shines in the sky,

Green the young leaves on the trees,

Fresh the water in the brook,

Fragrant smells are on the breeze.

Rich the world in pleasant gifts,

Full of joys the summer time,

Hours—golden hours—that pass,

Graced with halo all divine.

Wilful children, sporting there,

Playing antics full of grace,

Wild as swallows in their flight,—

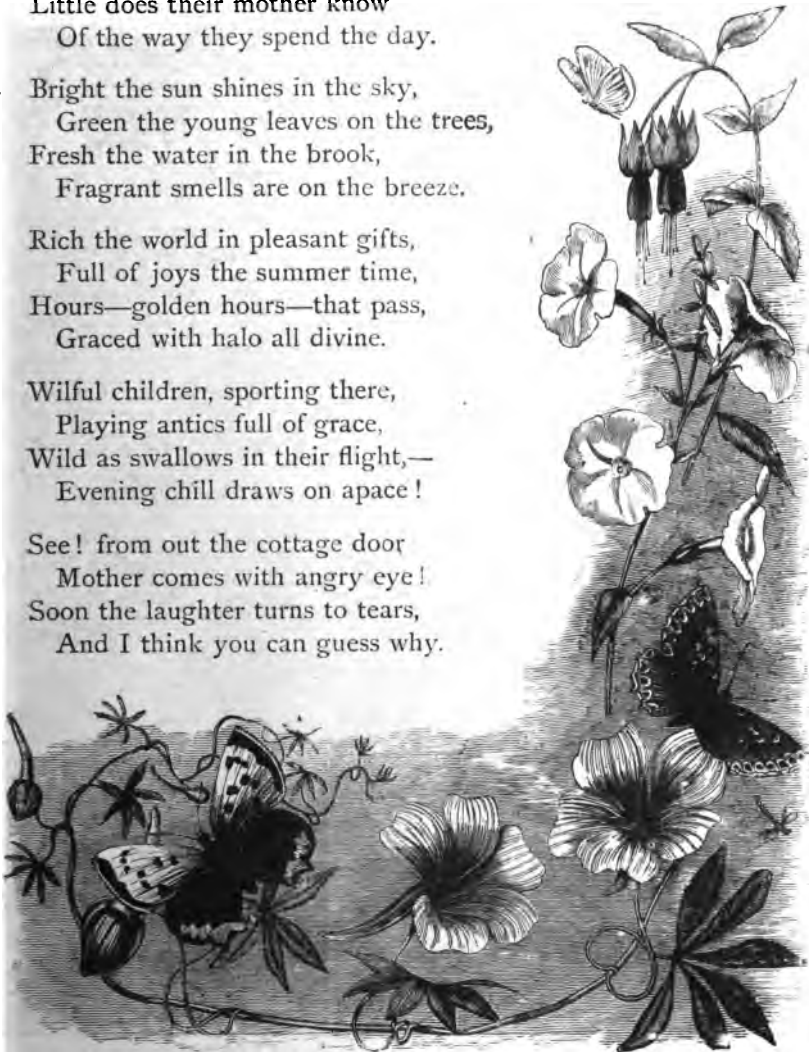
Evening chill draws on apace !

See! from out the cottage door

Mother comes with angry eye !

Soon the laughter turns to tears,

And I think you can guess why.





OWLS.



HERE we have a picture of Mrs. Owl feeding her little baby owls. Not a very nice feast certainly, is it? You see she is bringing them a rat for supper; and yet they look very eager for it: the little beaks are all wide open, quite ready.

This owl, although of the kind called the barn-owl, has built her nest in a hollow tree in the wood. I daresay she thinks her children safer quite away from the farmer and his boys; but she goes into the farm-yard herself to kill a rat now and then, and brings it to her little family for supper, as you see.

These owls are not unwelcome guests to the farmers, for they clear the barns of rats and mice. Sometimes, however, they have been known to make the mistake of carrying off a young pigeon as well; but when Mr. Owl acquires this bad habit, he had better take care that the farmer does not catch him, or he will be nailed up against the barn-door as a warning to his relations.

I daresay you have never seen young owls. They are the softest, prettiest little white woolly pets you can imagine, with great eyes set in little round faces like a pussy-cat. The eyes of owls are so constructed that they can scarcely see in broad daylight, but when it is dark they see quite well. Therefore you scarcely ever find an owl going about in the daytime; and if by any chance one does come out before evening, it goes blundering about, knocking itself against everything that comes in its way, till sometimes it will get a great blow on the head, and fall to the ground. Then, of course, if you don't mind the risk of a sharp bite, you can catch it.

The cry of the owl is mournful, and is almost like a child crying. Owls will answer each other from great distances at night, and will keep up a dialogue or duet for hours. They have another peculiarity, which is that, in consequence of their feathers being so soft and downy, their flight cannot be heard.





THE GARDENER'S GRANDCHILD.

"**W**HICH is the Queen of the Roses?

Gardener, can you tell?"

"Oh, the Queen of the Roses to me, sir,
Is my own little grandchild, Nell.

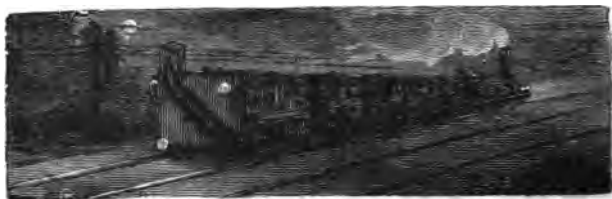
"She waters the flowers for me, sir,
She carries them out to sell;
Not one is so bright to me, sir,
As my own little grandchild, Nell.

"She works in my garden, too, sir,
She weeds in the shady dell,
Where the violets and the lilies
Blossom around my Nell.

"I love the flowers I've tended
More years than I can tell;—
Geranium, sweet-pea, fuschia,
Jessamine, gentianelle,

"Salvia, and China-aster,
Heliotrope, heather-bell;—
My flowers have been my treasures,
Next to my grandchild, Nell.

"But the Rose is the Queen of the flowers,
As everyone can tell,
And *she* is the Queen of the Roses,
My own granddaughter, Nell."



MEMOIRS OF A POODLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR JOURNEY.—A MOUNTAIN ROAD.—WILD ROSES.—I HAVE
A NIGHTMARE.—ARRIVAL AT ST. BERNARD.



I MUST make a confession here, and the reader may think of me what he pleases: during almost the whole journey through France I slept, sometimes with one eye shut, sometimes with both. This will account for my not launching out into a description of that part of the journey. It was not till we approached the frontier of Switzerland, and halted at a little town called Martigny, that I thoroughly woke up. There I heard the travellers talking of the famous dogs at the monastery of Mont St. Bernard, which we were going to see. At this I felt interested, and pricked up my ears.

The road across the mountains from Martigny is so bad that we were obliged to travel in a carriage, or rather cart, drawn by mules. My young mistress, on getting into the carriage, declared it was detestable; and she told the truth; it jolted so that I could not stand upon my legs, and was obliged to sit. She was in a very bad humour, but I soon contrived to cheer her up: I gave myself all the little airs of a traveller—looking about at the scenery, and putting my head first on one side, then on the other. By this means I amused her, and made her laugh.



YOU CAN SCARCELY FORM AN IDEA OF SUCH A ROAD.

You can scarcely form an idea of such a road as it was. How can people take such journeys for pleasure? We passed close to the most frightful precipices, where one false step of the mules would have been sufficient to cast us into the gulf below.

Therèse was frightened, and I confess frankly that I did not feel quite at my ease. The guide attempted to calm our fears in a way of his own. After repeating that there was no danger, he always went on to relate some dreadful accident that had happened not long before.

Now and then he pointed out to us the snowy peaks of the mountains, and rocks piled upon rocks in wild confusion. My master and mistress were enchanted at the sight of all this; but to tell the truth, I often think there is some exaggeration in the enthusiasm of travellers. It began to snow a little, and I felt sleepy (it is astonishing how sleepy travelling makes me!); but, very different from me, my master and mistress became more and more surprised and delighted with all they saw. At last I woke up with a start at the sound of a waterfall. It was the little river Dranse falling over a frightful precipice.

We arrived at the village of Liddes, one of the most delicious spots in the valley of Entremont. A good dinner was soon ready at the inn, and we were very hungry, which was perhaps the reason that the innkeeper received so many compliments on his cookery.

After dinner, without losing time, we started off again, and it was not long before we arrived at another little village called St. Pierre. Here my master and mistress wished to stop to see another celebrated waterfall, but the guides refused to let us wait. They frightened Alphonse by telling him that we must hasten on, or we should not reach the monastery of St. Bernard that evening. They said too that the carriage could go no further, and that the rest of the journey must be performed on the backs of mules.

In this way we continued our journey. The daylight was already fading, and rain had come on. The mules splashed along, and I trotted after them in the wet: it was not at all cheerful. There was no longer any enthusiasm for the scenery; and Therèse, who had been so eager and pleased a little while before, was crying quietly

as she rode. My master was in despair at having brought his wife upon such a journey, and though the guides still repeated that there was no danger, this did not reassure us. I wondered how reasonable beings could come from choice into these terrible mountains, where it often freezes in August, rather than walk about quietly in the Champs-Élysées.

Just then a gentleman, riding a mule like ourselves, and wrapped up in a cloak, overtook us. It was a French officer, who, seeing that we were inexperienced and timid travellers, joined our party, and tried to encourage and cheer us up a little. He took a great deal of notice of me; and the praises he lavished upon me pleased my mistress as if they had been compliments to herself. He took out a flask of brandy, which he recommended on account of the cold, and offered to us all round,—to me as to the others. I resolutely refused it.

Still our journey was becoming only more and more dreary and miserable, when suddenly we saw some wild roses growing in this barren ground, and forming garlands upon the rocks. Therèse uttered a cry of admiration, and this time I understood her enthusiasm. These flowers were truly charming to see; I admired them myself.

You may suppose that Alphonse quickly jumped off his mule, and gathered a nosegay for his dear Therèse. It was natural and kind. She was delighted: you would have thought it was the first time she had ever seen a rose.

“I will keep them all my life, Alphonse,” she said.

There again was exaggeration: and in her childish joy she made me a collar of roses, and assured me that it was wonderfully becoming.

Soon after this we reached a wretched-looking solitary building, which was called an inn. At all events it afforded a shelter for travellers, and uncomfortable as it appeared, still we were glad to see it. The wind had begun to blow almost a hurricane, and the guides them-



“WHO GOES THERE?”

selves advised us to remain there for the night, and finish our journey in the morning.

There was nothing good to offer us at the inn; at least I judge so from the face which the officer made on tasting

a cup of coffee, which an old woman—the hostess—gave him. She boasted, however, that she had lodged lords and ladies; but it was a wretched place. In truth you must not care for comfort when you travel, and I was obliged to content myself with a ricketty old straw chair to sleep on, having a hole in the seat I might almost have fallen through.

A little incident occurred during the night which made me look rather foolish. When I am very much excited by anything that passes during the day, I am always apt to dream of it afterwards. Well, in the middle of the night, the travellers being all asleep, I dreamt that I had fallen to the bottom of a precipice, and I began to bark with all my might to attract the attention of those above.

In a moment the officer, who was sleeping in the same room with me, jumped up, took his sword in one hand, his pistol in the other, and going to the door, cried out in a terrible voice, “Who goes there?”

The other travellers were soon on foot, but outside the house they could see no one, and all was silent; yet they had so high an opinion of my cleverness as to think there must be some cause for my alarm. In order to reassure them, I pretended to go to sleep again, and thus gradually tranquillized their fears.

The next morning at break of day we were again on our road; and what a pleasure it was! The clouds of the evening before had all dispersed, and the sky was perfectly clear. Lazy little boys who wait to have their ears pulled before they get out of bed in the morning, have no idea of the enjoyment they lose. Even I, only a dog as I am, understand the advantage of breathing the morning air. I go out; I see the sun lighten up the landscape little by little, I make my reflections, and form my plans for the day.

I was in the best possible humour. After having wished everybody good morning, I followed the mule of the officer, who, understanding this advance on my part, took

me up in his arms as he rode. He asked me many questions: among others, if I would like to make war. This I pretended not to understand, for I am not of a warlike disposition.

As soon as we approached the monastery a servant came out to receive us, and conducted us through a long passage into a large room, where we hoped to find a good fire. Not a bit of it! the fire was a miserably poor one; and besides, an Englishman was sitting directly in front of it. He pretended not to see us, and went on reading a book.

No one ventured to disturb him. I settled the question by barking at the selfish personage; and when he told me to be quiet I barked louder still, looking at him the time in a way which was no doubt very significant; for he got up and walked out of the room. My noble and heroic conduct was much praised: though, to be candid, I must tell you that I wanted to have a warm place by the fire for myself.

After a good supper, we were shown to our bedrooms, and from the window of mine I could see the great mountains all covered with snow. Although I am but a dog I like to reason about things, and I said to myself: "What have we come so high, at the expense of so much fatigue, in order to see?"

A dog—and especially such an one as I am—is the companion and friend of man, who reasons and converses before him. I had only to listen in order to learn the answer to my question, and I shall make it known to my readers in the following chapter.





CHAPTER IX.

JOSEPH AND I GAIN INFORMATION.—MOUNT ST. BERNARD.



AS I said before, one of the advantages of being a dog is that we live with men as their companions, and have the opportunity of gaining information from them. But I might have made this journey to Mount St. Bernard without learning much, had it not been for a little boy about twelve years old, who joined us at the monastery the day after our arrival.

Travellers soon become acquainted. This little boy, whose name was Joseph, was travelling with his father, and he pleased me at once: I will tell you why. He showed all sorts of little attentions to his father, begging him to warm himself well, opening a carpet-bag and bringing out slippers which he put upon his papa's feet, in spite of a little resistance. And all this was done in such a natural way that you could see these attentions had not been taught him.

I must tell you that we all had the use of a handsome sitting-room. It was so well furnished that I could almost fancy myself transported back to Paris; particularly when little Joseph sat down to the piano, and began to play a valse.

I was seized with a gaiety which soon spread to all the company. Therèse wanted to valse with her husband: as for me, without caring for a partner, I began to whirl round and round, and commit all sorts of follies. From that hour Joseph and I became the greatest friends.

In the evening I was already curled up in a comfortable



BUONAPARTE, TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF THE WORLD, CROSSED MOUNT ST. BERNARD
WITH AN ARMY.

chair, and thinking of beginning my night, when Joseph, eager to gain information, began to ask his father questions. "Papa," said he, "tell me now all about the great St. Bernard."

Immediately I sat up, and listened attentively.

"My dear child," replied his father, "you know already that the great St. Bernard is a high mountain, and that we were nine hours riding up it."

"Oh, I shan't forget that," replied Joseph.

"Over this mountain there is a pass across the Alps," continued the father, "which leads into Italy, and many travellers go that way. Difficult and dangerous as it is, two great captains of antiquity, Hannibal and Charlemagne, traversed it at the head of their brave soldiers. But Buonaparte, to the astonishment of the world, crossed Mount St. Bernard with an army of thirty thousand men, with all its cavalry and artillery.

"We are here, my child, at a height of more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. This is the highest inhabited spot in Europe: and cold as we find it now, it is generally much more so. The snow round the monastery has been known to be as much as eighteen feet deep."

"But where do the monks go to buy provisions, papa?"

"Ah, indeed, it is not easy, as you may suppose, to bring provisions up here. Yet there need be plenty, for in the course of a year the monks give hospitality to twenty or five-and-twenty thousand people. The wood also for burning is brought with great difficulty, and a great quantity is required. No wood grows upon the mountain; it has all to be brought from a distance, and during the latter part of the journey is carried upon mules' backs.

"St. Bernard, from whom the mountain is named, lived in the tenth century, and was the first to establish houses of refuge for travellers in the two dangerous defiles which are called the great and little St. Bernard. The same benevolent feeling which inspired the good man survives now among the monks.

"How many people have perished in the snow on this mountain! And even now it often happens that travellers are lost, surprised by the fearful snow-storms. *We*

have merely made a journey of pleasure, at the best season of the year; but there are times when the monks see only walls of snow around them, and a dark sky above; then they go out, accompanied by their dogs, to look about for any wandering travellers."

"Oh, papa, how good of them! Can we not have a look at these dogs?"

I pricked up my ears. The proposal seemed to please all the company; and at their request a servant brought in two great dogs. They came up to me at once as if to inquire what had brought *me* to Mount St. Bernard, but they showed no objection to my presence. One of them seized Joseph by his jacket; and though at first the child was rather frightened, he soon understood that it was an invitation to play.

This breed of dogs comes originally from the Pyrenean mountains; their tawny-coloured fur is very thick, which I was glad to see, as it must keep them warm. They are very big—oh, much bigger than I am!—and they have the look of being very good.

There are some little boys, I have heard tell, who look very good without being so at all; who would not put themselves out of the way, or do what they didn't like, for the sake of being kind to anyone. But these dogs are as good as they appear, and pass their lives in seeking out poor travellers who have been buried in the snow. You think perhaps, my little friends, that I am giving an exaggerated account of what a dog is capable of? Very well: just listen then to the story told us by the young man who was showing the dogs:—

"That I am alive, gentlemen," he said, "I have to thank one of these dogs," (he patted the great head of one of them as he spoke). "I was six years old when my mother, crossing Mount St. Bernard with me, fell down a precipice, leaving me on the edge. I screamed with all my might, but soon my limbs began to be stiff and cold. At six years old you do not understand death, but you do



•“MY SAVIOUR CARRIED ME THUS TO THE MONASTERY.”

understand what it is to lose a mother. Finding that she did not come back to me, I was seized with a despair, the recollection of which makes my heart beat even to this day. A dog heard my cries, ran up to me, and raising up his head, invited me to help myself from the little cask of

spirit that was hanging by a chain round his neck. Then he began to lick my cold hands, and as I could not stand up, he laid down close to me, making his back as low as possible, and by his gestures invited me to get upon him.

"I succeeded in doing so, though with difficulty, and my saviour carried me thus to the monastery, where I received the greatest care and kindness. The good monks brought me up and educated me; afterwards, when they proposed to send me to Italy or Switzerland, to learn some business, I said: 'No, let me remain here to receive and help poor travellers, as you do.'"

You may often have observed how one story leads to others on the same subject. The young man, seeing the interest his story had excited, offered to relate something still more astonishing. We all said Yes, at once, and he began:

"I was not myself a witness of what I am going to relate. It happened several years ago, and Diamond, the hero of the adventure, is now, alas! no more.

"One evening, the sky was dark, and many signs foreboded that there would be accidents on the mountain. Diamond began to howl, and several monks, carrying lanterns, hastened to follow the faithful animal. They had not gone far, when they discovered a man and woman lying insensible, and half-buried in the snow. They prepared to carry the unfortunate people to the monastery; but Diamond refused to return with them. You will see how extraordinary is the instinct of these admirable dogs. It would appear as if he had said to himself, 'There may have been a child with these people'; and while the monks were returning to the monastery, he looked about for the child. He found it—a poor little creature, three years old, lying there senseless. What did Diamond do? He laid his great paws upon it to warm it; and he licked it till at last he saw life returning. Then he lay down, and flattened himself as much as he could by the side of the child, begging it by looks and gestures to get upon his back, just as the dog did who saved my life.

"The child understood what Diamond meant; and at the moment when the father and mother, who had recovered, were weeping for the death of their son, they saw the brave dog arrive with a little rider on his back, who, not having strength to sit upright, was resting his head upon that of Diamond.

"I leave you to imagine," gravely added the young man, "what a reputation Diamond has left in the country."

I heard this story with delight, and I feel the same pleasure in relating it. Oh, why was not Mr. Nelville there to relate also my great deeds?

In spite of the cold, I enjoyed myself very well at Mount St. Bernard. My toilette, however, was sadly neglected, for my young mistress thought it imprudent to give me a bath at an elevation of more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea.

After a stay of three or four days, we thanked our courteous and kind hosts and set out on our return. Going down the mountain was much more agreeable than coming up. Therèse went into ecstasies at the sight of the beautiful valleys lying at the foot of the mountain: there were so many exclamations of Oh! and Ah! that they wearied me.

We arrived at Martigny at seven o'clock in the evening, making one day's journey from St. Bernard. After a good supper, we all prepared for rest; but my sleep was agitated. I seemed to have always in my ears the sound of the waters of the Dranse, which I had heard so often during the day, falling in one cascade after another from Mount St. Bernard as far as the valley of Martigny.





RIDE a cock-horse,
To Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady
Upon a white horse:
Rings on her fingers,
Bells on her toes,
She shall have music
Wherever she goes.



To market, to market, a gallop, a trot,
To buy some meat to put in the pot;
Threepence a quarter, fourpence a side:
If it hadn't been killed it must have died.



PLAYING AT GROWN-UP PEOPLE:

A SWARM OF BEES.



OUR little friends, who are so fond of playing at grown-up people, had a cousin come to stay at their house in the summer, and while she was with them, the bees swarmed. But I must tell you what that means.

When the hives become too full of bees, a great number fly away all at once to find another home; and then the gardeners, or people about the place, make a great noise by knocking all sorts of pots and pans against each other, which has the effect of making the bees settle, and prevents their flying away to a distance.

The children had seen this one morning; so a few days afterwards, what do you think Lucy and Franky and the little cousin did? They took out an old frying-pan, and going close up to the beehives in the garden, Miss Lucy began hammering away upon it with all her might, to see the bees swarm, which, however, they had no intention of doing again. But a good many came out, and the poor children suffered for their folly.



Now find out this Puzzle Page, children. Two of the objects begin with A, two with B, and two with C. Try if you can find the right letter for each.



THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

THE Sabbath's sun was setting low,
Amidst the clouds at even,
"Our Father," breathed a voice below,—
"Our Father, who art in heaven."

Beyond the earth, beyond the clouds,
Those infant words were given ;
"Our Father," angels sang aloud,—
"Father, who art in heaven."

"Thy kingdom come," still from the ground
That child-like voice did pray ;
"Thy kingdom come," God's hosts resound,
Far up the starry way.

"Thy will be done," with little tongue.
That lisping tone implores ;
"Thy will be done," the angelic throng
Sing from the heavenly shores.

"For ever," still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer ;
"For ever," floats, in music sweet,
High midst the angels there.





MAMMA'S TALK.

With all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbour love.



HEN our Saviour was asked by one of the scribes, "Which is the greatest commandment of all?" Jesus answered him:—

"The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy

mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment.

“And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.”

And the scribe said unto Him: “Well, Master, Thou hast said the truth; for there is one God, and none other but He; and to love Him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbour as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices.”

When Jesus saw that He answered discreetly, He said unto him, “Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.”

Now, my darling children, I want to impress upon you that our Saviour always teaches us to love God best before all else, and that we must be willing to sacrifice everything for His sake; that is, in order to do what we know will be pleasing to God. Here is a picture, you see, of our Saviour bidding a man named Levi to follow Him. Now this man was occupied in selling things, sitting, as we are told in the Bible, “at the receipt of custom.” But when Christ said, “Follow me!” he left all, rose up, and followed Him, becoming one of His disciples. He is an example of unhesitating obedience to what he believed to be the will of God.

The first thing this man did, however, the Bible tells us, was to make a great feast for Jesus at his own house; and he also invited a number of his friends, who sat down with Jesus and His disciples. But the scribes and Pharisees murmured, saying to His disciples, “Why do ye eat and drink with publicans and sinners?”

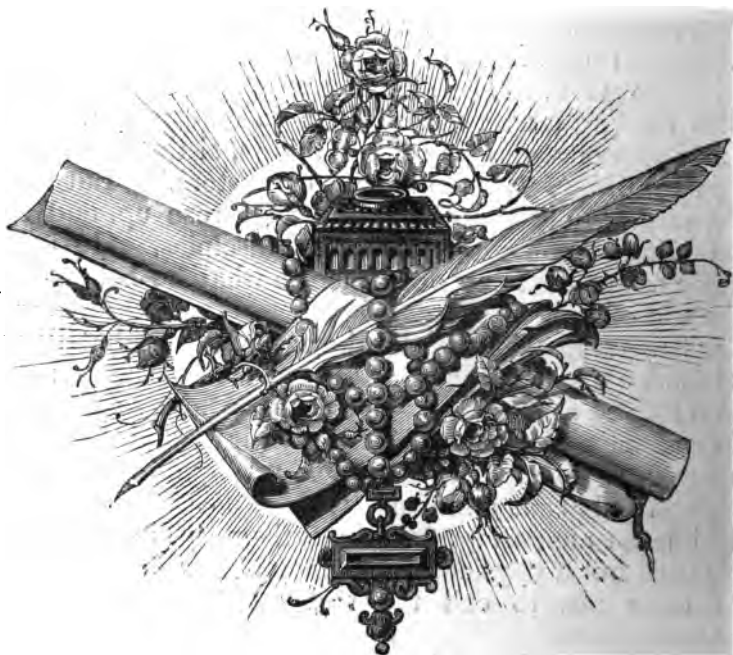
And Jesus answering, said unto them, “They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick.

“I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.”

The lesson we learn from this, my children, does but teach us how to apply the great commandment, “Thou

shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." The scribes and Pharisees did not think these men who were sitting down, at the feast with Jesus and His disciples good enough to be associated with, and Jesus reproves them for this feeling.

You see how Jesus came into this world to teach equally the rich and poor, the good and bad. You see that He went about to reclaim the wicked, to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the sick, to comfort the broken-hearted, and to receive all those who came to Him for consolation and help, sending none empty away that appealed to His loving-kindness and mercy.





THE POLECAT.



AM going to tell you now, little people, about an animal which is neither very nice in appearance nor habits, and has become proverbial for its evil smell.

The picture on the other page is of a Polecat: there is a mother with her two little ones, and they have climbed into a tree to eat up the poor dear little birds you see in that nest. How frightened the poor little birdies are, as they see the glistening eyes and hungry jaws close over them, ready to snap them up!—not one pair of gleaming eyes and savage jaws, but three pairs: for the two children polecats are every bit as savage and dangerous as their mother.

How I wish I was a sportsman at the foot of that tree! My gun would soon be up at my shoulder, and—bang!—the charge would go into Mrs. Polecat. Then I would so pepper the whole polecat-family, that they should soon turn round and beat a retreat, thankful to escape with their lives; and leaving the tiny birdies to wait happily in their warm comfortable nest until the papa and mamma birdies return.

Let us fancy that some kind sportsman has so saved the tiny fledglings; and now, having comforted ourselves with that thought, I will tell you some more about the nature and habits of the polecat. It belongs to the weasel tribe, which are all remarkable for their long slender bodies, their great activity in climbing, and their power of squeezing themselves through small openings; also for their sharp teeth, their quickness of scent, and their singular rapacity. So savage is the polecat that it is a dreadful pest to the farmyard. It is a most deadly enemy to poultry, game, and rabbits.

When engaged in hunting or robbing, it is wonderfully

bold, and will put on a cool and impudent air, instead of running away at once, when discovered and disturbed.

Not only does it make victims of the smaller kinds of poultry, such as ducks and chickens; but, although a small animal itself, it will attack geese or turkeys. This terrible little creature has the habit of destroying the life of every animal it can get at, apparently only for the pleasure of doing so. For instance, if it can make its way into a hen-house, it will kill every cock and hen and little chicken to be found there, although it may be impossible for it to eat a twentieth part of its victims.

It is fond of sucking the blood of the animals it kills, and begins generally by eating the brains. If it kills **many** victims at once, it will just suck their blood and eat their brains, leaving the rest of their bodies untouched.

The Polecat has another name; it is also called the Fitchet.





SUMMER FLOWERS.

THE children gather flowers,
 Fresh, and sweet, and gay :—
 Childhood's happy hours,
 How they fleet away!

A round-limbed rosy, baby
 Cries : " Sister, 'mell how sweet!"
 While stretching high as may be
 On her little feet.

Another child, still smaller,
 Into a basket spies ;
 And wishes herself taller,
 As she to lift it tries.

Puss, high up on the ladder,
 Watches bird with greedy eyes ;
 And feels a little sadder,
 When away the birdie flies.

Bird, pussy, children, flowers,
 You see them all drawn there,
 Passing happy hours,
 In the summer air.





SOME OF MY LITTLE FRIENDS:

Pussy.



USSY is a nickname given to this little friend of mine. Her real name is Catherine; and I daresay you wonder how it came to be changed into Pussy. Well, first she was called Kate, afterwards Kitty, then Kit; and you see when once she was called Kit, the change was quite natural from Kit to Pussy.

Pussy is a very good little girl in some respects, but she has one great fault: she cannot bear to give anything away. She is the eldest child in the family, and for a long time was the only one; but when she was about five years old, a dear little baby-girl made her appearance. Papa and Mamma were delighted, and Pussy seemed at first as much pleased as anybody. After a time, however, Baby began to want Pussy's toys: the little fat hands would be stretched out, and a little pleading cry heard from the pretty rosy lips, which meant that Baby was asking for the toy that she saw Pussy playing with. Now one would fancy that Pussy would have been pleased to give her toys sometimes to her little sister, or at all events to give her the old toys as often as she got new ones herself. But it was not so at all: and Mamma, who was very sorry to see Pussy so selfish, at last made a rule that she would never give Pussy a new toy without giving Baby one too.

When Pussy was about eight years old and Baby three, their aunt one day brought Pussy a beautiful new doll. It had wax arms and legs, real hair growing out of its head, and blue eyes with black eyelashes and eyebrows. Then it was dressed so prettily! with hat and cloak and boots, and all its things made to take on and off. Its dress was of light-blue silk and its cloak of blue velvet lined with white. All its little petticoats were embroidered, and in short it

was "a darling of a doll indeed"—as Pussy said when it was given to her.

Of course Baby wanted to look at it: she was not a naughty little child, and would have been satisfied if she had been allowed just to take it in her arms for a minute. She cried: "Do let Baby look, Pussy!" But no; Pussy wouldn't.

"Give her one of your old ones for herself then, Miss Kate," said nurse.

"No, nurse, I shan't," replied Pussy, and went off with her new doll into the schoolroom, leaving poor Baby to cry.

The schoolroom opened out of the nursery, and when Pussy was there, she heard her aunt calling her; so she popped Miss Dolly on to the mantel-piece, and ran off. Presently, patter, patter, patter went Baby's little feet, as she trotted into the schoolroom after her sister. Nurse was busy at work in the nursery at the time, and thinking Pussy still in the other room, did not follow Baby, who soon discovered Dolly lying there on the mantel-piece just over a beautiful blazing fire.

"Baby look at Dolly now," said the little thing to herself; and climbing on to a chair, she stretched out her arms, just caught hold of the doll, and toppled over into the fender.

Nurse heard a fall, and a dreadful scream: rushing in, she found Baby lying inside the fender, bruised and roasting, but happily not on fire. Poor dolly, though, was actually in the fire, and by the time she was plucked out, her beautiful clothes were burnt off her back, and her poor face and arms were melted out of all shape and beauty. Baby was ill for some time from the fright and from being so scorched; and I think Pussy began from that day to be less selfish, for she could not help seeing that her unkindness to her little sister had helped to bring about the accident.



OLD King Cole,
 Was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he,
 And he called for his pipe,
 And he called for his glass,
 And he called for his fiddlers three.
 And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
 And a very fine fiddle had he ;
 "Tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee," said the fiddlers,
 "Oh there's none so rare,
 As can compare
 With King Cole and his fiddlers three."



MEMOIRS OF A POODLE.

CHAPTER X.

**MUNITO.—WE GO TO GENEVA AND LAUSANNE.—I AM LOST.
—A STORM.—CRUEL CHILDREN.—I AM CONDEMNED TO
DEATH.—A REPRIEVE.—BRIGITTE THE POOR
WIDOW.**



WE had started on our journey with the intention of going into Italy, as I have already said, but Therèse and her husband changed their plans, and went instead to Geneva, without explaining the reason to me. Perhaps they thought that it wouldn't signify to a dog whether he lived in one country or another. But in this they were mistaken: it signified very much to me. Indeed, I had a great dread of going to Italy; and I will tell you why.

Italy was the native country of a certain learned and famous dog called Munito, a poodle like me, whom my old friend Jacques had often talked to me about. I know what cruel treatment a dog must go through before he can be taught to perform as Munito did; and I feared that if I went to Italy, I might be stolen, and made into a learned dog in the same way.

Whenever I excited the wonder of Jacques by my intelligence, he used to compare me to Munito, and would say: "Oh, Cæsar, you are so clever you would easily learn to read, and add up sums, and play at dominoes, as Munito did; but I should never have the heart to beat you, or

keep you without food and sleep to make you learn, as his master used to do. People paid money to see that wonderful dog, and his avaricious master became rich; but the more astonishing the things that Munito did, the more he was pitied by the spectators. Yes, Cæsar, people used to say: 'What cruel means must have been used to make a poor dog do all this!'"

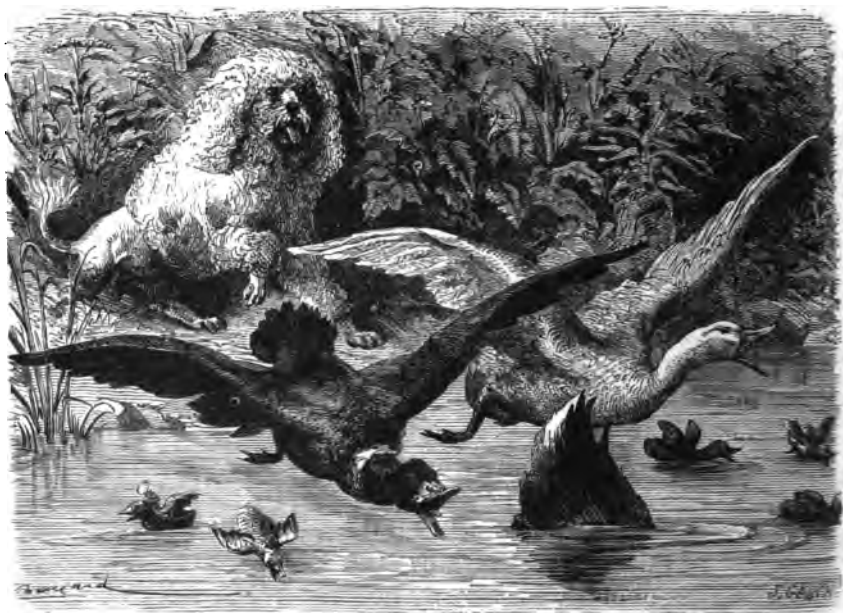
After talking in this way, Jacques would generally take me up in his arms, and add: "Never fear, Cæsar, that you will be ill-treated; and, as for intelligence and spirit, you have as much already as if you were a professor of writing and arithmetic."

My little readers will understand how the remembrance of such conversations as this made me fear to go to a country where dogs are taught to read and write. Not that I despise accomplishments. If, instead of a cruel master, I knew some gentle child who wished to teach me to play at dominoes, even now, in spite of my age, I would become a scholar with all my heart. What will not a dog do to please a child?

Scarcely had we arrived at Geneva, and settled ourselves at the hotel, when my young mistress shut herself up with me in her dressing-room, and began to soap me all over from the muzzle to the tip of the tail. She washed me thoroughly in one water after another, and was charmed at the good grace with which I allowed her to do it.

"At last," said she, "you look like yourself again, my Fido." And taking me in her arms, she held me before the glass; nor was I insensible to the pleasure of looking at myself.

The sun was shining on the lake, which looked as blue as the sky above it. I remained on the balcony to dry myself in the sun while my master and mistress took a turn about the town. The next morning at eight o'clock we embarked in a boat upon the lake. We were going to see the pretty little town of Lausanne, and to remain there for the night. I have not the broad paw, as some dogs have, which is



SOME TIMID DUCKS ALONE WERE AFRAID OF US.

good for swimming ; and though I liked so much to look at the lake from the balcony, I became frightened when I was on it. It appeared an ocean to me. The wind rose, and the waves rose too, till I imagined that death awaited me beneath that blue water. I remained by the side of *Therèse*, silent and trembling.

At *Lausanne* the dog of the hotel, where we dined, showed me some politeness ; and after dinner, at his invitation, I consented to go with him to pay a visit to his mother, who lived about two miles from the town.

I took an opportunity to run out when my mistress was not watching me, and we were off in a moment.

This conduct must appear to you very culpable, for I think it so myself ; still, let me observe that it is very natural for a dog to like the company of his own species. I may add, besides, as some excuse, that the voyage upon

the lake had made me feel very uncomfortable. I wanted exercise and liberty : I longed to run about on the firm land. With what pleasure did I bound along, following my new friend, who was a handsome spaniel, through the foot-paths in the fresh, sweet-smelling woods ! We met no one ; the birds did not stop singing at our approach, so gentle and amiable was our appearance. Some timid ducks alone were afraid of us, and sought refuge in a pond, where I certainly felt no inclination to follow them.

The spaniel ran on in front, now and then stopping to see if I was near, and starting again at full speed. At last it happened somehow that I lost sight of him, and found myself alone in the middle of an open field.

Dogs, like people, are very apt to discover their faults only just when they begin to suffer from them. My little excursion had seemed innocent enough while I had a guide and companion : now, I wondered how I came to commit such a folly. How could I have forgotten the anxiety my absence would cause to Therèse ? Alas, I little deserved the name of Fido !

I lay down at the foot of a tree, and soon fell asleep in the midst of these sad reflections.

I know not how long my sleep had lasted when the noise of thunder woke me up. Seized with terror, I ran into the wood ; the rain fell in torrents, the lightning dazzled me. My fright turned my head, and I ran about without knowing where. I barked, hoping that someone might answer me : but no sound except the thunder broke the silence. Worn out with fatigue and fear, I crept into the hollow trunk of an old tree, and there I remained, trembling and miserable, until the moment when two wicked boys happened to pass by. They saw me, and I was so weak that I allowed them to take hold of me without the least resistance.

They carried me to a village, where other children came round me, and began to insult me.

“ How ugly and dirty he is ! ” said one. I was drenched with rain and covered with mud.



HE TIED A STRING ROUND MY NECK, AND PLACED IT IN THE HAND
OF THE OLD WOMAN.

“Let us knock him on the head!” said a boy.

“No,” suggested another, “let us tie a great stone to
his neck, and throw him into the lake!”

This sentence of death froze my blood, I had not even

the strength to cast a pleading look towards the cruel boy.

An old beggar-woman came by at that moment: she pitied me: "Children," she said, "give me this poor beast! Before long I shall be almost blind, and he will do to guide me along the roads when I go out to beg my bread."

"Yes, yes, that will be best," exclaimed a little boy more compassionate than the rest. "Let us give him to poor Brigitte!"

Immediately the whole assembly changed their intention, and the thought of doing a kindness to the old woman made them forget the expected pleasure of seeing me drown. Upon what a chance my fate depended!

The little boy who had taken my part, pulled a string out of his pocket, tied it round my neck, and placed the end in the hand of the old woman. She received me as if I was a treasure.

I have never seen that child again, but I often think of him: his good heart saved me from the little barbarians who were already beginning to clap their hands at the prospect of my death. A fine spectacle truly to see a poor dog thrown into the water! If I did but know where to find my benefactor, I would travel any distance to lie at his feet, and lick his hands. He must be a man now, but that would not prevent me from recognizing the child. I hope at least these memoirs may meet his eye, and he will see that I am not ungrateful.

Brigitte took me away in haste, as if she thought somebody might want to carry off from her a poor half-dead dog. The storm had passed over, and we went along paths where the hedges, still wet, sparkled under the rays of the sun. At last we reached another little village, and we entered the poorest-looking cottage in it.

Having closed the door, Brigitte sat down and took me on her knees. "Poor beast," she said, "what a state you are in! I am not rich, but you shall not want food to eat." She took some hard bread out of a cupboard, and gave me a mouthful, which I devoured.

“How hungry he is! I have a great mind to begin that piece of bacon. He is going to be my companion and friend, and I will make a feast to welcome him. To think of my having a dog, and a poodle too, the most faithful of all dogs!”

She went to a basin, which was carefully covered up, and took out a piece of bacon. The very smell of it made me feel more cheerful, and we both enjoyed our supper. At night I slept on the foot of Brigitte's bed, and so well that I did not wake up till daylight. Her first word was to me: she talked to me as if I were a person. I was truly happy in seeing the joy my presence brought to this poor woman.

We went out together, and she talked to me all the time. At our meals—poor as they were!—the same good feeling prevailed. Never did I sulk at a bad dinner, nor attempt to take the best pieces for myself. In a few days I recovered my beauty so completely that Brigitte became uneasy about it.

“You have not the look of a dog belonging to a poor person,” she said: “I shall be afraid to go out with you.”

We did go out together, nevertheless; and I had the satisfaction even to increase her little revenue, for people took more notice of her as she went about with me. At many a cottage door we heard: “Come in, come in, Brigitte, and bring in your pretty dog.”

What a change of life for me! But I do not give the name of adversity to any position that is humble; and this page of my life affords one of its sweetest recollections. Poor Brigitte! she was old and in rags; yet I, so fond of youth and elegance, loved that wrinkled face, and used to lick those brown and bony hands. I do not set up for a great teacher, but I cannot help saying to my little readers: “If a poor dog could thus sweeten the existence of an old woman, think how the affection of children may make old people happy.”

The poor woman was generally beloved and pitied by her neighbours. During her husband's lifetime she had

been well off, but when he died, leaving her four sons to bring up, little by little her small property was consumed. Three of the sons died just as they reached an age when they might help their mother instead of being a burden to her; and André, the youngest, remained her only consolation. At last she lost him too, for in drawing lots for the conscription, he drew an unlucky number, and had to go off to be a soldier. They were living in France then, just on the other side the frontier. Ten years had passed, but she had never seen him again; and it was after his departure that she became dependent on the charity of her neighbours.

Brigitte gave me the name of Fidèle, saying it was the only one suitable to me. So you see she called me by the same name in French that Thérèse had called me in Italian.

Winter came on, and Brigitte coughed a great deal. We had but poor fare, but we lived in peace, sleeping and snoring, one on each side the fire, supported by charity. When she was too ill to go out, I took the basket round to her friends, who soon filled it for me. Children were always delighted when they saw me coming. "Mother, mother," they would cry, "there's Fidèle, let us give him something nice!"

Sometimes I got so much at the first cottage I went to that I had no need to go further.

"What, already!" said Brigitte, hearing me scratch at the door. "I am not jealous of you, my dog, though I know it is you that everybody loves, while I profit by it. It is wonderful to see a creature like you taking such care of a poor old widow."

The winter, with its mists and snow, passed away. The door of the cottage was set open, and only closed at night. Brigitte sat on a bench outside, and I was always near her. We had neither park nor garden, but we could look at the beautiful scenery around us as if it were all our own.



PLAYING AT GROWN-UP PEOPLE:

REAPERS.



OF all the dangerous games ever played by these children, who are so fond of pretending to be grown-up people, the worst, I think, was that fancy they took to play at being reapers. When I heard of it, I was not surprised to hear also that one of them was badly hurt.

Franky had two schoolfellows and two of his cousins staying with him all at once that summer, and on the day I speak of the five boys went out together. Luckily Franky's sisters did not go out with them. Well, the boys went into the field, where the yellow corn was being cut down and bound into sheaves. After they had been looking on at the reapers for a little while, the men left off work to have their dinners; and as it was a very hot day, they all went to sit down under the shade of some large trees at the other end of the field, leaving two of their reaping-hooks behind them.

No sooner had the men turned their backs, than Franky exclaimed :

“Now let us play at being reapers !”

They began their play by all taking off their jackets. There were Franky, Reggy, Artie, Watty, and Ratty—the last being short for Horatio. Franky and Reggy, as the two biggest, took possession of the reaping-hooks, and began flourishing them about as if they had quite forgotten that the blades were sharp. Ratty, who was only five, showed himself the wisest of the party ; for he got behind some sheaves of corn, which he could just see over, and prepared to look on at the game from a place of safety. Artie, who was famous for his appetite, took a hunch of bread and cheese out of his pocket, and giving some to Watty, he sat down upon the ground. “Now let us two,” said he, “play at being reapers having their dinner !”

What with the hot day, and the reaping, and the eating bread and cheese, they all soon began to feel thirsty. A little barrel, which had been brought out with beer in it for the reapers, was lying on the ground. Artie took it up, and as they all crowded round to see if there was any beer left in it, a gruff voice sounded close to them :—

“Hullo ! hullo ! what are you about ? I’ll be after you.”

It was only one of the reapers ; but the little rogues were so frightened that they ran off, Franky forgetting even to put down his reaping-hook. In his hurry he stumbled and fell ; while Reggy, who was close behind, fell over him, and cut his leg so badly on the hook, that he had to be carried home, was obliged to have the cut sewn up, and could not walk for three months afterwards.





TOM THE DONKEY.



WHEN I was a little girl I had a donkey called Tom. He was always kind and gentle to us children, but had a great dislike to dogs, and to one dog in particular. This was a bull-dog belonging to Papa, and his name was Captain.

Captain used to worry poor Tom dreadfully by running after him and trying to bite his heels; so one day, when master Captain attacked the donkey in this fierce manner, Tom kicked up his heels so suddenly that master Captain fell on his back, quite stunned; and then Tom, seeming at last quite out of patience with the dog, and determined to have no more trouble with him, caught him up in his mouth, and dragging him to the river which flowed at the bottom of the field, put Captain in with the water well over his head. When he saw the dog attempted to move, Tom quietly laid down on the top of him until he was drowned.

Was not that a terrible revenge?



THE ANGEL.



“**M**ELL us a pretty story, darling mamma!” say the little ones; “*do* tell us a pretty story!”

“Children,” I answer, “I am not in the humour; my mind is occupied; I cannot invent one to-day.”

“Try to recollect a story then, and tell it,” they all cry out at once.

Then I think of the good man whose stories not only delight children, but make them, and grown-up people too, better and more thoughtful: and I tell my children Hans Christian Andersen’s story of—

THE ANGEL.

WHENEVER a good child dies, an angel from heaven comes down to earth and takes the dead child in his arms, spreads out his great white wings, and flies away over all the places the child has loved, and picks quite a handful of flowers, which he carries up to the Almighty, that they may bloom in heaven more brightly than on earth. And the Father presses all the flowers to His heart, but He kisses the flower that pleases Him best, and the flower is then endowed with a voice, and can join in the great chorus of praise.

"See,"—this is what an angel said as he carried a child up to heaven; and the child heard as if in a dream, and they went on over the regions of home, where the child had played, and they came through gardens full of beautiful flowers—"which of these shall we take with us to plant in heaven?" asked the angel.

Now there stood near them a beautiful slender rose-bush; but some wicked hand had broken the stem, so that the half-opened buds were hanging down their heads quite withered.

"The poor rose-bush!" said the child. "Take it, that it may bloom up yonder."

The angel took it, and kissed the child, and the little one half opened his eyes. They plucked some rich flowers, but also took with them the despised buttercup and the wild pansy.

"Now we have flowers," said the child, and the angel nodded.

But he did not yet fly upwards to heaven. It was night, and quite silent: they remained in the great city, and floated about there in a small street, where lay whole heaps of straw, ashes, and sweepings, for it had been removal-day. There lay fragments of plates, bits of plaster, rags, and old hats, and all this did not look well. The angel pointed amid all this confusion to a few fragments of a

flower-pot, and a lump of earth which had fallen out, and which was kept together by the roots of a great dried field flower, which was of no use, and had therefore been thrown out into the street.

"We will take that with us," said the angel. "I will tell you why as we fly onward.

"Down yonder in the narrow lane, in the low cellar, lived a poor sick boy; from his childhood he had been bed-ridden. When he was at his best he could go up and down the room a few times, leaning on crutches; that was the utmost he could do. Sometimes in summer the sunbeams would penetrate for a few hours to the ground of the cellar; and when the poor boy sat there, and the sun shone on him, he would say, 'Yes, to-day I have been out!' He only knew the forest, with its beautiful vernal green, from the fact that a neighbour's son brought him the first green branch of a beech tree, and he held that up over his head, and dreamed he was in the beech wood, where the sun shone and the birds sang.

"On a spring day the neighbour's boy also brought him field flowers; and among these was, by chance, one to which the root was hanging; and so it was planted in a flower-pot, and placed by the bed, close to the window. The flower grew, threw out new shoots, and bore flowers every year. It became as a splendid flower-garden to the sickly boy—his little treasure here on earth. He watered it, and tended it, and took care that it had the benefit of every ray of sunlight, down to the last that struggled in through the narrow window; and the flower itself was woven into his dreams, for it grew for him, and gladdened his eyes, and spread its fragrance about him; and towards it he turned in death, when the Father called him. He has now been with the Almighty for a year: for a year the flower has stood forgotten in the window, and is withered; and thus at the removal, it has been thrown out into the dust of the street. And this is the flower, the poor withered flower, which we have taken into our nosegay;



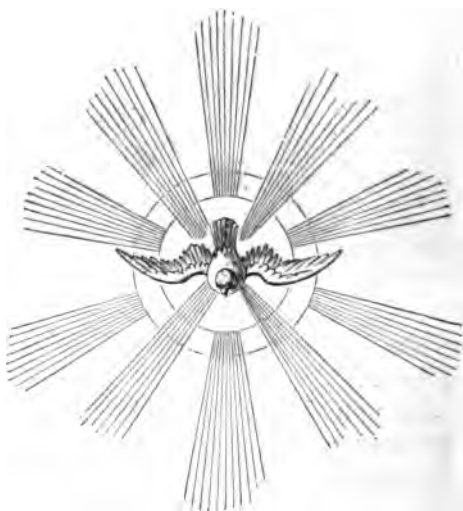
for this flower has given more joy than the richest flower in a queen's garden."

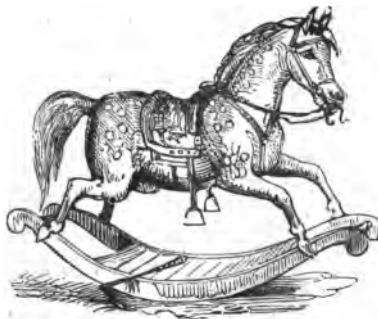
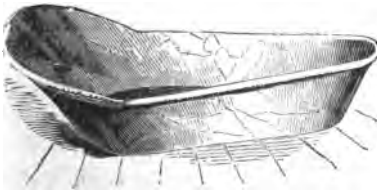
"But how do you know all this?" asked the child whom the angel was carrying to heaven.

"I know it," said the angel, "because I myself was that little boy who walked on crutches! I know my flower well!"

And the child opened his eyes, and looked into the glorious, happy face of the angel; and at the same moment they entered the regions where there is peace and joy. And the Father pressed the dead child to His bosom, and then it received wings like the angel, and flew hand

in hand with him. And the Almighty pressed all the flowers to His heart! but He kissed the dry, withered field flower, and it received a voice, and sang with all the angels hovering around—some near, some in wider circles, and some in infinite distance, but all equally happy. And they all sang, the little and the great, the good happy child and the poor field flower that had lain there withered, thrown among the dust in the rubbish of the removal-day, in the narrow, dark lane.





HERE are six objects, all to be found in the nursery. Three begin with a C, one with B, one with D, and one with R. Now see if you can find them out.



LITTLE BIRD! LITTLE BIRD!

“
 LITTLE bird! little bird! come to me!
 I have a green cage ready for thee;
 Beauty-bright flowers I'll bring to you,
 And fresh, ripe cherries, all wet with dew.”

“Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care,—
 But I dearly love the clear, cool air!
 And my snug little nest in the old oak-tree.”

“Little bird! little bird! stay with me.”

“Nay, little damsel; away I'll fly
 To greener fields and a warmer sky;
 When spring returns with pattering rain,
 You will hear my merry song again.”

“Little bird! little bird! I would take care
 Nice seed and water for you to prepare.”

“No, no! little girl, God has scattered the seed
 On which little birds are intended to feed.”

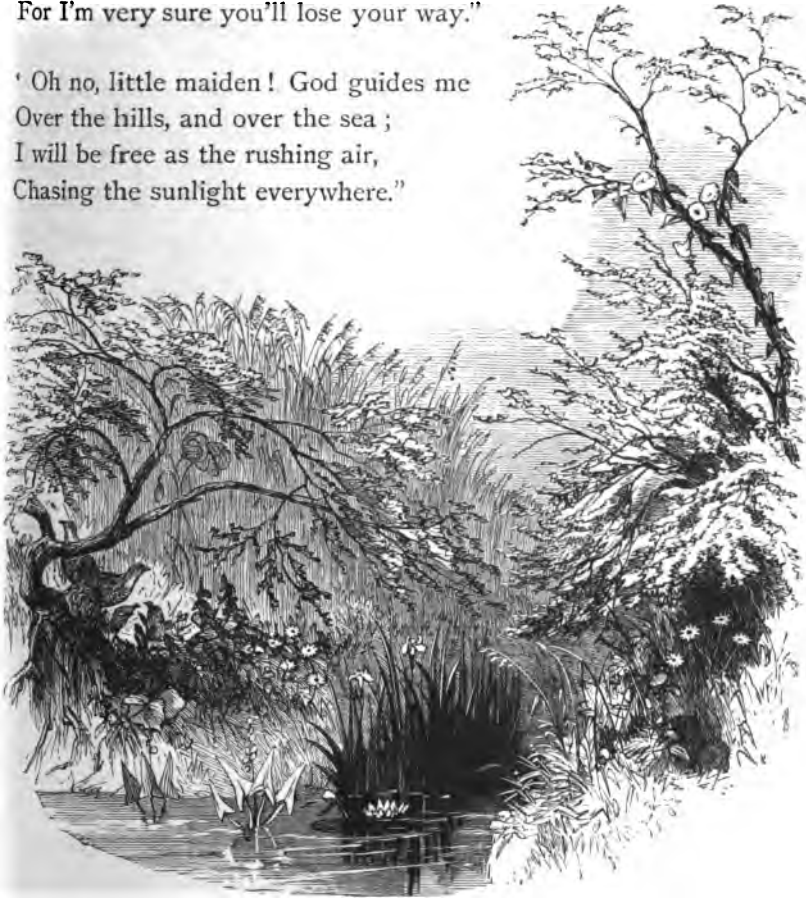


"Little bird! little bird! who will guide
thee

Over the hills, and over the sea?

Foolish one, come in the house to stay,
For I'm very sure you'll lose your way."

' Oh no, little maiden! God guides me
Over the hills, and over the sea;
I will be free as the rushing air,
Chasing the sunlight everywhere."





MAMMA'S TALK:

THE LAST SUPPER.



MY darling children, I have told you already, in one of our Sunday talks, that those among the Jews who most actively opposed our Saviour, were the scribes and Pharisees, the chief priests and elders. They not only denied that He was sent by God to be the Redeemer of mankind, but in spite of His beautiful teaching of brotherly love and kindness, in spite even of the miracles He

performed, they plotted together to have Him put to death.

I shall describe to you His trial and crucifixion another day; *now* I am going to relate what occurred immediately before His imprisonment.

The illustration you see above represents Him praying at a time when He knew that His arrest was just about to take place. He had gone on to the mount of Olives with His disciples, and separating Himself a little from them, He fell on His knees, and prayed, saying,—

“Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done.”

You see Christ was ready to suffer death on the cross—for that was the bitter cup He was to drink—in order to fulfil the will of His Father. Then we are told that there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him. And St. Luke adds: “And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.”

Earlier in the evening, before going out on to the mount of Olives, He had taken His last meal in Jerusalem with His disciples. It is called the Last Supper. That day happened to be one which is a great festival with the Jews, called the Feast of the Passover, held in commemoration of their escape out of Egypt. The Jews are commanded at this feast to eat unleavened bread in recollection of the haste with which they left the land of bondage.

Jesus Christ and His disciples sat down to eat the Passover together. Now Jesus knew at that time how near was the hour of His crucifixion: He knew also that one of His disciples, named Judas Iscariot, who was then present, had been bribed by the chief priests to betray Him. The priests feared to arrest Jesus in the presence of the multitude of people who usually followed Him to hear Him teach; so they bribed Judas to give them notice of a favourable opportunity when He should be alone with His disciples. Jesus said at supper: “Behold the hand of

him that betrayeth Me is with Me on the table." But the other disciples did not know whom He meant.

Our Saviour gave His disciples on this occasion a last lesson of brotherly love and humility. He took water, and washed their feet, saying to them :

"Know ye what I have done to you? If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet." And He added: "A new commandment I give unto you; that ye love one another as I have loved you. By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye love one another."

As they ate, Jesus took bread and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave it unto them, saying: "This is My body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of Me." Also He took the cup after supper, saying: "This cup is the New Testament, in My blood, which is shed for you."

And our Saviour enjoined His disciples to celebrate this supper in memory of Him. Therefore the sacrament of the Lord's Supper has been instituted. Then He exhorted them to be patient and brave in the sorrows that would befall them; to love and help each other; and to preach the gospel boldly. He concludes by saying:

"In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."





SOME OF MY LITTLE FRIENDS:

LAME PETER.

THE name of my little friend, whom you see in the picture, sitting with crutches by his side, is Peter. You see him as he was after the dreadful accident had happened which made the poor boy a cripple; but when I first knew Peter, he was the brightest, merriest little lad I ever met with, and as tender and gentle as he was full of fun. Good boy as he was, however, he was sometimes disobedient. If he had not been so, the sad accident from which he suffered would never have occurred.

When I made Peter's acquaintance he was eight years old. I had been asked to spend a few days at his papa's house in the country: and on arriving at the little country railway station, I found the carriage waiting for me, with Peter's mamma in it; but Peter himself was jumping and bounding about on the platform like a parched pea on a drum-head.

"Have you seen it? Oh, have you seen it?" cried the little boy directly he saw me.

"Seen what?" I inquired in return.

"The cockatoo that uncle George has sent us from Australia: it was to come by this train."

Turning round I observed a porter carrying a large cage, in which was a splendid cockatoo. The cage was put upon the front seat of the open carriage, and we all drove merrily home.

Mr. Cockatoo was very handsome, with salmon-coloured crest and lovely white plumage, but he was as mischievous as he was beautiful, and soon made himself generally hated. He had not been in the house many hours before he contrived to unfasten his cage-door, and perching upon a high screen near the door of the drawing-room, prepared to swoop down upon the luckless head of any one who entered.

His first victim was the old butler, who happened to wear a wig, which the cockatoo carried off from the poor man's head, to his intense dismay,—but to the great amusement of Peter, who happened to be the only witness of the scene, and who described it to us amid roars of laughter. Whenever cockatoo could escape from his cage, that screen was his favourite station, whence he started on his marauding expeditions: and he generally succeeded in carrying off some such trifle as a lady's cap, or at least a clawful of hair. One day he perched upon the head of Peter's papa, who was bald, and because he did not find sufficient hair to fix his claws into, pecked at the poor head most spitefully.

You may imagine from all this how odious he was to the family, and to the household generally; but to Peter, and to him alone, the cockatoo always showed a friendly feeling. He would generally come and perch upon the little boy's arm, if it was held out for him, and then he seemed to take pains to be gentle and to avoid hurting him by beak or claw. It was this one good trait in the cockatoo's character which saved him from being sent away.

One day he was missing from his cage, and after a fruitless search had been made for him in the house, he was at last observed waddling leisurely across the lawn. Peter, being the only one at whose call he would come, went into the garden after him: we—that is, mamma and I and some of the servants,—followed Peter at a distance.

Just as the little boy approached him, the perverse creature flew up into a tree, and Peter immediately began to climb up after him.

"Peter, Peter!" cried mamma, "you must not do that; you will fall; come down, pray, come down."

But Peter turned a deaf ear to his mother's entreaties: eager and excited in the chase, he would not obey. Higher and higher he climbed; he was close to the cockatoo, and stretched out a hand to seize him. At that moment the parrot spread his great wings, and, with a hoarse cry, flew

to another tree; while Peter, in stretching out his arm, lost his hold upon the tree, and fell down, down, crashing through the branches, to the ground.

We ran up, and there the poor child lay, insensible, and all huddled together upon the grass. He was carried gently into the house, and the doctor soon came. On examination it was found that his thigh was broken. He suffered a great deal, and when at last he got about a little again, he had changed from being the merriest little fellow in the world, to be so, so sad. I have never seen him without crutches since.

No one cared to catch the cockatoo after this terrible accident. He was seen occasionally during the next two or three days in the great trees near the house, but then he must have flown off to a greater distance, and it was never known what became of him.





LITTLE ANTS.

A LITTLE black ant found a large grain of wheat,
 Too heavy to lift or to roll ;
 So he begged of a neighbour he happened to meet
 To help it down into his hole.

“ I’ve got my own work to see after,” said he ;
 “ You must shift for yourself, if you please : ”
 So he crawl’d off, as selfish and cross as could be,
 And lay down to sleep at his ease.

Just then a black brother was passing the road,
 And seeing his neighbour in want,
 Came up and assisted him in with his load ;
 For he was a good-natured ant.

Let all who this story may happen to hear
Endeavour to profit by it ;
For often it happens that children appear
As cross as the ant, every bit.

And the good-natured ant who assisted his brother
May teach those who choose to be taught,
That if little insects are kind to each other,
Then children most certainly ought.



SEE-SAW! Margery Daw! baby shall have a new master ;
He shall have but a penny a-day, because he can't work *any*
faster.



MEMOIRS OF A POODLE.

CHAPTER XI.

I BECOME A NURSE TO CHILDREN.—AN
UNEXPECTED VISIT.



ONE day—it was during the harvest—a woman of the village said to Brigitte: “Mother, since Fidèle runs about with your basket now, and collects provisions for you, and you are able to stay at home all day, spinning, I have a great mind to leave my boy with you while I am out at work. My mind would be quite at ease about him when I knew he was with you and Fidèle. I should not be ungrateful either, you should have a loaf each time I bake bread for myself.”

My poor mistress was so rejoiced she could hardly trust her ears, and the bargain was concluded at once.

A fat chubby-faced little boy, about fifteen months old, was brought the next day and placed on the ground by the side of me. My tail and my ears afforded him great amusement, and we soon began a game at romps. It does everyone good to have a little play sometimes, especially those who are philosophers like me; they have more need of occasional relaxation of the mind. This little Antoine made me feel young again. I played with him like a child; I rolled on the ground, I pretended to bite, and sometimes when I barked softly, he tried to imitate me.

The example of this young mother was followed by



WE APPEARED TO BE KEEPING AN INFANT SCHOOL.

others, and so many children were brought to Brigitte and me to take care of while their mothers were at work that we appeared to be keeping an infant school. The children were never happy while I was out with the basket; Antoine always cried till I came back again; and it soon became clear that my presence was necessary for the maintenance of order. Seeing this, the mothers adopted the plan of bringing provisions each day for Brigitte and me, that I might have no occasion to go out.

Sometimes Brigitte went into the little garden to gather vegetables; then she would say to me: "Fidèle, stop here and watch the children; if they want me you must call."

While she was out I would either play with them, or, if any of them were asleep, I would sit still, watching them, and snap at the flies as they passed, for fear they should

settle on the sleeping children, mistaking their chubby cheeks for roses. Throughout the neighbourhood people used to talk of the intelligent way in which I took care of the children.

We were happy, my old mistress and I. She seemed to grow younger; she even sang sometimes, in a feeble quivering voice, the songs of her youth. The singing was not beautiful, but I wagged my tail as if it gave me the greatest pleasure, for I know that any singer, however inferior, likes to be listened to and applauded. Oh, wealth and grandeur! you bring no such happiness as we found in this humble existence. But a still greater happiness was in store for us.

One autumn evening, just as we were going to bed, I heard somebody walking about outside the cottage. I jumped up, and barking fiercely, gave the person outside to understand that Dame Brigitte was not without a protector. Presently the person knocked at the door.

A knocking on the door at that hour! What could it mean?

"Who is it?" cried Brigitte, surprised, and rather frightened.

"A traveller." I barked more fiercely.

"Have I mistaken the cottage?" said the traveller outside.

At this question, and at the sound of the voice, Brigitte cried out: "André, André, it is you!"

She unfastens the door, and falls swooning into the arms of her son, for it was indeed he. André having laid his mother down on the bed, I jumped up on it, and whined and smelt about the poor old woman, showing an anxiety at which André was quite touched.

"Poor beast!" said he, "you love her well then? Be comforted; look, she opens her eyes. Come, my dear mother, your son is here close to you. It is not a dream. Look at him well, for he has made a long journey to come to you."



HE PUT SOME PUDDING AND THE SAUSAGES IN MY BASKET.

Brigitte wept, and I licked her hands. She was soon able to get up and to talk. She put one of our largest logs of wood upon the fire, which blazed up and gave a good light. Then I saw a man of middling size, pale and

thin; he had an enormous moustache, which did not however prevent him from kissing his old mother. The sight of him agitated me, and I jumped on to Brigitte's lap by way of asserting my rights.

"Yes, yes, Fidèle," said she, "you will always be my friend: do not be jealous, but love him as I love him. He is my son, my André, that I have not seen for ten years."

To please her I went over at once to the soldier, who said, while caressing me: "Mother, do you know that this is a magnificent dog?"

"I know only," she replied, "that he is a faithful friend."

She related in what manner she first became possessed of me, and went on to tell of all the services I had rendered her. Then remembering that travellers are generally hungry, she took out from the closet some bread and some bacon; but she did not say that I had brought this little supply that very morning from the mother of the little Antoine. At first I was astonished at her silence, but on reflection I understood that she did not wish her son to know we lived upon charity.

The next morning Brigitte rose before daylight. André had passed the night seated in his mother's old arm-chair, with his head resting against the wall. He was still asleep when Brigitte gave me the basket, making me a sign to go and seek some provision and come back quickly.

My appearance in the village so early in the morning caused some surprise.

"What! here already, Fidèle? It seems that Brigitte has a good appetite this morning. But luckily we killed a pig this week, and you shall have some sausages." This was said by the mother of the little Antoine; and he himself, seeing me there, jumped out of his bed, and came to put some pudding and the sausages into my basket.

I ran off again like a thief, jumping over everything in my way, and reached home before André was awake. Brigitte, having secured a breakfast for her son, began the

cooking. The soldier woke up, and smiled—first at his mother, and then at the good breakfast he saw preparing.

The news of André's return soon spread, and our neighbours came to witness the happiness of his poor old mother. It was fine weather, and the company could sit out of doors and listen to André's story of his adventures. Besides what I heard from him, Brigitte delighted to repeat to me twenty times a day: "You see the poor boy has fought for the glory of France; his body is covered with wounds. He was made a prisoner by the Russians, and has been released; but instead of going to Paris to make his claim upon the government, he has come to find his poor old mother."

It was only then I learnt that Brigitte had not till lately lived in Switzerland, but a short way off in France; just, in fact, on the other side the frontier. Her son had thus become a soldier under the French conscription.

After the first moments of surprise and happiness were over, it was necessary to confess to the brave soldier that we were living upon charity. The next day he went about the neighbourhood inquiring for work, and soon succeeded in obtaining it. I did not go begging any longer. André used to eat at the house of the farmer who employed him, and began to grow fat, while all our neighbours seemed to take pleasure in showing kindness to us and him.

Brigitte sometimes said to me: "Fidèle, I am too happy now,—too happy for it to last." These words were an enigma to me, and I lived contentedly with her and the good André.





CHAPTER XII.

I LEARN MY DRILL.—BRIGITTE'S JOY AT SEEING MY PER-
FORMANCES.—STORY OF AN ARTILLERY-MAN'S DOG.
—MY ADVENTURE WITH TWO EELS.—DEATH OF
BRIGITTE.



HE winter was severe, but it was not a sad one for us. André employed his evenings in making wooden shoes, and I used to watch him for hours together. He had become very fond of me, and one day he said :

“Come now, Fidèle, I will teach you your drill. If you are obedient I shall not be severe.”

This proposal sounded harshly to my ears : I became sad at the thought of entering, at my age, on the career of arms. But Brigitte approved of her son's project, and my military education began at once. As it happened, however, thanks to the gentleness of my master, these lessons, which I had dreaded, interested me very much.

I soon learnt to obey the different words of command ; such as : “Present arms ! Shoulder arms !” But what glory it was, both for the drill-sergeant and the recruit, when I took aim at the good Brigitte ! At the word of command I pretended to fire ; and to make the performance more effective, Brigitte, as I did so, would throw herself into her arm-chair as if she had been shot, and only

return to life after she had been well licked by her brave dog.

We gave representations of this performance on fête-days. People came from a distance to see it, and Brigitte grew more proud of me every day.

Unluckily there happened one day to be among the spectators a schoolmaster, who related a story of a dog whose exploits made mine appear insignificant by comparison. I show my modesty and my simplicity in repeating the story now to my readers.

"The hero of my story," began the schoolmaster, "unfortunately was not Swiss; but let us render justice to all, of whatever country. An artillery-man of Dublin had a greyhound named Mustapha, who accompanied his master wherever he went. At the terrible battle of Fontenoy the master of Mustapha was mortally wounded. A discharge of the enemy's artillery killed him just as he was himself preparing to fire.

"The greyhound, seeing his master stretched upon the ground and covered with blood, uttered cries of despair; but grief did not take away his presence of mind. Seeing a French force advancing to take possession of the gun, he seized the match, which was still alight in the hand of his master, and through some marvellous instinct, fired off the cannon. Sixty of the advancing enemy fell to the ground. After this brilliant exploit the incomparable Mustapha crouched down upon the body of his master, licked his wounds, and refused during four-and-twenty hours either to eat or drink.

"Some comrades of the artillery-man contrived at last to lead away the poor beast. He was taken to London, and presented to King George II., who gave him a pension for his support, the same as to a brave soldier. What say you to that, Mother Brigitte? I predict that Fidèle will never arrive at firing off cannons."

"I hope he never may," replied Brigitte, warmly. "A dog kill sixty men at once! Horrible! Leave men to

kill each other. Besides, as for these stories of past times, one is never sure that they are true: now the wonderful things that Fidèle has done have been seen by everybody about here. I don't care what passes in other countries: I love my own country, and my own dog."

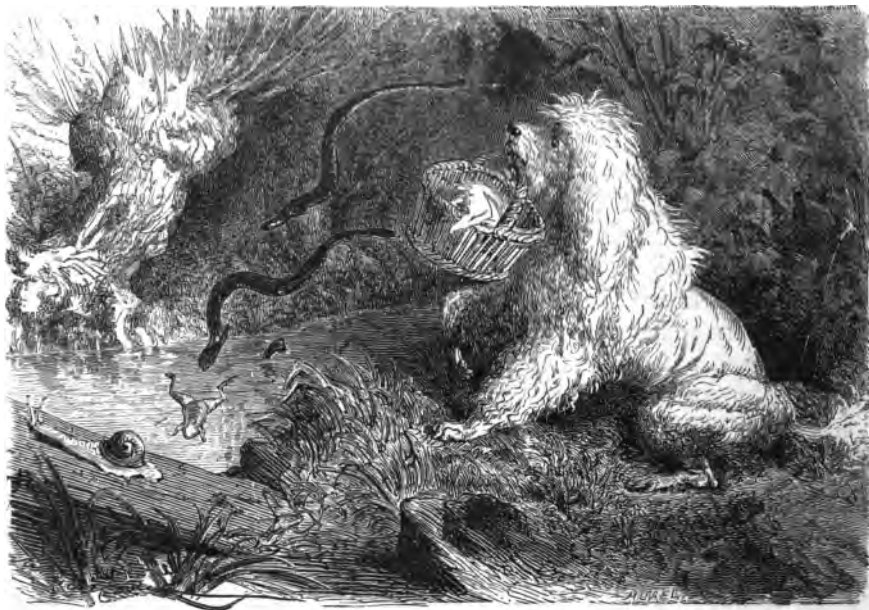
My old mistress was visibly hurt, and the schoolmaster—a good man at heart—began to caress and praise me by way of pacifying her. This story, however, excited André's ambition. From that time he thought only of making me more clever;—not the useless cleverness which consists in reading and writing a little like a child, but he resolved to educate me to be an intelligent servant.

Thanks to the industry of her son, Brigitte was no longer dependent upon charity; but she did not grow more nimble. It was necessary that some one should go to market for her, and that some one could only be Fidèle. André devoted a good deal of time to teaching me my new duties. He took me to the little town where I was to purchase provisions, introducing me to the grocer, the butcher, and all the tradesmen with whom I should habitually deal.

The first time I went to the town alone, I became confused, and stood still in the middle of the market-place, looking like a fool, and not knowing which way to turn. But there are good and kind people everywhere. As soon as the butcher saw me, he called out, "Fidèle, Fidèle, this way, my friend."

He took from the basket a paper on which André had written out my commissions, and when he had read it, he put some meat into the basket, giving me at the same time a nice little bone for myself. Then he pointed out to me where I was to go next. He also gave me the excellent advice to avoid any little boys I might meet on my way home.

I executed my task perfectly, and Brigitte received me on my return with praises, thanks, and caresses. I was very happy; but how changed was I from that proud



THE EELS JUMPED FROM THE BASKET RIGHT INTO THE WATER.

Cæsar, who used to ride out in Mr. Nelville's carriage, sitting beside the coachman! Yet I did not think worse of myself. If I was poor, I was industrious. If I was no longer the idol of the children of the chateau, I was the friend and servant of those who had neither strength, nor time, nor means to obtain other service. My past life seemed only a dream, and but that the recollection of my first master and his family was ever present to my mind, my happiness would have been complete.

I am now going to relate to you a wonderful exploit. A miller of our acquaintance, who lived near the farm where André went to work, said to him one day: "I have plenty of eels in the stream this summer, and would willingly give you two or three."

André accepted his offer thankfully, and promised to send me for them. The next morning he took me with

him, basket in mouth, till we were near the mill ; then telling me where to go, sent me off on my commission. The miller's wife wrapped up in a cloth two fine eels, which looked to me as if they were dead, and placed them in my basket. I trotted off, not doubting the success of my expedition.

In a very short time the eels began to move in the basket. They twisted about till one got her head out of the cloth,—a wicked-looking head, I assure you. To keep them in order I was obliged to shake the basket ; and sometimes to let the eels feel my teeth a little. I went along, full of anxiety, till we arrived at a little shallow stream, which I had to cross on a wooden bridge. There the eels, seeing the water, jumped from the basket right into it, seeming to say to me : “ Here we are at home, and you had better go home too.”

Ah ! but they little knew *Fidèle*, did those eels ! Go home with my basket empty ? No ; a thousand times—No !

I threw myself into the water ; I first caught one and strangled it, then served the other in the same way ; and I put them back into the basket, where they no longer gave any trouble.

André and Brigitte saw that the eels had been killed by me, but they did not know how it happened : and I am very glad now, by writing down this brilliant exploit, to make it known to the world.

Soon after this I fell ill, and became so weak and languid that at last one day, when Brigitte offered me the basket to go and fetch provisions, I could only express by a pleading look that I was no longer able to work. When you see anyone you love suffering illness,—whether a child or a dog,—the thought that it may die brings despair. Brigitte said to herself : “ He is going to die ! ” and she wept : she could no longer imagine existence without me : I had been so long the joy of that poor cabin.

Nevertheless Brigitte's fears for me were exaggerated.



I CROUCHED DOWN UPON THE EARTH THAT COVERED HER.

André assured her that I had only caught a chill, *which* could not be dangerous. I coughed a good deal, *and* Brigitte was not sparing of milk with sugar in it for *me*;

but André brought from the mountains a herb, which did me much more good. In fact, at the end of a few days I was well again ; but as I recovered, Brigitte fell ill, and hers was a much more serious illness than mine. An immense sorrow was coming for the heart of poor Cæsar. After an illness of only three days Brigitte ceased to exist.

I imagined, on seeing this good old woman motionless on her bed, that she slept. I called her, I wept, I licked her ; but she heard me no more.

The sadness and the tears of André made me understand that some great misfortune had happened ; and at last I knew that Brigitte was dead. A day or two afterwards, he and his friends followed her coffin to the grave. He gave me the basket to carry, and I joined in the procession, carrying it in my mouth. It was the emblem at once of Brigitte's poverty and of my fidelity.

Returning to the house I found it impossible to remain there. I kept continually going out, and coming in again with a sort of hope that I should find her, whom I had lost for ever, sitting there as usual. At last I laid myself down close to her old shoes. André spoke to me tenderly, and tried to console me by reminding me of all the services I had rendered to his poor old mother. I felt how dear he and I were to each other at that moment ; and I believe just then, even if Henriette herself had appeared, she would not have tempted me to leave the son of Brigitte.

The death of my mistress caused me such excessive grief that André feared for my life. I could seldom be persuaded to touch food ; and whenever I heard the name of Brigitte spoken, the room resounded with my cries. All my usual habits were given up, and I never would go out at all except with André. He treated me as a kind father would a child that had been ill, going out walking in order to take me with him for an airing.

One day, however, I did go out without him : I went purposely at a time when he was not observing me, and with

the intention of finding my way to the cemetery. Arrived there, I crouched down upon the earth that covered the body of her I had served and loved. It was there that André at last found me, and we wept together.

I believe André began to fear that my grief would kill me if it was not checked; perhaps he felt also that change of scene was necessary for his own peace of mind. One or both of these considerations led him to take the resolution of leaving the village. One fine morning he told me that he had let the cottage, and we were to leave it the next day. He told me also that we were going to start for Paris, where he expected to find plenty of work to do.





Now, children, two of these objects begin with A, one with D, one with G, one with O, and one with P. I hope you will be clever enough to find this puzzle page out.



AT THE COTTAGE DOOR.



HERE'S a happy party at the cottage door. These are not English people, as you can see by their funny dress: our children do not wear such curious little caps; neither, I am sure, do the old grandfathers in England look quite like our old friend there with the pipe in his mouth. The way the handkerchief is tied over the mother's head does not look English, and I think the vine there is growing too large and too flourishing to be an English vine.

I wonder if you can guess in what country those fat, rosy, happy children are living; loved by, and loving their mother; and loved and smoked over by their funny-looking old grandfather.

You, Cissy, say—France. You, my little Lily, make a very wide shot, and say—Africa. You say—Italy, Ada. No! you are all wrong.

I will tell you the names of the children, and you shall guess again. The little girl, with her hand on her mother's cheek, and pressing her rosy lips to her mother's face, is Gretchen. That fat jolly boy on the step is Karl. And baby on his mother's knee is Heinrich.

Yes, Cissy, you are right: these people are Germans.



PLAYING AT GROWN-UP PEOPLE.



THE garden of the house where these children lived, who were so fond of imitating their elders, sloped down to the river; and a little gate opened from the garden on to the towing-path. Nearly opposite the garden gate was a large post, to which was fastened the ferry-boat for crossing the river. Now Frank and Lucy thought one day that they would be very clever, and cross the ferry all alone.

Frank pretended to be the ferryman: he watched for an opportunity when the real ferryman was away at his dinner, and unfastened the boat from the post. Lucy got a couple of baskets, and with one on each arm, pretended to be a little woman who wanted to cross the river to go to market.

They both jumped into the boat, and were soon out in the middle of the river. Franky knew how to row a little, and pulled as hard as he could; but the stream was too

strong for him ; and instead of crossing, the boat drifted rapidly down the river. At last it came bump against a barge, and the next moment both the children found themselves in the cold water.

Luckily they had scarcely been in the water a moment before they were both fished up by the men belonging to the barge. They were nearly frightened to death, and caught very bad colds, besides being well punished by papa and mamma on their return home. But it was a very lucky chance they were neither of them drowned as a consequence of their foolish and naughty behaviour.



NIGHT.

I WILL not fear,
For God is near,
Through the dark night
As in the light ;

And while I sleep
Safe watch will keep.
Why should I fear
When God is near ?



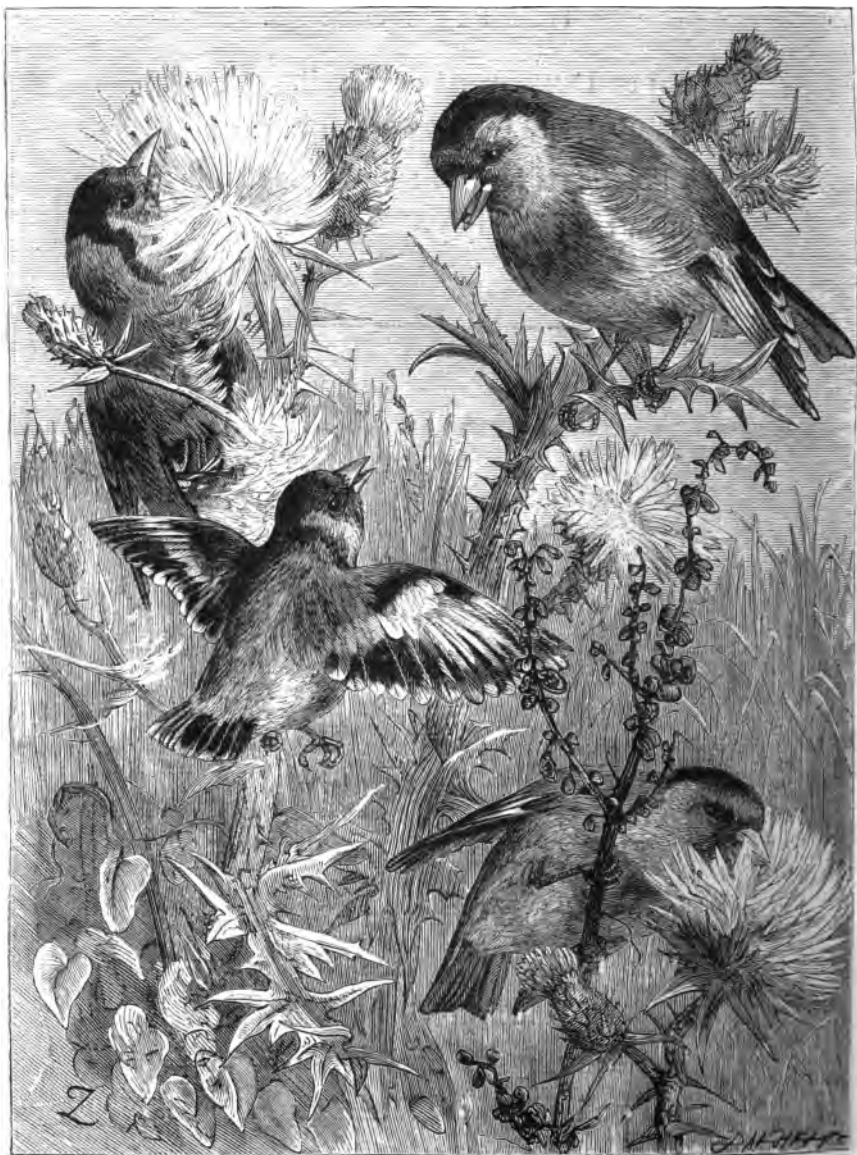
HUMPTY-DUMPTY.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall :
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,
Couldn't set Humpty-Dumpty up again.



THE OLD MAN OF TOBAGO.

THERE was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago ;
Till, much to his bliss,
His physician said this :
“To a leg, sir, of mutton you may go.”



GOLDFINCHES.



THESE pretty lively little birds are Goldfinches; or, as they are sometimes called, Thistle-finches; because they are so fond of feeding on the downy seed of the thistle. On our moors or barren commons, where thistles abound, this beautiful little bird is always to be found. There are several different kinds of Finches, as the chaffinch, the greenfinch, the bullfinch: these are all little birds of bright colour; but none are so handsome as the goldfinch. There are few prettier sights in the country than a cloud of goldfinches fluttering along a hedge, chasing the thistle-down as it is whirled away by the breeze, and singing their sweet merry song.

When I was a little girl I had a pet goldfinch given me, which knew all sorts of pretty tricks; and it was so tame and gentle! I called it Nugget, which, you know, means a little lump of gold. Now, shall I tell you what it was like? Its tiny body (goldfinches are very small) was all a bright reddish gold colour, while its wings and tail were marked with black and white, and its little bill was pale yellow.

Nugget seemed so happy in his cage, that it never occurred to me as a child that it might be cruel to shut up a little wild English bird in a prison, instead of letting it fly about free and gay over the breezy commons, and through the merry green woods. However, I fancy Nugget had really no regret for his native woods and wilds: I believe he was taken from his nest when he was such a tiny bird that he could have no recollection of them.

When I opened the cage-door for my little friend to have a fly round the nursery, and stretch his wings, he would generally settle, after a moment—where do you think now? You would never guess—On my nurse's pincushion, just in front of the looking-glass. There the

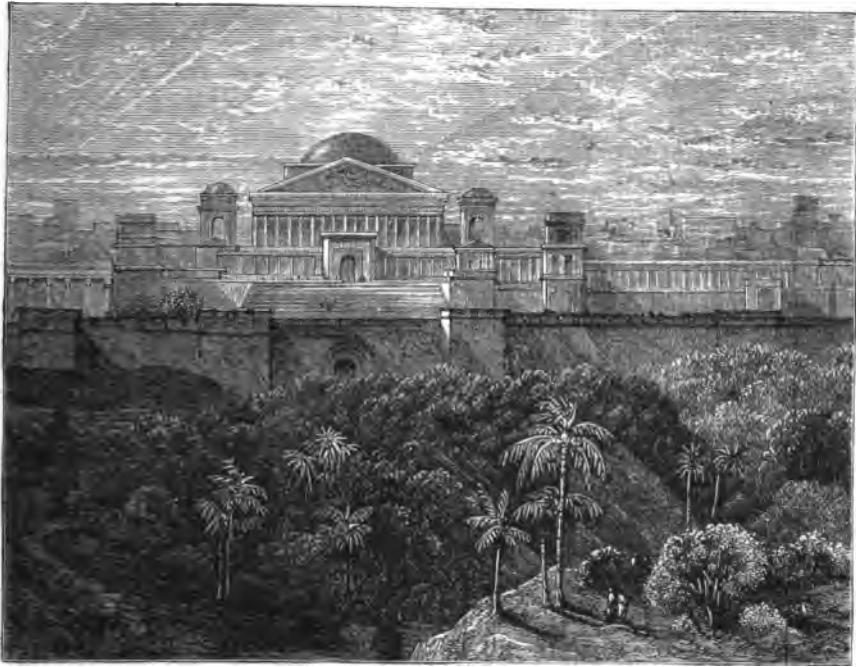
vain little creature would stay, quiet and happy, looking at his own reflection ; pluming himself, and turning his head first to one side, then to the other, evidently admiring his own gorgeous plumage.

This was the great treat of the day for Nugget, but he was also very fond of taking his bath. Sometimes he had it on the dressing-table, and he would plunge into it, and splash the water about, making such a shower all about the place as you would scarcely believe could be made by such a diminutive being.

Nugget was very accomplished too, I can tell you. He used to draw up a little bucket of water with a string into his cage when he wanted to drink ; and there was a little box with seed on the other side which he drew up in the same way. So you see he was a clever little bird as well as a very pretty one.

Goldfinches are very neat and tidy in making their nests. They use pieces of wool, moss, lichen, tufts of cotton, and even spider-webs. These are so well woven together that the walls of the nest resemble in texture a piece of felt or cloth.





MAMMA'S TALK.



LEFT off just where I was telling you, my children, about Our Saviour's agony in the garden of Gethsemane. We are told in Scripture that Jesus took with Him into the garden Peter and two other disciples, and that He "began to be sorrowful and very heavy;" and that He said to them: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye ere, and watch with me."

He went a little farther, and fell on His face, and prayed. But we are told that after an hour "He cometh to His disciples, and findeth them asleep." Then He said to Peter: "What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch

and pray, that ye enter not into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

In this picture you see the garden on the mount of Olives, with Jerusalem and the beautiful temple in the distance. It is the scene of almost the last of Our Saviour's trials upon earth.

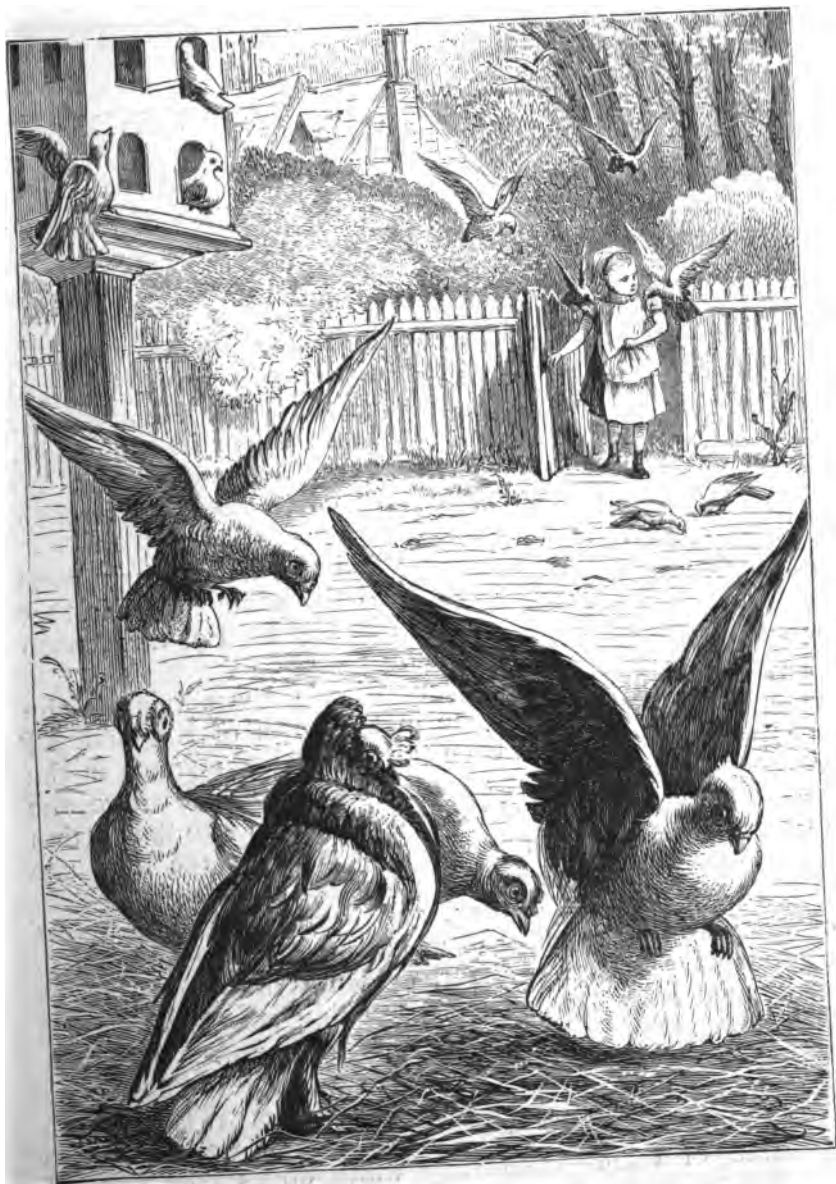
Jesus left His disciples a second time, and went and prayed; and came again and found them asleep, "for their eyes were heavy." Yet a third time He left them, and prayed alone; and again finding them asleep, He said: "Sleep on now and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise; let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray me."

While He yet spake, Judas, one of the twelve, came; and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, and the chief priests and elders of the people. And Judas gave them a sign, saying: "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he: hold him fast." And he came to Christ, and kissed Him, saying: "Hail, Master."

We are told they laid hands on Jesus, and took Him; and He turned round to them, saying:

"Are ye come out as against a thief, with swords and staves, to take me? I was daily with you in the temple, and ye took me not."





SOME OF MY LITTLE FRIENDS:

STELLA.



STELLA is one of the smallest of my little friends, but I am very fond of her indeed. She is such a dear little mite, so full of love and sweetness! Not but what our little star—Stella is the Italian word for star—can flash out into little tempers, and show naughtiness sometimes, like any other child; but then it is all over in a moment, and she is always so truly penitent afterwards, that the heart must be hard indeed that could hold out against her.

A little while before Stella was born, her mamma went to travel in Italy; and the little baby came to her in that country one lovely bright starlight night. For this reason the baby was christened Stella.

When she and I first became friends, I was living in the neighbourhood of her home in the north of England. I recollect one day I had been talking to her mamma in the drawing-room, and not seeing Stella, I asked where she was. Mamma proposed that we should go into the garden to look for her, and added: "It is about the time she usually feeds her pigeons."

We went into the garden, and beyond that into a sort of farmyard, in the midst of which stood a dovecote. The pigeons were fluttering about, evidently in a great state of excitement about something. Looking across the yard, I then saw, entering at the opposite gate, a dear little fair-haired girl, of about five years old. The whole scene presented the prettiest picture imaginable. The pigeons were so tame, and evidently knew her so well, that two or three of them—beautifully white doves they were, I

remember,—flew at once to perch upon her shoulders. She was holding her pinafore up in front, and as she came past the gate, threw handfuls of bread-crumbs out of it around her. The little girl and the pigeons seemed to be all the greatest possible friends together.

Stella's mamma told me a funny little story about her; it was something that had happened a few months before. One very wet day Stella wanted to go out and feed her pet pigeons, but nurse told her to look at the rain. "You would get your boots wet through, my dear," said she.

Now what do you think the little girl did? She went into the kitchen, where she found an old broken umbrella belonging to the cook: she put the food for the pigeons into a basket: then taking off her boots and stockings, went out barefooted into the rain, with the basket on her arm, and holding up the great umbrella with both her little hands. Luckily nurse saw her from a window, and caught her before she had gone far.

"But you see, nana dear," said little Stella, "I could not get my boots wet, because I took them off."





THE FROG'S SONG.



AUP, yaup, yaup !"
 Said the croaking voice of a Frog :
 " A rainy day
 In the month of May,
 And plenty of room in the bog."
 " Yaup, yaup, yaup !"
 Said the Frog as it hopped away :
 " The insects feed
 On the floating weed,
 And I'm hungry for dinner to-day."
 " Yaup, yaup, yaup !"
 Said the Frog as it splashed about :
 " Good neighbours all,
 When you hear me call,
 It is odd that you don't come out."
 " Yaup, yaup, yaup !"
 Said the Frogs : " It is charming weather ;
 We'll come and sup
 When the moon is up,
 And we'll all of us croak together."



MEMOIRS OF A POODLE.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE TRAVEL ON FOOT.—OUR ENCOUNTER WITH
AN ASSASSIN.—I DELIVER HIM UP TO JUSTICE.
—A MARRIAGE FEAST IN THE MEADOWS.



ANDRÉ and I went round to our friends to wish them good-bye: the children generally cried at parting from me. Behold us then on the road, trudging along on foot. Free as air, we halt whenever we please to rest or take refreshment, and when we please we hasten on. I walked by the side of my master, and we took it by turns to carry the little bundle which contained all his luggage. No great fuss was made about us at the inns, but we were treated as honest people who were travelling in a manner suitable to their means.

There is no way of turning the mind aside from dwelling upon sorrow so effectual as travelling. I soon felt the happy effect of the new turn given to my thoughts. Little by little my former gaiety returned to me, and I shall never forget the satisfaction my dear master showed on seeing me wag my tail for the first time since the death of Brigitte.

It is difficult, in travelling, to avoid making acquaintances. One day, when we were passing through a forest,



I DID NOT REMAIN A MERE SPECTATOR OF THE FIGHT.

we overtook a man, who wished us good-day, and joined us on the road, as we were all going the same way. This man praised my beauty and the expression of my face; he wanted to stroke and caress me, but I would not go near him. André, seeing my dislike to our fellow-traveller, and that he insisted upon following me and trying to touch me, tied a string round my neck to keep me close to himself. At this the man took offence, and after a few angry words, he and André came to blows.

The victory soon declared itself for us. I say *us*, for you may imagine I did not remain a mere spectator of the fight. I made the wretch feel my teeth in the calves of his legs; and you will see presently that my aversion to him was not without reason.

The fight over, the scoundrel limped to a tree, and

leaning against it, set to work to swear at us. In the meantime I observed a large bag, which he had been carrying, lying on the field of battle. I scratched at it with fury, and at last tearing it open, exposed to view a collection of skins of dogs.

The miserable wretch had been watching for an opportunity to add mine to the number.

"I see now, Fidèle," exclaimed my master, "why you shrank from the caresses of that murderous hand, which is stained with the blood of your brothers."

Soon afterwards arriving at a town, we related our adventure. The man was well known there. He was the terror of all the dogs and dog-owners of the place, and lived by selling the skins of dogs to be made into cheap fur.

The affair soon reached the ears of the gendarmes, who had been for some time on the look-out for the culprit. They insisted that we should go back with them into the forest in search of him. Two mounted gendarmes went on the expedition, and I marched in front of the horses, looking about and sniffing to the right and left. We had been marching for a couple of hours, hearing no sound but that of our own footsteps, when suddenly I stop; I growl, and run towards an immense tree with a hollow trunk. A concealed hand throws a large stone, which hits me on the head. I utter a piercing cry; the gendarmes dismount from their horses, and drag the assassin out of the tree.

As soon as André has looked at my wound, and bound up my head with his handkerchief, I return to search about; and not far from the hollow tree, I find a spot with the earth freshly disturbed. I begin to scratch, I call for help; the earth is thrown up, and we find the bodies of about a dozen unfortunate dogs without their skins.

Our return to the town was a real triumph. My wound and my heroism excited equal interest and admiration.



OUR RETURN TO THE TOWN WAS A REAL TRIUMPH.

“To think that nobody has been able to find out where this man hid himself who killed our dogs, and now a poodle, just passing through the town, finds him out at once!”

Such were the remarks made on all sides, which struck my ear agreeably as I walked along.

A druggist of the town, whose own dog—a beautiful spaniel—was among those destroyed, offered to look at my wound, and to put some ointment on it. André accepted his offer; and the dressing of my wound took place before the door of the druggist's shop, in the midst of a circle of spectators.

Besides the compliments which everybody paid me on my bravery and intelligence, the mothers made their children remark the patience with which I bore having my

wound dressed. I walked about the streets afterwards with my head bandaged up like a poor wounded soldier. I had an extremely interesting air, and it is always a pleasure to know that.

The killer of dogs was condemned to three months' imprisonment. If I had had a voice in condemning him, the wretch should not have been let off so easily.

This strange incident stopped us on our journey nearly a week. "It matters little," said my master, sadly, "there is nobody expecting us."

I saw tears in his eyes; and I jumped round him, doing all I could to divert his thoughts. My wound was cured, and I enjoyed the prospect of starting again upon our journey. I liked our way of travelling: we went fast or slow as we pleased; not shut up in a carriage, or dragged along by a machine. We met with adventures on the road, and had a continual change of scene.

One afternoon, when I was a little in advance of my master, as I generally was, I suddenly ran back to him, barking and wagging my tail, showing that I was delighted at something.

"Well, what's the matter?" said he,— "what have you found so wonderful?"

For answer I only ran forward again, and then back again to him. Soon he perceived in a meadow a merry party dancing to the sound of a flageolet and clarionet. It was an occasion for a halt; the more so as the projecting roots of an enormous elm afforded a comfortable seat for André. As for me, I went forward a little, looking about me.

It was a marriage feast, and the guests were just preparing to do honour to a repast of which the appetising smell brought ideas into my mind which were hardly honest.

"Look there! whose dog can that be?" said the bride.
"What a beauty!"

"Do you want him to come to you, Genevieve?" said

one of the guests: "Hold out a morsel of ham; that will soon bring him."

"Softly," rejoined the bridegroom: "I see his master seated at the foot of the great elm. A poor traveller! a soldier, too, I see!"

"Well, well, Julien," said the bride; "go and invite him to join us. Where there is enough for thirty, it will always serve for thirty-two."

It was the first time I had heard myself counted as a person.

"Let us go together," said Julien, "to invite our new guest." They came up to us, and he addressed André: "Comrade," he said, "I can see that you have been a soldier. I have been one too, I only finished serving my time a fortnight ago; and in spite of Genevieve's presentiment that I should never return to her, I did come back directly I could, and we have been married this morning."

The two men began to talk of war and battles even on their way to the table. Genevieve turned her attention to me. She did not wait till dinner was over before giving me mine; a kindness of which I was very sensible. But what delighted me above all was to see André talk and laugh as in our happy days.

I had finished eating, and was sitting making my little reflections upon all that was going on, when André called to me: "Here, Fidèle, it is a long time, my friend, since you have been through your drill; we must not neglect our talents."

He handed me a stick, and I began the performance. The villagers were astonished and delighted. All went well till I heard the command—Fire! Then calling to mind poor Brigitte, who used to pretend to be shot at that word, instead of obeying, I let fall the stick, overcome by grief.

André understood: "Poor Fidèle!" said he, "your heart has its memories." And he related all the proofs of affection I had shown to the poor old woman. Then he

called me to him, and we went a little apart from the others, while he picked some wild flowers, of which he made a nosegay.

"Fidèle," he said, "go, carry this nosegay to Genevieve, the bride. Do not make a mistake; it would destroy your reputation in an instant." He followed, and observed me with some anxiety.

I went straight to Genevieve, and presented the nosegay. She took it, and gave me a thousand caresses in return.

I think this little act of politeness produced the offer which Julien immediately afterwards made us: "Friend," said he, "if you are willing to give up your habits as a foot-soldier, we will take you in our light cart as far as Chalons. The grey mare does not go like a railway train; but when she has had some corn, she can trot along pretty well."

André accepted the offer. After having travelled so far on foot, I must confess that the movement of the carriage was extremely agreeable to me. Nevertheless the carriage was not an elegant one; it was, in fact, a cart with a hood of oilcloth.

Julien drove, and I stood on the seat close to him, and barked at everyone that passed by. But I soon grew tired of this amusement, and went to sleep at the bottom of the carriage, at which everyone appeared satisfied.

There are authors who describe every little detail, at the risk of wearying the reader. This is not my way. I confess frankly that I have nothing else of interest to relate about our journey. I therefore finish this chapter, begging you to pass on to the following one: a surprise is reserved for you in that.





LITTLE STREAMS.

LITTLE streams are light and shadow,
 Flowing through the pasture meadow—
 Flowing by the green wayside,
 Through the forest dim and wide,
 Through the hamlet still and small,
 By the cottage, by the hall,

By the noble trees that grow,
 On their banks with branches low;
 By the ruin'd abbey still,
 Turning here and there a mill,
 Bearing tribute to the river—
 Little streams, I love you ever.



Now here are six objects for you to find out. Two begin with R, one with A, one with T, one with L, and one with S. I gave my little girl, who is eight, five minutes to guess them in, and she found them out in three minutes and a half.



PLAYING AT GROWN-UP PEOPLE.



It was the month of September, and these little people were looking forward to the hop-picking, which is always a busy and merry time in Kent, the county in which they live.

"Come, come, Franky!" cried Lucy, one lovely autumn morning; "let us all go hop-picking; the gardens are open, and it will be such fun!"

"Nonsense!" answered Frank; "you don't suppose we boys care for such amusement as that? We are going fishing."

So Lucy, looking rather glum, turned to nurse, and said: "What nasty boys!" For Lucy thought fishing a nasty and cruel amusement; what with handling the worms and killing the poor little fish. However, nurse soon cheered her up, by saying that she would take the three little girls by themselves into the hop-gardens. And after breakfast off they went, down the avenue, through

the gate, and over the stile, and they found themselves in the midst of the hoppers.

There were the tall poles on every side of them, covered with the vine-shaped plant, its leaves spreading above their heads, and its long creeping tendrils twisting and drooping into a thousand graceful forms; while the bunches of gold-coloured cones scented the air with a fresh wholesome smell.

They were soon busy helping the hoppers, who were sitting and standing about, some stripping the bind, some carrying the poles, others filling the hop-pockets. Lucy and Etta made friends with a little darling baby, who was so good and quiet, laughing and crowing as it lay in its cradle, while the shadows of the leaves flickered and played over its little face. The mother was close at hand, picking the hops, and sang away merrily to her child to let it know she was near.

The children gathered so many hops to help this poor woman, that their hands ached, and were stained with the juice. The hoppers seemed very merry; there was plenty of chatting and laughter, and, though working hard, they appeared to be enjoying a holiday. It was a happy morning for the children too, for they enjoyed themselves, and for a wonder did not get into mischief.





A. B. C. COMPANY.

BLANCHE and Ethel, Mary and Carry, were all in their bed-room, getting ready for tea; when in came little Violet, with an open book in her hand. She read the following verses out of it as quickly as possible, and told the bigger girls to guess what they meant.



AN you guess what I have heard?

It is true, upon my word;
 Nineteen men, I understand,
 Marching up and down the land,
 Fair and handsome to behold,
 But no two alike, I'm told;
 Free are all from fault or stain,
 But not one can speak out plain,
 And for this they've taken thought,—
 Five interpreters they've brought:
 Deeply learned men are they.
 The first in wonderment all day,
 Opens his mouth and says, "A! A!"
 The second like a mouse you see,
 He goes on squeaking, "E! E! E!"
 The third's a selfish man,—and why?
 He always talks of "I! I! I!"
 The fourth comes forward, hobbling slow,
 As if in pain, with "O! O! O!"
 The fifth I don't think speaks quite true;
 He says he's not himself, but "U!"
 And all together—they're so strong—
 They go on talking all day long.
 If you can't guess their meaning yet,
 I'll tell you—they're the Alphabet.



A FABLE.



ONCE upon a time all the beasts of the forest gave a grand party, at which the Monkey stood up and danced. All the company were delighted, and when he sat down, they paid him many compliments.

The Camel, who was envious of the praises showered upon the Monkey, and anxious to be admired himself, proposed to the guests that he should stand up in his turn, and dance for their amusement also. They accepted his proposal, and he began to dance; but he was so awkward, and moved about in such a ridiculous manner in his attempts to be graceful and active, that the beasts began to laugh—at least

those that could laugh did ; and then they became indignant, and all attacked him, and drove him away from the party.

Now in this fable you see how ridiculous the poor Camel made himself simply by attempting to do what he was never intended to do. But if you look at the picture below, which represents some camels on their way through the desert, you may see how sensible and noble he looks when he is doing work for which he is fitted.

From the earliest times recorded in history, the Camel is mentioned as one of the animals most useful to man in eastern countries. It can carry immense burdens, and is able to traverse parched sandy plains without the necessity of receiving a fresh supply of water for several days. Its feet also are adapted for walking on the loose sandy soil of the desert. It is so serviceable in carrying merchandise as to be sometimes called the ship of the desert. How could such a useful, noble animal be so silly as to try to dance ?





KATRINA'S JOURNEY.



"H, mother, do let me go too!" cried a little German peasant-girl to her mother, who was going to walk a long, long way, over hills and dales, and through woods, to see her poor old sick mother, who lived some miles off.

"Katrina, child, it is too far for you."

But Katrina begged so hard that her mother let her go at last. Besides Katrina, Baby Augustine was going to see grandmother: she could not be left at home; she was too little. So mother took her on her back in a basket. Then Minna, the doggie, pricks up her ears, and asks to go too; and mother has to take her.

Off the little party started in the early autumn morning. They all stepped out bravely enough, and Katrina said now and then: "See, mother, I was right; I am not tired at all."

Mother smiled, and on they went. Then the bright sun came peeping over the hills; and the shadows grew less and less as he rose higher; the road became more and more dusty; and when it was near midday, the heat was so intense that Katrina begged to rest.

"Mother, I am tired," said the little girl; "I think you are always right, and I had better not have come."

So the little party sat down. They chose a shady place just off the road, and they ate some bread and fruit, which Katrina had brought in a little basket. But the poor little girl is quite tired out: her little bare feet are blistered and sore, and she soon rests her heavy head against her mother's arm, as you see her in the picture, and falls asleep, and dreams she is in her own cosy bed at home. Meanwhile her mother looks down, glad to see that her tired child is resting.

Minna curls herself up into a round ball, and sleeps a little too, a wakeful dog-sleep. But baby Augustine, who is not a bit tired or sleepy—for she has had several naps on the way, in her basket on mother's back—rouses up, and is as merry and playful as a kitten.

Mother is feeling tired and anxious, wondering how she shall get her little girl as far as grandmother's, for it is getting hotter and hotter, and there are still some two or three miles to go, when suddenly Minna pricks up her ears, and begins to bark and wag her tail. Katrina wakes up, rubs her eyes and yawns; baby Augustine gives a little squeak of delight; and all this excitement was caused by the sight and sound of a waggon coming along the road: the horses of the waggon had little tinkling bells, which kept up a jingling sound, and their harness was gaily ornamented with red worsted.

It is the waggon of their neighbour Karl, who happens to be going their road, and is only too glad to give them a lift on the way to grandmother's; so there is an end of their troubles for the day.





THE SWALLOW'S FAREWELL.



RIGHTLY shine the skies above us,
 Sweetly bloom the flowers below,
 Like the smiles of those who love us,
 Gently pleading, "Do not go!"
 But the soft autumnal breeze
 Bears a spirit of decay
 O'er the flower-beds and the trees,
 Sternly warning, "Do not stay!"

Still the woodlark, rising gladly,
 Welcomes in the sunny day;
 But the redbreast singeth sadly:
 Winter is not far away.
 Bleaker air and longer night
 Soon will hurry from the throne
 Summer, with her glory bright;
 Haste we, therefore, to be gone!

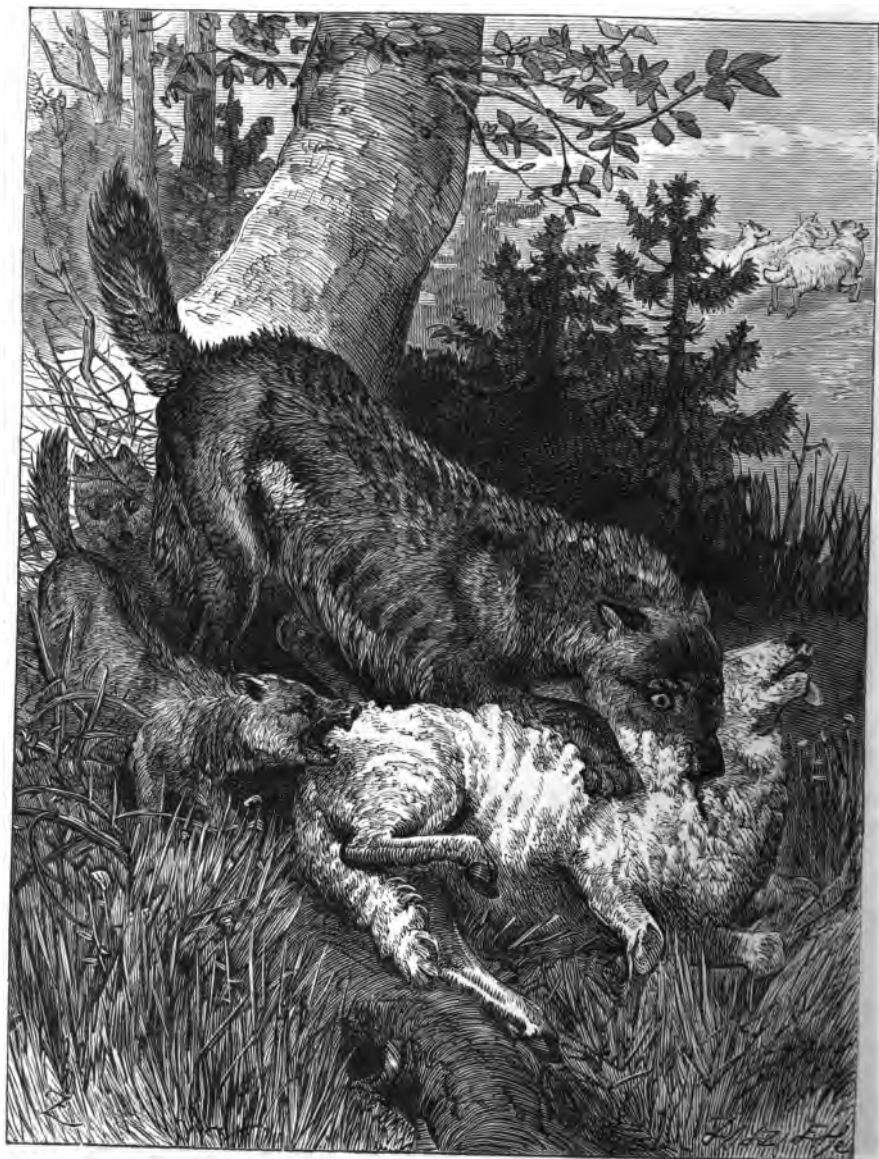




DICKERY, dickery, dare,
 The pig flew up in the air;
 The man in brown soon brought him
 down,
 Dickery, dickery, dare.



LITTLE Polly Flinders
 Sat among the cinders,
 Warming her pretty little toes!
 Her mother came and caught her,
 And whipped her little daughter
 For spoiling her nice new clothes.





WOLF AND SHEEP.

HIGH of you little ones does not already hate the very name of wolf? Since the time dear Little Red-riding-hood started on her journey, so trim and pretty, with basket full of cakes and pats of butter, and in gay scarlet cloak, what child among you but has held the savage wolf in horror?

If the story of Little Red-riding-hood were true, that dreadful tragedy must have happened so long ago now, that it is not likely the savage wolf we look at in the picture can be the same that we are told of in that history. But it is very certain that even that wolf could not have been more terrible and cruel than this. See with what fury the creature fastens on the poor sheep's throat. The great eyes are glaring, and looking so wicked, so remorseless and greedy, that one cannot help a shudder.

Shocking as the sight of the dreadful old wolf's fury and cruelty is, it is much worse, I think, to see the young one, with its vicious little jaws wide open, ready for a snap and a bite in its turn. It seems worse in the young one than the big one, because we always like to fancy—at least I know I do—that little young things, even little wolves, are gentle and tender; softer-hearted altogether than the large old creatures of the same species.

Leaving this particular wicked wolf, and her young ones, who are evidently so ready for the meal, to devour the poor sheep; and trusting that the rest of the flock will escape, as we can see they are trying to do with all their might, I will tell you, children, something about wolves in general.

There are several kinds of this animal, and each kind varies from the others in size and colour. The common wolf of Europe is generally grey, mixed with fawn, and sprinkled with black hairs. The under parts of the animal are almost white, changing to grey in the inside of the legs. There are no wolves, as I daresay you know, to be found in England now, except in the Zoological Gardens; but they are to be found in most other countries of Europe.

Wolves are very bold, and when hungry will not only attack timid harmless sheep, but large wild animals; such as the buffalo, elk, wild horse, and even bears; and sometimes men. But they hunt in packs or herds, and this gives them advantage over animals much stronger than themselves.

Besides the European or common wolf, there is the black wolf of America, which is different rather in appearance, but is of the same savage dangerous nature. And again, there is another smaller species of this animal, which is found in great numbers upon the American prairies, and for that reason has been named the Prairie Wolf.





THE RIVER.

RIVER ! river ! little river !
 Bright you sparkle on your way :
 O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
 Through the flowers and foliage
 glancing,
 Like a child at play.

River ! river ! swelling river !
 On you rush o'er rough and smooth :
 Louder, faster, brawling, leaping,
 Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
 Like impetuous youth.

River ! river ! brimming river !
 Broad, and deep, and still as time ;
 Seeming still, yet still in motion,
 Tending onward to the ocean,
 Just like mortal prime.

River ! river ! headlong river !
 Down you dash into the sea,—
 Sea that line hath never sounded,
 Sea that sail hath never rounded,
 Like eternity.



MAMMA'S TALK.

LISTEN, now, my children, while I relate to you a sad and terrible page of the New Testament. In our last Sunday talk, I told you how our Saviour was betrayed by Judas, and seized upon by the priests and Pharisees in the garden of Gethsemane.

From that garden He was led away captive to be insulted, ill-treated, and afterwards crucified. The multitude, who had been accustomed to follow Him about, and listen to His teaching, seem at last, under the influence of the scribes and Pharisees, to have turned against Him.

His disciples, overcome by terror, forsook their Master, and fled away. Not one of them dared to remain with Him in His danger. Even Peter, who but a few hours before had said to our Saviour: "Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee,"—even he acted just as Christ had foretold he would do, and denied that he knew Him.

Jesus was first taken before Caiaphas the high priest, around whom the scribes and elders were assembled in council. They sought for witnesses against Jesus, that they might have an excuse for putting Him to death; and two came forward, who said that He had spoken blasphemous words. Then the high priest arose, and asked Jesus if He was the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus answered that it was so. And the Scriptures tell us that thereupon the high priest rent his clothes, saying: "He hath spoken blasphemy: what further need have we of witnesses? Behold, ye have heard his blasphemy: what think ye?" And the scribes and elders answering, said: "He is worthy of death."

And Jesus was then taken before the Roman Governor, Pontius Pilate, whose sanction seems to have been necessary before He could be put to death. You remember, children, that the Jews were at that time under the dominion of the Romans. And they accused Him before Pilate of having forbidden the people to pay tribute to Cæsar, the Roman Emperor, and of having said that He was Himself the Christ and a king.

Pilate asked Him, saying: "Art thou the King of the Jews?" And Jesus answered: "Thou sayest it." Then said Pilate to the chief priests and to the people, "I find no fault in this man." But they were only the more fierce in accusing Him.

Now while Pilate was sitting in judgment, his wife sent to him, saying, "Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him."

And Pilate said again to the priests and people: "Why, what evil hath He done?" But they cried only the more, saying, "Let Him be crucified."

When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that a tumult was made, he took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it." Then all the people answered: "His blood be on us, and on our children."

Then Pilate delivered Jesus up to them to be crucified. And they took Him away: and they scourged Him, and spit upon Him. Then they put on Him a scarlet robe; and when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand: and they bowed the knee before Him, and mocked Him, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews!"





STARLINGS.



It is a pleasure to me to tell you about these handsome, clever birds. For the starling, with his graceful form, his glossy purple-black plumage speckled with white, and his yellow bill, is certainly one of the most beautiful birds common in England.

Starlings generally go about in large flocks; although in this pretty picture we see only papa and mamma starling, with two dear little children, feasting on some sweet ripe grapes. These birds gather together in flocks of thousands in number. They are most frequently seen in damp fenny parts of the country, where the birds couch for the night among the osiers and other water-plants; and sometimes crush acres of such plants to the ground with their united weight.

Each flock seems to be under the command of one bird, or at least to obey the will of one mind. Quite a cloud of starlings may often be seen flying along at a great height, almost obscuring the sky where they pass: when suddenly the flock will become almost invisible, for every bird will have turned on its side, so as to present only the edge of its wings to the eyes of the people below. Then at some signal the whole body will separate into many divisions, each one wheeling about like a company of soldiers; afterwards perhaps to join again, and go on together to the intended feeding ground.

The nest of the starling is built of dry grass, and is generally placed in some old tower, in a wall, or hollow tree. This bird has a very curious voice, and it can not only be easily tamed, but taught to talk as well as any parrot.

Now I have given you a general account of the starling, I will tell you a little anecdote of one which belonged to me when I was a child.

I was very fond of pet birds; and on my birthday, when I was ten years old, mamma took me to a bird-shop, to give me a starling as a present. The woman of the shop showed us one, but named too high a price for it; and mamma was leaving the shop, **when** the woman said:

"You see, ma'am, the dear bird is almost like a child to me, I'm so attached to him, and he to me. I've had him since he was just out of the nest, and I've taught him all he knows;—the pretty dear! that I have."

Suddenly the starling put his head on one side, looked wonderfully knowing, and in a strangely human voice cried out: "Don't believe it! don't believe it! don't believe it!" which he repeated in a very indignant tone of voice several times.

This remark was not complimentary to the woman, but my mother thought it such a proof of intelligence in the starling, that she turned back, saying: "I think him well worth the money," and bought the bird at once.





THE ROSE

CHILD of summer, lovely rose,
 In thee what blushing beauty glows!
 But ere to-morrow's setting sun
 Thy beauty fades, thy form is gone.
 Yet though no grace thy buds retain,
 Their pleasing odours still remain.
 Children, betimes the moral prize:
 'Tis lasting beauty to be wise.



Now, my children, in this Puzzle Page there are, as you see, six objects. One begins with B, one with C, two with H, one with G, and one with S. Now see if you can find out what they are.



MEMOIRS OF A POODLE.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR ARRIVAL IN PARIS.—ANDRÉ A CARPENTER.—THE CON-
CERT.—UNEXPECTED MEETING.—MR. NELVILLE.—HIS
KINDNESS TO ANDRÉ.—RETURN TO BAUDRY.—I
RECEIVE A LETTER.



MY entrance into Paris this time was not so brilliant as when I came for the exhibition; I passed unnoticed in the crowd. No matter; I always like the bustle of a great city, and I felt all my old gaiety return.

André noticed it. "*You* are consoled, at all events, Fidèle," he said, with a sigh.

I might have answered him: "Remember, I am but a dog; and have I not already shown more feeling than most persons are capable of?"

But my excellent master was not really offended at my gaiety, and he caressed me more tenderly than usual.

It is said that at Paris there are always many workmen who cannot find employment. By good luck we met with no difficulty of this kind. A fortnight had scarcely passed before my master was regularly employed at his old original trade of a carpenter. I used to go with him to his work at his master's, where I was always welcome.

Our home consisted of one neatly furnished room on a fourth floor; and when we were quite settled, André one day said to me:

"Fidèle, we are not so poor now; I earn four francs a day, and I think we might take a little more pains with our appearance. I shave myself every Sunday: very well, then; I will also shave you and wash you every Sunday. Afterwards we will go and stroll on the boulevard in the Champs-Élysées."

The proposal enchanted me, and André was amused to see with what pleasure I returned to my old habits of cleanliness and elegance: "One would say you had been the dog of some fine lady," said André, "to see you dabble in the water in that way, and offer your paws to be washed, and your head to be brushed."

André showed the delight of a child at seeing me so pretty and so white; but he no longer thought it safe to let me walk out without a string.

One Sunday evening we were passing in front of a great concert room, when André saw one of his friends, who was employed there in some capacity, standing at the door.

"Now you are here," said this friend to André, "you had better come in; the music is splendid, and it is not dear."

"I cannot," replied André, "on account of my dog."

"If you are sure that you can keep your dog quiet, I could manage to get him admitted with you."

"I'll tell him to remain still, and he won't move or make the least noise: I can answer for that."

The obliging friend led us to a seat, where I could remain without attracting notice. Those close to us smiled to see me by my master's side, and still more to hear the serious way in which he counselled me how to behave.

When the music began, I felt terribly excited by it; I trembled all over, and had an intense longing to join in it



I LEAP INTO THE ARMS OF MY DEAR OLD MASTER.

with my voice. A look from André checked me in time, and every now and then he rested his hand upon my back in order to remind me of my manners.

I had grown calmer: a tender and sweet air rivetted my attention. I was slowly waving my head from side to side, in imitation of an old gentleman seated before me, when suddenly I rise and gaze fixedly; I utter low growls, which André thinks to stop by putting his finger on his lips.—Yes! I see Mr. Neville sitting in the front row of the audience, not far away from us. Quick as lightning I escape from the hands of André; I clear the distance which separates me from my former master, without caring for the exclamations of surprise or anger, caused by my jumping on the back of this one, or on the head of another; and I leap into the arms of my dear old master.

Mr. Nelville, who was as much moved as I was, exclaimed: "Cæsar! Cæsar! you've recognised me, then? Poor beast! after an absence of two years! Ladies and gentlemen, excuse him, excuse me, I beg. This dog once saved the life of my child."

Everyone excused me, I could see, except perhaps the conductor of the orchestra, who turned round with his fiddle-stick in his hand, and looked as if he would like to give me a cut with it. The concert was nearly over, but I must say that, from that moment, the attention of the public was no longer directed to the music. All eyes were turned on me; and those who were near enough said some little kind words of affection to me. I heard them with pleasure, but my whole heart was Mr. Nelville's.

On leaving the concert-room, Mr. Nelville went up to André.

"This dog and I are old friends, sir," he said; "he was lost," (Mr. Nelville thought to himself—he was stolen) "nearly three years ago. I took all possible measures to find him in vain, and you see his fidelity brings him back to me at last."

"Sir, I have nothing to say against that," replied André. "I am very sorry to part with him, but I give him up, because evidently he belongs to you."

"Do you live in Paris?" asked Mr. Nelville.

"Only during the last three months. We have come from Switzerland."

My two masters amused themselves for some moments by calling me alternately by each of the names I had received.

"Cæsar!" and I ran to Mr. Nelville.

"Fidèle!" and I bounded off to André.

The lookers-on were much amused by this representation; but it was wearisome to me. Mr. Nelville put an end to it by giving his card to André.

"I have to leave Paris to-morrow," said he, "but I will expect you in the morning at ten o'clock." Then he led me away.

Poor André! my heart bled for him, but I shall not be accused of ingratitude for preferring my earliest friend. If I was glad to return to Baudry, I never could forget my life in Switzerland, where I sweetened the poverty of one who loved me by my affection and intelligence.

Arriving at the hotel, I had the satisfaction to hear Mr. Nelville remark how little I had altered, and he added: "When you have been a week or two under the care of Sylvie, you will be as beautiful as ever."

It is astonishing how easily one can return to habits of luxury. My friends of the Swiss village would scarcely have recognised their little Fidèle, walking gravely through the galleries and drawing-rooms of the hôtel du Louvre, as if he had never been familiar with any other kind of life.

The next day at the appointed hour André made his appearance. I sprang to meet him with a true feeling of tenderness. He was touched, and tears came into his eyes as he called me by the old name of Fidèle. He anticipated Mr. Nelville's questions by relating at once how I had become his mother's dog, and how I had won their affection. While he talked I sat up between him and Mr. Nelville, regretting that I could not tell them the early part of my adventures.

Mr. Nelville questioned André as to his position: "Are you desirous of remaining in Paris?"

"Now that I am alone," replied André, "I shall be very dull, and I think I shall soon have a longing to go back to my own country." He then related all his own history; his departure as a conscript, his campaigns, his return.

"I have a proposal to make to you," said Mr. Nelville. "I live in a great chateau in Touraine; Cæsar has told you of it, perhaps?"

"No, sir," replied André, quite seriously.

"Well, then, I want some good man who would be use-

ful in doing odd work about the house or in the garden. If you like the employment, I will take you."

"But you don't know me, sir."

"I like your face, and I can trust you."

I should have done as Mr. Nelville did. I am never deceived as to the honesty of a man. The first time I saw André, and still more when I heard his voice, I said to myself: "As for you, I shall love you."

The same day we all three started together by the railway. When we arrived at Tours, Polycarpe the coachman, who had come to meet his master, thought he was dreaming when he saw me. Mr. Nelville had the kindness to relate how I had been found.

"Ah," said Polycarpe, "they *will* be glad at home. It was only yesterday I heard Miss Henriette say to my mistress in the carriage: 'How I wish Cæsar was sitting now on the box, and could jump into the carriage, as he used to do, to pay us little visits. What can have become of our dear Cæsar?' Indeed, sir, this will be a great joy for the chateau, and for the neighbourhood." He whipped his horses as he spoke, and off we went.

We were still some distance from the chateau, when I could no longer control my impatience. I leapt down from the carriage, I ran on with all my might, and, quite out of breath, I passed through the great gates of the courtyard. The windows were open, and barking as loud as I could, I sprang into the drawing-room, and on to the lap of Henriette, who was there playing with her doll.

At first she could not believe her eyes; then she called out: "Cæsar! Cæsar! Mamma, here's Cæsar!" till the chateau re-echoed to her cries.

I barked, not only as a sign of happiness, but that the sound of my voice might confirm the news. It was a moment of indescribable confusion. I was surrounded by the family and the servants, exclaiming, "Cæsar here?"—"How came he here?"—"Where do you come from, Cæsar?"



CHARLES WROTE ME A LETTER.

As for Sylvie, she cried, and began at once to talk of a good washing.

Ah, how happy I was! From my first coming to the

chateau so many years ago, I had been admired and petted as much as a dog could hope to be, but my reception this time was that of an old friend who is known, loved, and esteemed for the service he has done. The arrival of Mr. Nelville and André soon cleared up the mystery of my own appearance. Mrs. Nelville, the grandmother, and Henriette, were never tired of hearing André relate all that he knew of my history. Unfortunately the story of my adventures remained incomplete.

Contrary to the custom of former days, I was admitted into the dining-room, and received from the little hand of Henriette a delicious bone of chicken. It was long since I had tasted one. Ah, how good it was! Henriette too was happy in seeing me crunch with my teeth the delicious morsel.

“What happiness to see him again, papa!” she exclaimed. “Who would ever have expected it?”

For several days the little girl thought of nothing but me: doll, birds, all were set aside.

“And the little brothers; what of them?” I fancy someone asking.

The little brothers were no longer little, and had both been sent to college. They were delighted to hear of my return, and Charles wrote me a letter, which I now give:—

“MY DEAR CÆSAR,—

“I cannot describe my joy on hearing of your return among us. I do not exaggerate when I say we love the dog who was our playfellow when we were children; and we all three shed tears when you were lost. Sylvie has never been willing to confess that she cried, but I declare that she did also.

“Papa was in despair, and was almost ashamed to come back without you. I fancy now I can see him arriving. He did not kiss his hand, nor make any of the usual signs to us from the window of the carriage as he approached; and at the question: ‘Where is Cæsar, papa?’ he turned

red, and related with tears in his eyes how you had disappeared in the street.

"We tried to conceal the intensity of our grief when we saw how papa was afflicted, but it was impossible. We spoke only of you all that evening and for many days afterwards. Sylvie, instead of consoling us, harrowed our feelings by telling her own terrible suspicions as to your fate. She fancied sometimes that you had been flayed alive, and your beautiful skin made into a muff: another time she imagined your tender flesh had been chopped up for sausages. At last mamma forbade her to speak to us about you.

"The news of your return has brought the greatest joy to my brother and me: and now let us think of the holidays. What fun we shall have together! Games at hide-and-seek; dinners on the grass; drives in the open carriage; long walks; swimming;—nothing will be wanting to our happiness.

"Now good-bye, my doggie. Do not take the trouble to write me an answer. I shake your paw, and sign myself,

"Your friend and comrade

"CHARLES.

"My brother sends his tenderest regards."

This letter was read aloud by Henriette. The parents declared it was a master-piece in the way of letter-writing.

It was a proud and happy day in my life when André put me through my drill in the presence of the astonished Nelville family, who were not prepared for the display of such marvellous talent even in me. André afterwards taught me to bring Mr. Nelville his hat and cane, whenever I saw him preparing to go out.

In one of my walks with my master I observed him trying in vain to reach a flower, which grew in a pond. I waited till he was gone a little way off, and then throwing

myself into the water, I picked the flower, and ran after him with it in my mouth.

Every day I seemed to become more and more an object of affection to all the inhabitants, old and young, of Baudry. But there is something still sweeter than to receive the caresses of those you love; it is to be useful to them. At the moment when my life seemed to have returned to be calm and smooth, an event happened which gave me the opportunity to show my courage as well as my intelligence.





CHAPTER XV.

THIEVES.—I TAKE THE COMMAND OF A BATTALION.—I
BEGIN TO GROW OLD.



ONE night I was sleeping in my basket in the great hall, when I was wakened up by the sound of whispering voices, and I detected in a moment that they were the voices of strangers. What should strangers do there at that time of night? The idea flashed across my mind that they were thieves, which was confirmed when I heard them speaking of a dog, whom they knew to be in the house, and whose presence they feared.

I crept out of my basket, and hid myself in a corner: not from fear, but that I might, without being seen myself, better observe their movements. There were two men; they were at the other end of the hall, and appeared to have entered through a window. I watched. They crept quietly up a staircase which led to the rooms used by the family.

No sooner had the villains disappeared than I came forth from my hiding-place, ran up another staircase, leading to the servants' rooms, and scratched at André's door. My good André sleeps soundly, and I had to jump against the door and shake it before I woke him.

At last he opened the door. I made two or three steps to return towards the staircase, and looked at him with a disturbed expression of face, which he understood.

"Ah! ah! Do you mean thieves? We'll soon see to that."

In a moment he was dressed and armed. Then I ran to the bedroom of the valet. But this time, in my impatience, I barked with all my might. My voice was tremendous, it resounded through the long galleries of the chateau in the stillness of the night. Master, mistress, servants, children, all woke up in alarm.

"Cæsar! Cæsar! What is the matter at this hour?"

It needed not so much to put the two thieves to flight. André and I were the first to enter a little sitting-room which led to the bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Nelville. Here we found the window open. The villains had taken fright at the sound of my voice, and had jumped from a first-floor window on to the ground.

André fired two shots with a pistol from the window. The echo returned the sounds. And, by the way, this reminds me that I have never told you how one of our amusements was afforded by this echo. The children would call me, and I barked; then the echo returned faithfully both my name and the sound of my bark.

But to return to our story.

The two pistol shots had the effect of waking up all the people belonging to the farm, who soon arrived, armed with muskets and sticks: for there was not a peasant on the estate who would not give his life for the Nelvilles.

We were twenty: I marched at the head of the troop with André. A general search was made from the attics to the cellars. We felt very sure that the villains had escaped by the window, but this search was made to satisfy Mrs. Nelville.

Mr. Nelville had the habit of leaving his watch every night on the mantelpiece in the little sitting-room next his bedroom. Well, that beautiful watch, which Henriette and I, in our infancy, had so often delighted to hear tick, had disappeared. The thieves had taken it.

This adventure caused great excitement. The next day



I MARCHED AT THE HEAD OF THE TROOP WITH ANDRÉ.

all were eager to describe their emotions; what they ^{had} thought, what they had said, at the first sound of my voice or of the pistol. All spoke of me with admiration. I

was in their eyes—at least, I like to think so—a great captain. The children overwhelmed me with praises and caresses.

We sent information to the Police, and for several days we had the pleasure of seeing two gendarmes on horseback riding about in our woods. The thieves were walking about elsewhere.

After this, several years passed quietly away, without any change. I was growing old, and Henriette had grown into a woman. But I still thought of her only as the little child whose hand I had licked on first arriving at Baudry. One day she presented to me a young man whom she told me I must love. It happened fortunately that I liked his face, and therefore was able to obey her, otherwise I think I should have died of jealousy.

This young man, whose name was Raoul, soon afterwards became the husband of Henriette. When they were married they still lived chiefly with us, coming and going, but always happy to return.

Henriette did not love me less after she was married : in fact she rather spoilt me, by putting up with all the caprices which had grown upon me as a sad consequence of old age. But do not imagine that, as I grew old, my toilet or my appearance was at all neglected. On the contrary, Sylvie was as proud of me as ever, and took more and more pains with poor old Cæsar. She even persuaded me, for reasons which she one day whispered in my ear, to let her put a few drops of eau-de-cologne into my bath, and I liked to hear her say afterwards : “ Ah, how nice you smell, Cæsar ! ”

Excellent but unwise Sylvie ! She persuaded Mr. Nelville, in consideration of my rheumatic pains, to have a warm coat made for me. A tailor came to take my measure. Yes, positively ! It was intended to render Cæsar ridiculous by dressing him up in a little coat ! But I made such a scene that at last Mr. Nelville saw the absurdity of the whole proceeding, and decided that my good sense



ONE DAY SHE PRESENTED A YOUNG MAN TO ME.

should prevail. It was determined only that during the winter I should not be shaved.

No doubt, my dear little readers, it is fine to be young

like you ; to run after butterflies ; to climb up cherry-trees, while our little sisters below hold out their dresses to catch the fruit. Nothing is more pleasant for a dog than to join in such amusements. But there is also a charm in reposing, when old, in the bosom of a family that have known you all your life. What affection ! what confidence ! I may even add, what respect !

I received nothing but kindness from all who approached me : no one dared to ill-treat Cæsar. Thus several months passed away in peace and calm, till the moment arrived when I was destined to make an important discovery.





PLAYING AT GROWN-UP PEOPLE:

THE TOLL-GATE.



MUST now tell you what a scrape Franky once got into, when he and his cousin Charlie were indulging their fancy for playing at grown-up people.

One day—it was Lucy's birthday—Cook wanted to make a certain pudding, of which Lucy was particularly fond. It is called—at least by the children—the “Queen of Puddings;” and is composed of jam, and custard, and cream, and I know not what good things besides. Of one of these ingredients,—I think it was the jam—Cook found that she was short; and stepped out to the shop of the village, where they sold everything,—grocery, physic, linendrapery, and toys,—to see if she could buy some. But there was none to be had.

“What's the matter, Cooky?” inquired Master Frank, meeting her as she returned from the village; “you look so melancholy!”

"You'll look melancholy too, I can tell you, my dear, when you don't see that nice pudding come to table that I promised Miss Lucy to make. I can't get no jam at the shop, and I'm out of it myself." Then Cooky added doubtfully: "It ain't worth while to send to Stonehurst." This was a town about three miles off.

"I'll go and get it," cried Franky, delighted with the idea; and without another word he got a basket from the kitchen, mounted Billy the donkey,—merely putting on a bridle without any saddle,—and rode away. He soon reached the town, where he bought a pot of jam, and also a guinea-pig for himself: they were both popped into the basket together.

Now Franky's cousin Charles, seeing him start, thought he would play the turnpike-keeper at the gate of the drive leading up to the house. To play the character better, he tied a pocket-handkerchief round his waist to look like an apron, and stopping Master Franky on his return home, demanded a penny.

Franky did not take the joke so good-temperedly as usual, but saying: "Get out!" cut at Charlie with his whip. Whereupon Charlie caught him by one leg, and upset him off the donkey. Franky jumped up, and hit Charlie in the eye; who returned the compliment on Franky's nose. Billy, the donkey, meanwhile turned round and ran off. Down fell the basket with jam and guinea-pig. The pot of jam was broken, the guinea-pig was lost; Charlie had a black eye, Franky a swollen nose; while Billy the donkey, getting his feet entangled in the bridle, fell down and broke his knees.

And Lucy did not have the "Queen of Puddings" at her birthday dinner after all.



THE GREAT BROWN OWL.



HE brown Owl sits in the hollow tree,
And she looketh wondrous wise,
With a horny beak beneath her cowl,
And a pair of large round eyes.

She sat all the day in the selfsame place
From sunrise till sunset; [bright
And the dim grey light, it was all too
For the Owl to see in yet.

“Jenny Owlet, Jenny Owlet,” said a merry
little bird,
They say you’re wondrous wise;
But I don’t think you see, though you’re
looking at me
With your large, round, shining eyes.”

But night came soon, and the pale white
moon
Rolled high up in the skies; [cowl,
And the great brown Owl flew away in her
With her large, round, shining eyes.





SOME OF MY LITTLE FRIENDS:



MAURICE.

HERE is not one among all my little friends whom I like better than Maurice, still I must confess he is by no means faultless: indeed I am glad to say I have not one other little friend who comes at all near him in wilfulness and disobedience; but then he has the redeeming quality of being very affectionate; in short he is a spoilt child. He is still very young, however, and he had a severe lesson the other day, which I hope will do him good: he was very nearly drowned, as I shall tell you presently, just owing to that very disobedience and wilfulness.

Maurice has no brother, and his two sisters are both a great deal older than he is, so you may be sure they have helped to spoil my little friend. But still they cannot be always playing with him, as a child of his own age would; so whom do you think Maurice has made his chief companion? Why, the largest and handsomest Newfoundland dog I ever saw.

Sailor—that is the dog's name—is Maurice's shadow and slave. If example could have taught this little boy anything, the meek, gentle, blind obedience of this great noble animal to him, ought to have been a lesson. I have seen Maurice, with paper cocked-hat on his head and wooden sword by his side,—just as you see him in the picture—putting Sailor through what he called his drill by the half hour together,—the good-natured, patient old dog evidently trying his utmost to understand, and always obeying when he did.

Now I will tell you what happened to Maurice a short time ago, entirely through his disobedience. He was

staying down at Eastbourne, and was walking one day on the beach with his mamma and one of his big sisters, who was throwing a stick into the sea for Sailor to fetch out.

The tide was coming up, and the waves kept rising higher and higher with the tide. Maurice's mamma held tight hold of his hand, while they watched Sailor swimming, and enjoying the buffeting he received from the great waves.

Maurice kept on saying to his mamma: "Let me throw! *Do* let me throw!" and at length she consented, on condition that he let her hold one of his hands the time; she was so afraid of his going too near the water. But Maurice soon became very tiresome, and at length breaking away from his mamma, he ran down the beach, picked up a large stone, and threw it into the sea.

At that moment a great wave broke close to him, and the water rushing up, surrounded the poor little boy. Before either his mamma or sister could reach him, he was drawn away, sucked into the sea, and they saw him drifting away into quite deep water.

In another minute he would have been drowned; but Sailor, who was just bringing the stick to shore, at once perceived how matters stood. The good old dog let go the stick, and struck out vigorously towards his little master. Seizing him by the clothes, he brought him safe to shore.

So Master Maurice escaped with only a bad cold, and a terrible fright; but I hope he has received a useful lesson.



GOOD-NIGHT.

BABY, baby, lay your head
 On your pretty cradle bed ;
 Shut your eyepeeps, now the day
 And the light are gone away ;
 All the clothes are tucked in tight ;
 Little baby, dear, good-night.

Out of doors the snow and rain
 Patter on the window-pane :
 But they cannot come in here
 To my little baby dear ;
 So till morning shineth bright,
 Little baby, dear, good-night.



MAMMA'S TALK.

MY dear children, in following out my plan of giving you some account of the life and teaching of our Saviour, I described in our last Sunday talk how He was taken, and accused by the chief priests and elders before Pilate, the Roman governor, who delivered Him over to them to be crucified. Next comes the crucifixion itself; but I will not dwell here upon an event so sad, and sacred, and terrible.

I have wished, in these Sunday talks, to make you

understand, first of all, our Saviour's beautiful teaching of love, and kindness, and charity to all ; and that those who believe in Him should show their belief by obeying Him. I have given you at the same time a sketch of His life, for it affords an example not merely of the unselfishness He taught, but of self-sacrifice for the sake of others.

Just before He was seized and led off to prison, Jesus said to one of His disciples, named Peter : " Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels ? But how then shall the scripture be fulfilled ? " Jesus not only submitted willingly to a painful and lingering death upon the cross, but when some of the people looking on, mocked and derided Him in His agony, He only exclaimed : " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

When Jesus expired, the sun was darkened, the earth shook, and there were other signs and wonders, so that those who were still watching feared greatly, saying : " Truly this was the Son of God."

And in the evening, one of the disciples, named Joseph, went to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus ; and he laid it in a sepulchre, which had been hewn out in a rock, like a cave ; and afterwards he rolled a great stone against the entrance.

On the next day but one after the crucifixion, at dawn, came Mary Magdalene and another woman to see the sepulchre ; and they found that the stone had been rolled back from the entrance, and on it sat an angel. St. Matthew tells us, " His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow." And the angel said to the women : " Fear ye not, for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified : He is not here ; for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead."

Then St. Matthew goes on to say that the women departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy,

and ran to bring the disciples word. But, behold, Jesus met them, saying, "All hail!" And they held Him by the feet and worshipped Him. This is what you see represented in the picture above.

Death upon the cross was the usual mode of executing criminals among the Jews at that time. As Christianity spread and triumphed, the cross came to be adopted as the symbol of the Christian Faith. From being simply the instrument of a barbarous and cruel manner of execution, it has been accepted as the sign of our Saviour's love for mankind, and His suffering for our sakes. It crowns our churches, and is erected on our tombs.





SOME OF MY LITTLE FRIENDS:



LUCY.

MONG my little friends is one who is not a little lady; she is only a poor orphan girl, who lives in a country cottage with her grandfather and grandmother; but she is not the less one of my dearest little friends. She is so good and gentle, so sweet and pretty; besides being very courageous.

I will tell you what happened when I first saw little Lucy, and you will understand why I think her such a nice little girl.

I was paying a visit at the great house of the village in which Lucy lives, and had taken a rather late drive one evening in a pony-carriage with the lady I was staying with. I remember enjoying the beautiful autumn evening. There were still a few birds singing in the trees, and plenty of wild flowers yet upon the ground; the sky was blue overhead, and the foliage of the trees had changed from green to richer tints of red, warm brown, and yellow. It was beginning to get late and chilly, and we were on our way homewards, when I remarked a little figure in brown dress, red cloak and hood, speeding along as fast as her legs could go in front of us.

"Little Lucy is walking along as if she were in a hurry," said my friend; "I suppose she has been to the town to get something for her grandfather or grandmother. It is late for the child; I will take her up and give her a ride home. It is all on the way." So saying, she touched the ponies with the whip to overtake the little girl.

At that moment, Punch, the off pony, shied at a reflection of the setting sun in a pool of water; Judy shied too, I suppose from sympathy; and I suddenly found

myself seated in a soft muddy ditch by the side of the road. But I was more fortunate than my friend, whom, to my horror, I saw being dragged along at the tail of the little carriage, which was upset and broken.

She was just passing the little red-cloaked figure, when I saw the child spring forward, catch hold of my friend's dress, and detach it in a moment from the carriage, which went clattering away at the heels of the ponies. In her effort, little Red-cloak rolled over in the mud beside my friend, but picked herself up again in a second.

Struggling out of the ditch, I ran to my poor friend, and found her less hurt than I had expected. After a little rest at a cottage, and a glass of water, she managed to walk home—only about half a mile—leaning upon my arm on one side, and with her hand on Lucy's shoulder on the other. When she was comfortably settled on a sofa, we found that the child had come no further than the door of the house; and as we both thought she had not been thanked half enough, I followed her at once to the cottage where she lived.

I found her eagerly relating what had happened to an old man and woman before the cottage fire; but I soon discovered that she had spoken much too lightly of her own share in the adventure; and when I told them of her courage and presence of mind, tears of joy came into the eyes of the old people.

I and my friend, whose life perhaps she saved, will always love and watch over that dear little girl.



HOW JEAN AND BABETTE TRIED TO SELL
THEIR COW, BUT COULD NOT.

JEAN and Babette were a couple of worthy old souls. They lived in France, in a retired part of the country, at

least a dozen miles from any town, and there they had lived all their lives. They were rather lonesome sometimes in their cottage, for all the little children they had once had were grown up and out in the world. But they had a little garden to look after, and a nice little garden it was too. Also they had a pig, and a pretty white horse, who was very old but very steady; and last, not least, they had a cow.

Bijou—that was the name of the cow—had belonged to them since she was quite a baby calf; they had watched over her, and taken care of her almost as if she were a child. Bijou grew in grace and beauty, and thrived on the good food and all the care bestowed upon her, until at last the time had come when Jean and Babette thought they might sell her for a good price at the nearest town.

So one morning, almost before daybreak, they started off. Babette rode in the cart drawn by the pretty white horse; while Jean marched behind Bijou with a switch in his hand to encourage her to hasten on. They had gone a very little way when Bijou, not liking the dusty road so well as her own green field, suddenly turned round and cantered back again.

This happened twice, and Jean and Babette were terribly puzzled. At last they had a bright idea. Backing the cart against a bank, Jean led the cow up the bank and so on to the cart, and tied her in with a rope. Bijou submitted willingly to enter the cart; and seemed quite delighted, and very proud of herself when it began to move. Her head appeared between those of her master and mistress, to the amusement of all who met them. The passers-by laughed heartily at the curious sight, and Jean and Babette laughed, and the cow wanted to laugh, but didn't know how, and they were all merry together.

But this pleasant state of things did not last long. Bijou got tired of the shaking of the cart, and contriving to free herself from the rope, jumped out and galloped



away. They were passing through a wood at the time, and she soon disappeared among the trees.

Poor Jean wandered about for an hour, but did not catch a glimpse of the heartless Bijou. At last he went into a cottage to ask some one to help him in his search, and was just explaining his want to the old woman he found there,

when a harsh voice, close to his ear, screamed out: "Go along home, do! Go along home! Go along home!"

Jean staggered back, dismayed. He beheld a great bird of gay plumage, with gigantic beak, perched on the outside of a cage, and nodding its head at him as if to claim an old acquaintance with him. Jean had never beheld a parrot in his life before. Seeing his alarm, the old woman explained that this was a macaw, which her son, who was a sailor, had brought home from Martinique.

But Jean's fears were not quieted; he hastened back to his cart, and obeying the voice drove home at once. He could not get rid of the idea that there was something supernatural in the whole business.

This idea was confirmed when, approaching their cottage, Jean and Babette beheld Bijou quite safe at home, grazing in the field close by: only Jean cannot make up his mind even to this day whether the parrot itself, or the old woman who owns it, is the real witch.

They did not attempt to sell Bijou again.

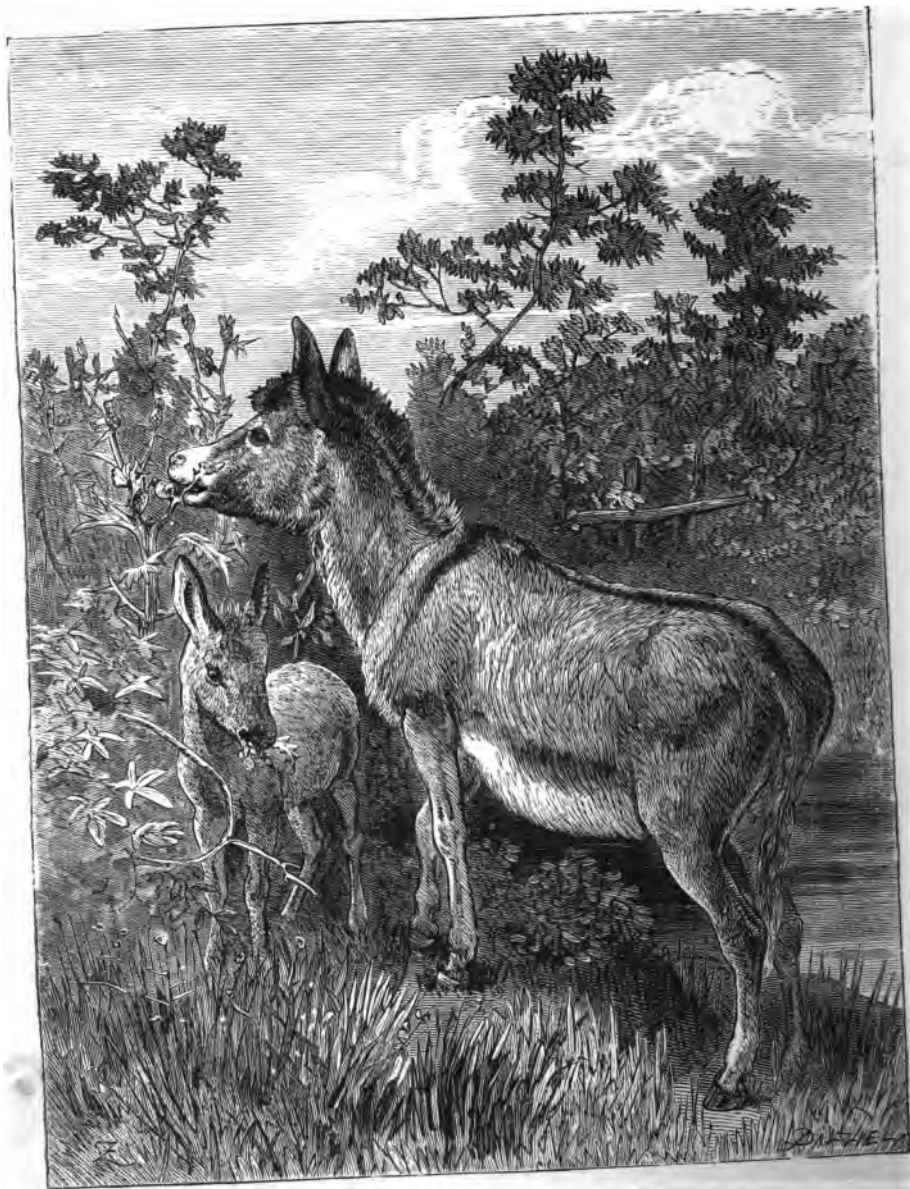




THERE was a jolly Miller
 Lived on the river Dee;
 He worked and sung from morn till night,—
 No lark so blithe as he.
 And this the burden of his song
 For ever used to be :—
 I care for nobody—no! not I,
 Since nobody cares for me.



BARBER, barber, shave a pig.
 How many hairs will make a wig?
 Four-and-twenty; that's enough.
 Give the poor barber a pinch of snuff.





DONKEYS.

HERE certainly are few things prettier to my mind than a dear little baby donkey. Every little young thing in the world has a great charm for me, but I particularly like baby donkeys. See what a pretty creature this is in the picture, with its innocent-looking little face, bright eyes, and sharp pricked-up ears, ready for a game with its sedate mamma, who is just enjoying her thistle.

I think you children generally like donkeys, although I am very, very sorry to say that when I have seen little people riding them at the seaside or elsewhere, I have almost always had cause to pity the poor gentle donkey. To say nothing of the beating by the donkey-boy, I have seen little hands tugging away at poor donkey's mouth till my own jaws have ached from sympathy.

If a donkey is taken care of and properly trained, and gently and kindly used, it will answer the bit, and obey the whip, as readily as a horse. I once had a donkey that I drove in a basket carriage, and it was as nice to drive as any pony. It is only ill-usage that hardens the poor donkey's mouth, and skin, and temper.

I will tell you now how this little donkey became mine. I do not know if you children have ever heard the saying—but there is a saying—that nobody ever sees a dead donkey. My old nurse, I remember, used to say: "Pins and dead donkeys rolls off the earth together, I do believe."

Having had this idea instilled into me from my childhood, you may suppose that I was very much astonished one morning, as I was walking along a lane close to where I lived in the country, to see a young donkey lying right

in my path. I stooped down to look at it, and it appeared quite dead.

Just then a farmer belonging to the neighbouring farm came down the lane, and, stopping, he looked at the little thing also. "Well, ma'am," said he, "they say as no one ever see a dead donkey: here's one, sure enough." We could not see it breathe at all.

Presently up came a labouring man, who exclaimed: "Hullo! this is our little Tommy. I expect he's come from our place to look after his mother." Then I learnt that the poor little animal's mother had been sold to the farmer the day before, and so the little son had wandered off that morning in search of her.

"Poor little thing!" I cried, "I fear he is dead; do bring his mother to him." The farmer very good-naturedly went off to fetch Mrs. Donkey, who soon came trotting down the lane; and when she got by the side of Tommy, what do you think the little animal did?—Why he just jumped up, and seemed all right directly. Then it was so pretty to see how mamma donkey loved and caressed her little son; while he returned all her affection with interest.

The end of this little adventure was that I bought Tommy and his mother too, so that they might not be separated. The mamma used to carry my children on her back; and little Tommy, when he grew older, was driven in my basket carriage for many years. He is alive and flourishing now; but his mother died a natural death some years ago.



MEMOIRS OF A POODLE.

CHAPTER XVI.

I MAKE AN UNEXPECTED AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—
ANÉCDOTE OF ANOTHER CÆSAR.



GREAT many trees were being cut down this year on the estate at Baudry, and several purchasers came to see them. Among the rest came one who was received with a certain degree of intimacy at the chateau.

Formerly an officer of cavalry though now a timber merchant, Mr. Martial had good manners, and his company was rather liked by the family. Mr. Nelville was pleased to walk over his estate with a man whom he could talk to about his plans for improving it. I was on good terms myself with the stranger.

One evening, at the hour which is neither day nor night, we sat out of doors, admiring the deep shadows of our forests in the mysterious twilight. Everyone had some word to say about the landscape or the evening: "See, how beautiful that tint is!" or "Look at that distance there!" I alone was silent, content to stretch myself on the grass, and breathe the fresh evening air.



I SPRANG AT MR. MARTIAL AS IF I WOULD SEIZE HIM BY THE THROAT.

"It must be getting late," said Mr. Nelville, at length.

"I'll tell you the time to a minute," said Mr. Martial,

"I have here an excellent watch." So saying, he drew his watch from his pocket, and the attention of everyone was turned towards it after his remark.

At the sight of the watch I stood up; I looked more attentively, then I sprang at Mr. Martial as if I would seize him by the throat. My master held me back, but I continued to bark furiously. The astonishment was general.

"What fancy has the dog got into his head? Does he take me for a thief?" exclaimed Mr. Martial, seeming extremely mortified.

"Pardon him, dear Mr. Martial," said my master; "Cæsar is destined perhaps to clear up a mystery. Permit me to ask you where you bought your watch."

"At Paris," replied our visitor, "at the shop of a small jeweller, who told me he had purchased it from a stranger who was in distress. I paid three hundred francs for it, but it is certainly worth twice as much."

"How long have you had it?"

"Nearly two years."

"Just so," rejoined Mr. Nelville. "Well, my dear sir, it is my watch, I am quite certain."

"Explain, I beg," said Mr. Martial, much astonished.

"About two years have passed," said my master, "since this watch was stolen from me by thieves, who would perhaps have cut our throats also but for the watchfulness and the courage of Cæsar. Will you, please, pass the watch over to me, and let us see if Cæsar approves of that?"

Directly Mr. Martial had obeyed the wish of my master, I expressed the greatest satisfaction. I gently placed my two paws upon his knees, and began to lick his hands. This change in my behaviour left no doubt as to my meaning, nor did Mr. Martial question the truth of my master's assertion that the watch was his.

"Sir," said he, "I am ready to restore your watch, and

I congratulate you on possessing a dog of such wonderful intelligence."

"I daresay you have never noticed my initials," observed Mr. Nelville, "which are half worn out, but may still be seen inside the case of the watch." And he opened the case, and pointed out the initials.

Mr. Martial was thoroughly convinced, and the watch was surrendered; but my master insisted on repaying him the three hundred francs he had given for it.

My modesty absolutely forbids me to repeat the praises I received on account of this curious discovery. Mr. Martial promised to write a full account of the whole affair, and send it to the provincial newspapers, in whose columns some description of my doings had already more than once appeared. Sylvie almost strangled me with caresses. She called me her dear incomparable Cæsar. According to her the gendarmes did nothing in comparison with me towards maintaining order in the province. Cæsar only could discover crimes, or bring to light hidden mysteries.

After this, strangers visiting Baudry were more than ever anxious to see me, but I was not very amiable towards them: I do not like to be looked at merely from curiosity.

The service I had rendered to my dear master led to my having the pleasure of hearing some anecdotes of celebrated dogs. The conversation naturally took this turn after my wonderful exploit. Mr. Martial, far from showing any regret at having to give up the watch, became quite enthusiastic about the intelligence of dogs.

"Dogs are sometimes marvellously intelligent," said he; "I will tell you a story of one, who had the same name as Cæsar, though he was a different kind of dog."

At the mention of my name, I thought Mr. Martial called me, and I ran to him. This mistake raised a laugh at my expense, and I returned to my place feeling rather foolish.

“The story is related,” continued our visitor, “in the ‘Memoirs of Sully,’ who tells us that the Baron Kollikoffer, one of the ambassadors from Switzerland to Henry III. of France, about the year 1582, had a greyhound of extraordinary strength and courage, of which he was very fond.

“Before leaving Switzerland for Paris, he had given strict orders that the dog should be taken great care of, and shut up at the time of his own departure from home.

“These orders were punctually executed, and as the spirit of the animal was well known, he was kept shut up for five days after his master left, in a little room which only looked upon an inner courtyard of the castle. Here he cried continually, and could not be persuaded to eat. At the end of five days it was thought that he might be released, and allowed to run about as usual.

“No sooner was he at liberty than his appetite returned, he ate as much as four ordinary dogs would eat—in fact, enough to make up for lost time, then ran out of the castle and disappeared. Finding that he did not return towards evening, everybody set to work to search for him throughout the neighbourhood, but the search was in vain, and at last they gave him up as lost.

“While Cæsar was causing so much anxiety at home, he was running along on the road to Paris.

“The Baron Kollikoffer, with the other Swiss deputies, was having an audience of the king at the palace of the Louvre, when suddenly he beheld his dog rush into the room. Cæsar, by a marvellous instinct, had traced his master’s course, not only to Paris, and to the house in which he lived there, but even to the palace and to the presence of the king. There he sprang upon the astonished Baron, almost knocking him over in the exuberance of his joy. But what made this exploit still more wonderful, was the fact that, afterwards, when the time of Cæsar’s leaving home and the time of his arrival in Paris



THE FAITHFUL MESSENGER RETURNED TO THE CASTLE OF KOLLIKOFFER.

were compared, it was discovered that he had done the whole distance—nearly three hundred miles—in four-and-twenty hours.

“The next day the Baron wrote to his wife, and wishing for a speedy messenger, it occurred to him to fasten the letter to the collar of his dog; then he said to Cæsar, ‘Now go back as fast as you can to your mistress.’ The faithful messenger made his way back to the castle of Kollikoff in two days. The letter was of great importance, and the quickness with which it was conveyed helped the success of an important negotiation.”

My dear master had the weakness to dislike hearing anecdotes of dogs in which the hero was represented as doing anything more wonderful than I had done. And his only remark upon Mr. Martial’s story was simply: “I

could tell you the story of a dog which would match yours."

As it had become dark we all rose at that moment to go into the house, and I feared Mr. Nelville's story would not be told. But afterwards, in the drawing-room, Henriette reminded him of it; he then related the history of the famous dog Boatswain. But I will reserve it for the next chapter.





PLAYING AT GROWN-UP PEOPLE.

“**W**HAT shall we do to-day?” cried Franky, one fine morning at the end of October.

“‘Let’s go to the wood, says Robin to Bobbin,’” answered Charlie, repeating a scrap of nursery rhyme. For Franky and Charlie had quite made up their little differences,—the one having forgiven his poor bruised nose, the other his blackened eyes.

“What shall we play at then?” said Franky.

“Why, let’s be woodmen, to be sure,” rejoined the other; “the trees that have been cut down are all lying about: it’ll be such fun.”

“All right,” cried Franky; “let’s call cousin Reggy.”

But before the three boys started, they went to the gardener’s tool-house to search for choppers or hatchets. Unluckily they found one,—an old and blunt one, it is true, but still a dangerous tool for boys to use. Then off they

went, picking blackberries and brown ripe nuts as they walked along, and soon reached the wood.

They hastened through a part of the wood where the trees were close and the undergrowth thick, till they came to an open glade. Here several trunks of trees lay strewn about: the branches had mostly been cut off, and the smaller ones lay piled together ready to be tied into bundles for faggots. Franky, as the biggest boy, of course had possession of the axe, and began chopping away at anything he could find with all his might. Charlie and Reggy more sensibly employed themselves in tying up great bundles of sticks, and showed a great deal of skill too in twisting the more slender branches into a kind of rope.

Master Franky, with coat off and shirt sleeves turned up, thought he presented a most workman-like appearance, and was perfectly satisfied with himself until, in an unlucky moment, the chopper descended, not on the tree, but on his own shin. Here was an end of the day's amusement. Poor Franky yelled with pain, and it was lucky for him the chopper was so blunt; but he had to limp home, supported by his cousins on each side, nor could he walk comfortably for a week afterwards.





SEE HOW ROSY THEY ARE !

Rosy apples ! rosy children ! and one child Rosy by name. Yes, it is the one facing you, who stands smiling at the little girl with the pig-tails down her back. What a fine basket of apples they have gathered amongst them ! Mother is indoors now, getting their tea, while the three children keep guard over the basket.

Says Rosy : " I am tired with my day's work ; I'm sure I ought to have an apple or two ; " and she stretches out her hand towards the basket.

" Mother would be angry," cried Jessey—the one with the pig-tails. " I shan't let you."

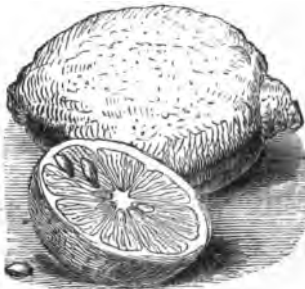
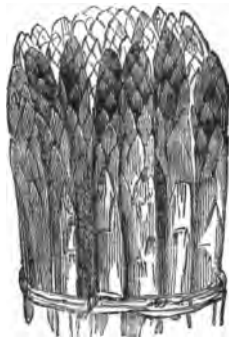
Winnie, the little one, echoes, " I san't let oo."

" Nonsense ! " rejoins Rosy, " I shall take one ; I am *so* thirsty, and they are so juicy and sweet ! "

" So doosy and weet ! " echoes Winnie, siding with each in turn.

Just then Mother calls out from the cottage, " Come, come, children, tea's ready," and they all run in ; Winnie toddling behind, and casting a longing look at the rosy apples.

Bunch, the dog, is left on guard, and I think he is the most trustworthy guard of all—where apples are concerned.



HERE, children, is a Puzzle Page for you ; see if you can find it out. One of the objects begins with A, two with C, one with N, one with P, and one with L.

MUFF AND HER PUPPIES.



MUFF ought to be a happy dog, and I think was so until last week. Muff has a kind good mistress, who washes and brushes and combs her; pets and fondles her; and lets her sleep in a basket in her dressing-room. Then, too, Muff, who is a warm-hearted Scotch terrier, has four loving friends in her mistress's four children; and the doggie returns their affection with her whole heart. Even the black pussy, though of a somewhat uncertain temper, may be said to be a friend to Muff.

About a month ago, Muff's happiness was increased by having two dear little puppies. Never, she thought, had mother more cause to be proud. The puppies were named by the children Tippy and Cuffy: Tippy was, if anything, the favourite child of his mother.

One morning, about a week ago, Muff left her children together in the basket in her mistress's dressing-room, while she went downstairs to see the young people of the family start off to a pic-nic. She stood in the garden and barked a gentle farewell, thinking to herself that she would very much have liked to join the pic-nic; but after all it was a proud thing to be a mother, and of such lovely children too. Still Muff sighed as the merry party drove away, and she could not help thinking that puppies were a great tie.

As she turned back into the hall, she heard a whining on the staircase above her. "Dear, dear!" said she to herself, "surely this must be one of my children, who has followed me, although I told them not."

Raising her eyes, she saw Cuffy standing on the landing, looking down upon her through the bars of the balustrade. "Naughty child!" cried Muff, in dog language; "go



back to your basket. My Tippy is always good: *he* stays in his proper place."

Thus spoke the fond and deluded mother. Alas! her Tippy was lying but a few feet from her, quite, quite dead. He had been the naughtiest puppy of the two, and had been the first to leave the basket, and go on a journey of discovery after his mother. Cuffy had but followed his bad example, and was crying at seeing his brother fall through the balustrade.

Poor Muff's lamentations were so loud when she found out the truth, that the servants soon gathered round her, and tried in vain to console her. At last she went to take care of Cuffy, and bemoan herself in her basket with her one child left.

The next day when all the family were at home, poor Tippy was buried. Johnny the eldest boy dug the grave. Muff of course was chief mourner, and Cuffy was carried in the arms of little Lily to see Tippy's interment. Etty and little Horace were there with very sad faces, and the black pussy came to look on too.

Mamma even was present, and felt quite melancholy at seeing poor Muff leaning over the grave, and looking a last fond farewell at her little dead puppy.





AUTUMN.

WHEN the year's best prime is
 over,
 When he's growing old and
 grey,
 When the leaves begin to redden,
 And the flowers to fade away ;
 Then—as if one last glance throwing
 Back to summer's past delight,
 One last lingering farewell taking,
 Ere he sinks in endless night—
 Comes a little golden season,
 When the sun shines all the day
 Like one glorious sunset on us,
 Bathing all in crimson ray.
 Then the air is clear and mellow,
 Rich the colours on the trees ;

Distant sounds are heard distinctly,
Borne on every passing breeze.
Fog and damp and chilling showers,
Cold and wind then take their flight ;
Bright and clear as Alpine summers
Shines the day from morn till night.
Then the moon in fuller glory,
Through the crisp and buoyant air,
Sheds a purer, softer radiance,
Silvery gilding everywhere.
But this lovely Indian summer
Soon must pass, like Alpine glow ;
It must, with its wondrous beauty,
Fade like all things here below ;
Yet there is a light more golden
In a land more bright and fair,—
Never-fading sunset glory,—
Let us strive to see it there.





MAMMA'S TALK:

THE ASCENSION.



AT the time of our Saviour's resurrection, when He appeared to Mary Magdalene in the way I described to you, my children, His disciples were in great fear of their enemies among the Jews: for were not the enemies of Jesus enemies of those whom He left behind to do His work? And being assembled together on the evening of the day when Christ appeared to Mary,

they were sitting in a room with the door closed and fastened. Suddenly they beheld Jesus in the midst of them, and He said : " Peace be unto you."

But some of them were terrified, supposing that they saw a spirit. Then He showed them His hands and feet, which had been pierced by the nails that fastened Him on to the cross ; and said :

" Why are ye troubled ? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts ? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself : handle me and see ; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have."

Many times between our Saviour's resurrection and His ascension into heaven did He appear to His disciples, always teaching and instructing them. In the words of St. Luke,—*" He opened their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures. And said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day : And that repentance and the remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem."*

Another time, St. Luke tells us, Christ led His disciples out as far as Bethany, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. And they worshipped Him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy.

The picture on the opposite page illustrates Our Lord's ascension into heaven, and you see His disciples worshipping Him.

I have not yet told you that among the disciples and followers of Jesus, He had Himself chosen twelve whom He called Apostles : and to these was intrusted the work of teaching and spreading the Gospel. After witnessing the ascent of their Lord and Master into heaven, they returned to Jerusalem to wait for the fulfilment of a promise He had made them. It was that the Holy Ghost—the

Spirit of God—should descend upon them, filling them with wisdom and strength for their mission.

Nor had they long to wait. At the feast of Pentecost, when they were all assembled together, there came a sound as of a rushing wind, and a great light from heaven shone upon them, and tongues of fire sat upon each. From this time, these men, who before were mostly unlearned, became inspired with marvellous eloquence and wisdom. They were endowed, too, with the gift of prophecy and the power of working miracles.

I related to you, my dear children, at Christmas-time the birth of our Saviour: in the series of our Sunday talks since then, I have told you something of His teaching, and described the events of His life, till we have now come to His ascension into heaven. Hereafter I will tell you how the apostles continued the work begun by our Saviour, and taught and spread the glad tidings of salvation.





THE GOLDEN EAGLE.



HIS is a picture of an eagle feeding her young ones. You see the young eaglets have been waiting hungry at home in their nest, high up among the great solemn rocks, while mother eagle has gone down into the plains below to find food for them. She has been successful, as you can see, for she has carried up in her cruel beak a poor hare. It is dead now, so there is no more pain for it.

Look how eagerly one of the young birds is flying at the dead hare, while the other has its beak wide open, ready for a bit. I think the last is the best mannered of the two, for the greedy eaglet with its back turned has evidently not waited to be asked to sit down and have its dinner, as well-behaved children should.

The eagle is called the king of birds from its noble look, its lofty flight, and its great strength. It has been known to carry up in its talons even a sheep. The golden eagle is found in many parts of the world, but only mountainous parts. It builds its nest high up on some lofty rock. It is much dreaded in places where it is common, for there are instances of its carrying off little children.

I have heard a story of an eagle who carried off a baby, which the mother had laid down for a minute by the sea-shore, while she wandered to a little distance to pick up shells.

The poor woman saw the eagle fly off with her little child to its nest, which was not far away, and she followed it, climbing up over the rocks, faint and breathless, and almost dying with exertion and horror. As she approached the nest, she saw the little eaglets with open

beaks ready for their meal. The poor mother had in her hand a shawl in which the baby had been wrapped, and she threw it past the old eagle over the steep rock. The great bird went swooping after it, just as she had hoped, thinking it fresh prey. On the instant she seized her baby, which was not much hurt, and carried it back over the rocks and safely home.

The nest of the eagle is made of branches of trees, interwoven with smaller twigs, and lined with rushes. It lays three eggs of a dusky colour, spotted with green; and it will attack anything or anybody in defence of its little ones. The golden eagle's eyes are particularly bright and piercing, and when perched, it looks very grand and majestic.



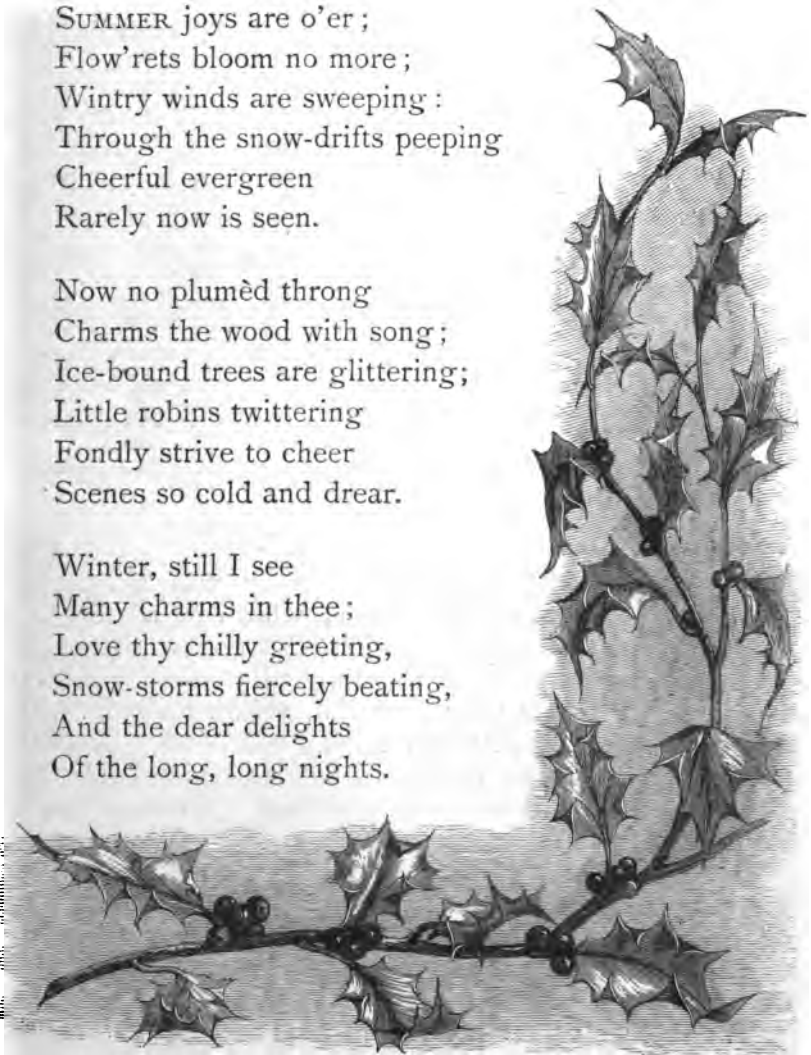


A WINTER SONG.

SUMMER joys are o'er ;
Flow'rets bloom no more ;
Wintry winds are sweeping :
Through the snow-drifts peeping
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumèd throng
Charms the wood with song ;
Ice-bound trees are glittering ;
Little robins twittering
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee ;
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.





REPENTANCE.



ONCE upon a time there was a little girl called Constance, who had a dear little canary bird. The tiny creature sang from the early morning till the evening, and was very beautiful, yellow as gold, with a black tuft on his little head. Constance gave it seed to eat, and nice cool water-cresses, and sometimes a bit of sugar, and brought it fresh water every day.

But suddenly the little bird began to pine, and one morning, when Constance came to bring it water, it was dead.

Then the little girl set up a loud lamentation over her dear little bird, and wept most bitterly.

The mother of the little child went and bought another

bird still more beautiful than the first in colour, and one that sang just as sweetly, and she put it in the cage. But the little girl wept louder than ever when she saw the new canary.

Then the mother was greatly astonished, and said to her in the evening, when she was going to bed: "My dear child, why have you kept on crying all day and making yourself so miserable? Your tears will not bring back the dead bird to life, and this little new canary is as pretty and nice as the poor little dead one."

Then the child replied, "Ah, mother dear, I have acted badly towards the little thing; I have not done everything for it I should have done."

"Dear Conny," said the mother; "you took great care of your little bird, and were always kind to it."

"Oh, no! oh, no!" sobbed the child. "Only a short time before it died, you gave me a piece of sugar for it, and this sugar I did not give to the bird, but ate it myself." And the little one hid her face on her mother's shoulder in great distress.

But the mother did not smile at the lamentation of the little girl, for she knew and revered the holy voice of conscience in the heart of her child. I think the angels must have rejoiced that night over the confession and repentance of the dear little one.





Now, little people, see if you can find this Puzzle Page out. Two of the objects begin with B, two with C, one with P, and one with S.



DOLLY'S DOCTOR.

“



DOCTOR, I sent for you to-night,
 For baby's lost his appetite."
 "Hum, ha! good madame, tell me, pray,
 What you have given him to-day?
 O yes, I see, a piece of cake!
 The worst thing you could let him take.
 Just let me taste it: I declare
 There are both plums and currants there."
 "Doctor, you've eaten all the cake!
 Excuse me, what shall baby take?"
 "Oh dear me! did I eat it all?
 How strange! I did not think at all.
 Dear baby two blue pills shall take,
 Then if he have the stomach-ache,
 A draught and powder'll put him right;
 And so, dear ma'am, good-night, good-
 night."



MEMOIRS OF A POODLE.

CHAPTER XVII.

STORY OF THE DOG BOATSWAIN.—MY OLD AGE.



WE all prepared to listen to the promised story of the dog Boatswain, and Mr. Nelville began as follows:—

“Boatswain belonged to a captain in the English navy, who had brought him over as a puppy from Newfoundland. He was a dog of extraordinary beauty.”

“Have you ever seen this famous dog, papa?” asked Henriette.

“No, my child, I have only seen his portrait, and read his history.”

“This dog was known and admired in London, just as Cæsar is known and admired in all the province of Touraine: so much so that the Prince regent took a fancy to possess him. His master was very sorry, as you may suppose, to separate from his beautiful Newfoundland, still he presented the dog to the Prince, who did not fail to recompense him. Boatswain left the royal navy, and made a solemn entry into Windsor Castle. An elegant little kennel was made for him resembling a Chinese pagoda, and the remnants from the Prince’s own table were served him every day.

“Boatswain was a favourite at court on account of his

beauty and grace; but a circumstance happened which gives him a place in the gallery of celebrated dogs, under the title of a diplomatist.

"One day an ambassador was talking with the Prince regent on the occasion of some reception at the palace: there being present also, among others, a French diplomatist, who was honoured by the confidence of Buonaparte, then first consul.

"The Prince regent wished to incline the ambassador to join in a war against France: but he hesitated.

"At that moment Boatswain entered the room.

"'What a beautiful animal!' said the ambassador.

"'Yes,' replied the Prince, 'and he will carry or bring anything you tell him.'

"Boatswain was standing at the time close to the French diplomatist, and held in his mouth a piece of paper he had just picked up from the ground.

"'Bring it,' cried the Prince.

"Boatswain obeyed. It was a letter dropped by the Frenchman. The regent glanced at it: it contained these words:—

"'Sir,—I write to you, as well as to my ambassador, on an important business. It is necessary to prevent a good understanding between the court of England and the ambassador of ——. He is a stupid and conceited person, and it will not be difficult to influence him.

"BUONAPARTE,

"First Consul.'

"'Here, sir,' said the regent to the ambassador, 'is something that concerns you;' and handed him the letter. The ambassador hesitated no longer, and his government soon afterwards allied itself with England.

"Boatswain, however, met with the fate of other court favourites. The regent grew tired of him, and gave him as a present to one of his friends. He passed from one owner to another, till he came into the possession at last of



NAPOLEON CARESSED THE BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL.

a certain physician, of an original character, who preferred animals to human beings.

“The physician went to France, and for some reason had an audience of Buonaparte. It was at St. Cloud.

Napoleon breakfasted while the conversation went on, when a sound like a prolonged groan was heard at the door of the room. Napoleon rose.

“‘Sire, it is a friend of mine,’ said the Englishman; ‘he grows impatient, for he is not accustomed to quit me.’

“‘Let him come in,’ said the Emperor.

“The door was opened, and Boatswain bounded into the room, and jumped upon his master. Unluckily, in doing so, he knocked down a magnificent china vase, and broke it into a thousand pieces. Confused and angry, the Englishman struck his dog, as if he would kill him; but Napoleon interfered, saying that the broken vase would be easier to replace than a dog like Boatswain. The physician in his heart was of the same opinion.

“Napoleon caressed the beautiful animal, whose eyes, bright with tears, were fixed upon him.

“Some years afterwards Napoleon was in the isle of Elba. Walking on the shore one day, he met the officers of an English ship, and with them an enormous dog, who, to the astonishment of everyone, ran up to the Emperor, and crouched at his feet.

“‘Here, Boatswain!’ called out the English captain.

“At this name the Emperor smiled, and recognized the handsome dog whom he had saved from being punished for breaking the vase at St. Cloud. The English captain was the son of the physician.

“When Boatswain died he was buried at Windsor, and a long epitaph was engraven on his tomb in letters of gold. It was as follows:—

“‘Here lie
The remains of a creature
Who possessed beauty without vanity,
Strength without insolence, courage without ferocity,
And all the virtues of man without his vices.
This praise would be but flattery
If engraved above human ashes,
Yet it is due to the memory
Of the dog, BOATSWAIN.
Born in Newfoundland (1801). Died at Windsor (1815).’”

“ Ah ! ” said Henriette, “ I promise you, my Cæsar, that your epitaph shall not be so long as that. If you die, as I’m afraid you must some day, alas ! I will have these words only engraved upon your tomb : *‘He saved the life of Henriette.’* ”

It was agreed by all that there was nothing in the history of Boatswain, nor even in that of my namesake, the greyhound Cæsar, that eclipsed my exploits : and this was my own opinion.

About this time I made the acquaintance of some ladies, living not far off, who had a pug-dog which was asthmatic, and snored in a way that was very disagreeable. An uncle of these ladies took a great aversion to the snorer, and Philos—that was the pug-dog’s name—detecting this, was accustomed, at the cost of much suffering, resolutely to restrain his snores all the time the visitor was present. But immediately his enemy had disappeared, he stretched himself out upon his cushion, breathed a profound sigh, and snored away so that you’d think an organ was playing in the room.

Before possessing Philos, these ladies had a spaniel named Loulou, of whom they told curious and touching stories. When a nephew, who had been away for a year, returned to the house, Loulou recognized his footstep, even on the staircase ; and experienced such joy that she had a fainting fit—for she was very old then,—and smelling salts had to be held to her nose, and her paws put into hot water before she recovered.

Mr. Nelville, I could see, thought the stories told by these ladies of their dogs, whom they loved so much, were a little exaggerated. But I, who know our capacity for loving our masters, quite believe them : and I say to myself : “ Some day my master will relate stories about me with the same tenderness.”

As I grow in years I lose, as others do, my power of making myself agreeable and amusing. I am no longer the young and brilliant Cæsar, who was always lively,



SHE HAD A FAINTING FIT.

always ready for fun or frolic ; I am simply an old friend, held in respect and consideration by the family. The children, who are no longer children except for me, do not

forget that I have been the delight of their childhood. They nurse me when I am suffering from my rheumatic pains ; and when I am well enough, they take me out for little walks, in order to rouse me from the continual drowsiness which has come upon me. They care for me as though I were a child whose health is delicate.

I am old : I am under no illusion on this subject. Cæsar must meet the fate common to dogs and men. I begin even in my journal, I fear, to prose and twaddle a little. Reader, excuse me. I can no longer look back to the joyous past for my recollections : I live now in the present, and I reckon upon no future to recount to you.





CHAPTER XVIII.

IS WRITTEN BY THE HAND OF A FRIEND.



CÆSAR is dead. Alas! It remains for me, his dear Henriette, to relate the last days of his life.

Six months before his death, Cæsar was attacked with rheumatism in his paws; which explains the sudden breaking-off of his journal. The friend of my childhood suffered a great deal. He complained gently, and submitted to whatever remedies were tried upon him with admirable patience.

Before he was attacked with rheumatism, Sylvie, who always wished to make him useful, had taught him to look after the chickens; and he performed this service admirably.

The poultry yard was large, but this did not prevent the chickens from wishing to get out of it to see the country beyond. Cæsar would collect them together again, and make them go back without ever hurting them.

Cæsar was very sensitive to cold. The last winter of his life he used to lie upon a cushion at the corner of the fire, with a little shawl spread over him. Whenever this covering got disarranged, he would come to my mother or



SYLVIE TAUGHT HIM TO LOOK AFTER THE CHICKENS.

to me, and fix his eyes upon us ; sometimes he would put a paw upon my hand, which I knew meant that he wanted to be covered up again.

Every two or three hours he used to warm himself at the fire in the following manner : first, he sat upright, with his face and chest turned to the fire. When this part was sufficiently warmed, he presented his back ; then one side, then the other, till he was warmed all round, when he returned to his cushion.

Cæsar had observed that when I blew the fire it gave more heat. One day the fire was low ; he came to me, but I did not understand him ; I thought he only wanted to be covered up. Seeing his looks always turned towards the fire, at last I took up the bellows. When once he found that I understood him, he curled himself up on his

cushion, asked to be covered, and went off to sleep, breathing sighs of contentment.

Our dear Cæsar has omitted in his memoirs one remarkable trait of his intelligence. You know that he was not fond of cats. He made war against them, climbing up ladders, or even trees, to get at them. When we were staying in Tours, he was fond of placing himself at a window which looked out upon portions of the roofs of the neighbouring houses: there would he sit for hours, watching for cats. We had a neighbour on the right whose name ended in *in*: one on the left whose name ended in *ot*.

When I said to him: "Cæsar, there's a cat on the house of Mr. Saurin," he always looked to the right. If he saw nothing, he would growl gently, by way of reproach. Then I would say: "Oh, then it is on the roof of Madame Tenot." When I said this, he would look to the left, and never make a mistake between the two.

Poor Cæsar! my doggie, dead of old age at fourteen years! I scarcely quitted him an hour during his long illness.

He used to raise one of his paws, and place it in my hand, in order to be sure that I was by his side, after he could see no longer. If I withdrew my hand for a little while, he expressed his sorrow by moans which were pitiful to hear, and they would cease directly he felt me take his paw again.

My readers ought to love Cæsar, for he thought of them in writing his memoirs; and if I do not mistake, he has interested and amused them. They will not wonder then at my shedding many, many tears, when I saw him stretched lifeless before me.

But my readers will rejoice to learn that, in one sense, Cæsar is still among us: we have had him stuffed. Never was an operation of this kind more successfully performed. Cæsar stands above the fireplace in the great hall of the chateau. Everyone says a word to him in passing. Sylvie



SYLVIE HAS RESERVED TO HERSELF THE RIGHT TO DUST HIM.

has reserved to herself the right to dust him, and his death has not stopped her conversations with the faithful animal.

Last year, on the anniversary of the day when *little*

Henriette fell into the pond, my father prepared for us a surprise which touched our hearts. Cæsar had a crown of flowers upon his head, and hanging above him was a paper in a pretty frame, on which was written an account of the intelligent and courageous act which saved my life.

But that day my dear doggie played a still more important part. We had guests to dinner: they were all old friends, who had known and loved Cæsar. Towards the end of dinner he was brought in by Jacques and placed upon the table, with the crown of flowers on his head. His exploits were related, and all the proofs he had given of affection, intelligence, and courage, told over and over again. Mine were not the only eyes that glistened with tears.

I beg my dear readers to remember my dog. I earnestly entreat of them never to give his name to a dog that is bad or vicious, for my Cæsar was perfect.





PLAYING AT GROWN-UP PEOPLE.



INTER had now come, but to Franky's great joy neither frost nor snow had yet appeared. And why, do you think, to his joy? Because papa had given him a beautiful pony, big enough to take him over the fences. It was a perfect horse in miniature, and papa had promised that he should go out hunting with him.

Robin—that was the name of the pony—was a beauty, I can tell you. His colour was a deep glossy chestnut; he was good-tempered, and was ready to take anything in the way of a jump that he was put at.

It was a pretty sight to see Master Franky come out prepared to mount Robin on his first hunting morning. His little cap and tops were just his father's in miniature; and he sported pink into the bargain, with a little white waistcoat and leathers. In a minute he was on Robin's

back, trotting by papa's side, and kissing his hand to mamma and his sisters, who were watching him with pride, but at the same time with some fear in their hearts.

They picked up Charlie on their way to the meet, who was got up in what Franky considered a feeble imitation of himself.

The hounds soon found, and away they went. Papa took great care both of his little boy and his nephew, and all went well for a time. At last poor Charlie's pony, which was not like Robin, came suddenly to a dead stop, with no more go in him at all; and Charlie had to walk him home, and saw no more of the hunt.

But Robin was still taking his fences in splendid style, when they came to a brook, which even the big horses did not seem to like, and many went round over a bridge. Papa called to Franky to come to the bridge, but Master Franky had grown proud of his performances, and thought he could do anything; so touching Robin with whip and spur, he made the gallant little beast give a great spring, not over the brook, but into it.

Robin managed to scramble out on the other side, but left poor Franky in the water, who was nearly drowned. Lucky that papa was near! He went into the water after his little boy, and picked him out, more dead than alive.

After this Robin had to be taken home, and put to bed; so you see all his day's fun was spoilt by one act of disobedience.





MOTHER'S BOOK.



WHLING, leave your cart and horse
Come, sit upon my knee,
While we look at "Mother's Book,"
As merry as may be.

I have spent both time and thought
To make it please my boy;
It teaches truth, though mixed with fun,
'Tis better than a toy.

I know 'twill often raise a laugh,
And sometimes bring a tear;
But, if it makes you love what's good,
I am contented, dear.

INDEX.

	PAGE	CHAP.	PAGE
Fast Asleep - - -	3	VIII. Our Journey. — A	
MEMOIRS OF A POODLE—		Mountain Road.—	
Introduction - - -	9	Wild Roses.—I have	
Chap. I. My arrival at the Cha-		a Nightmare. —Arri-	
teau of Baudry - -	11	val at St. Bernard -	170
II. The Spring.—Mouflar.		IX. Joseph and I gain infor-	
—A Terrible Event -	38	mation. — Mount St.	
III. My Fame Increases.—		Bernard - - -	177
The Dogs of the Es-		X. Munito.—We go to	
quimaux - - -	45	Geneva and Lau-	
IV. The Fair at Tours.—		sanne.—I am Lost.—	
The Dog of Mon-		A Storm.—Cruel Chil-	
targis - - -	70	dren.—I am Con-	
V. A New Acquaint-		demned to Death.—	
ance.—I Render a		A Reprieve.—Brigitte	
Great Service to my		the Poor Widow -	202
Master - - -	102	XI. I Become a Nurse to	
VI. An Accident.—I go to		Children.—An Unex-	
Paris.—My Barber.—		pected Visit - - -	231
The Exhibition—I		XII. I Learn my Drill.—Bri-	
Obtain a Prize - -	108	gitte's Joy at seeing	
VII. The Danger of Liberty.		my Performances.—	
—Delphine.—A		Story of an Artillery-	
Miserable Home.—		man's Dog.—My Ad-	
Therèse and Alphonse	139	venture with Two Eels.	
		—Death of Brigitte -	237

CHAP.

PAGE

XIII. We Travel on Foot.—

Our Encounter with
an Assassin.—I De-
liver Him up to Jus-
tice. — A Marriage
Feast in the Mea-
dows - - - 261

XIV. Our Arrival in Paris.—

André a Carpen-
ter.—The Concert.
—Unexpected Meet-
ing.—Mr. Nelville.—
His Kindness to
André.—Return to
Baudry.—I Receive
a Letter - - - 294

XV. Thieves.—I Take the

Command of a Batta-
lion.—I Begin to
Grow Old - - - 304

XVI. I Make an Unexpected

and Important Dis-
covery.—Anecdote of
another Cæsar - - 333

XVII. Story of the Dog

Boatswain.—My Old
Age - - - 362

XVIII. Is Written by the

Hand of a Friend - 369

PUZZLE PAGES.—20, 77, 115, 147,

187, 219, 245, 269, 293, 344,
360.

PAGE

MAMMA'S TALK—

Christmas Day - - - 30
John the Baptist - - - 62
The Sermon on the Mount - 94
Our Saviour's Teaching - 127
Palm Sunday - - - 158
First Commandments - - 190
The Last Supper - - - 222
The Betrayal - - - 255
The Trial and Crucifixion - 286
The Resurrection - - - 318
The Ascension - - - 350

SOME OF MY LITTLE FRIENDS—

Busy Bee - - - 66
Ernest - - - 98
Bertha - - - 130
Philip the Dreamer - - - 162
Pussy - - - 199
Lame Peter - - - 226
Stella - - - 258
Maurice - - - 315
Lucy- - - - 322

PLAYING AT GROWN-UP PEOPLE—

Gipsies - - - 88
Milk-Maids - - - 117
The Pedlar - - - 137
A Swarm of Bees - - - 186
Reapers - - - 210
The Ferryman - - - 248
Hop-pickers - - - 270
The Toll-gate - - - 310
Woodmen - - - 340
Huntsmen - - - 374

	PAGE		PAGE
Little Kittens - - -	7	Mamma Playing - - -	138
Waken ! Christian Children -	18	The Farmer's Ride - - -	149
Young Lambs to Sell - - -	21	The Magic Girdle - - -	150
Beavers at Work - - -	23	Night - - - - -	156
A Rainy Day - - - - -	24	Water Babies - - - - -	165
Star Dollars - - - - -	26	Owls - - - - -	167
Happy Hours - - - - -	28	The Gardener's Grandchild -	169
Lonely Fred - - - - -	33	Ride a Cock-horse - - -	185
New Year's Wishes - - -	35	To Market, to market - - -	185
The Stork - - - - -	37	The Child and the Angels -	189
Hook Nose and Big Eyes -	50	The Polecat - - - - -	194
A Kind Little Girl- - -	51	Summer Flowers - - - - -	197
A Christmas Party - - -	54	Old King Cole - - - - -	201
A Story of a Toad - - -	57	Tom the Donkey - - - - -	213
Sunrise - - - - -	61	The Angel - - - - -	214
Early in the Morning - - -	69	Little Bird ! Little Bird -	220
Jack Horner - - - - -	79	Little Ants - - - - -	229
A Story of a Hyæna - - -	80	See-saw ! Margery Daw -	230
The Little Elves - - - -	83	At the Cottage Door - - -	247
Baby's Play - - - - -	85	Night - - - - -	249
A Terrible Dream - - -	87	Humpty-Dumpty - - - - -	251
Bears - - - - -	91	The Old Man of Tobago -	251
Boys Will be Boys - - -	93	Goldfinches - - - - -	253
Live in Peace - - - - -	99	The Frog's Song - - - - -	260
The Kingfisher - - - - -	101	Little Streams - - - - -	268
Old Dobbin - - - - -	116	A. B. C. Company - - - -	273
Waves on the Sea-shore -	118	A Fable - - - - -	274
Papa's Letter to Johnnie -	120	Katrina's Journey - - -	277
Barbara's Birthday - - -	122	The Swallow's Farewell -	279
An Angel Without Wings -	126	Dickery, Dickery, dare -	281
Blindman's Buff - - - -	133	Little Polly Flinders - -	281
Otters - - - - -	135	Wolf and Sheep - - - - -	283
The Old Woman Who Lived		The River - - - - -	285
in a Shoe - - - - -	136	Starlings - - - - -	290

	PAGE		PAGE
The Rose - - - - -	292	See how rosy they are ! -	343
Good-night - - - - -	317	Muff and her Puppies -	345
How Jean and Babette Tried		Autumn - - - - -	348
to Sell their Cow, but Could		The Golden Eagle -	354
Not - - - - -	324	A Winter Song - - -	357
There was a Jolly Miller -	329	Repentance - - - - -	358
Barber, barber, shave a Pig -	329	Dolly's Doctor - - -	361
Donkeys - - - - -	331	Mother's Book - - -	376





